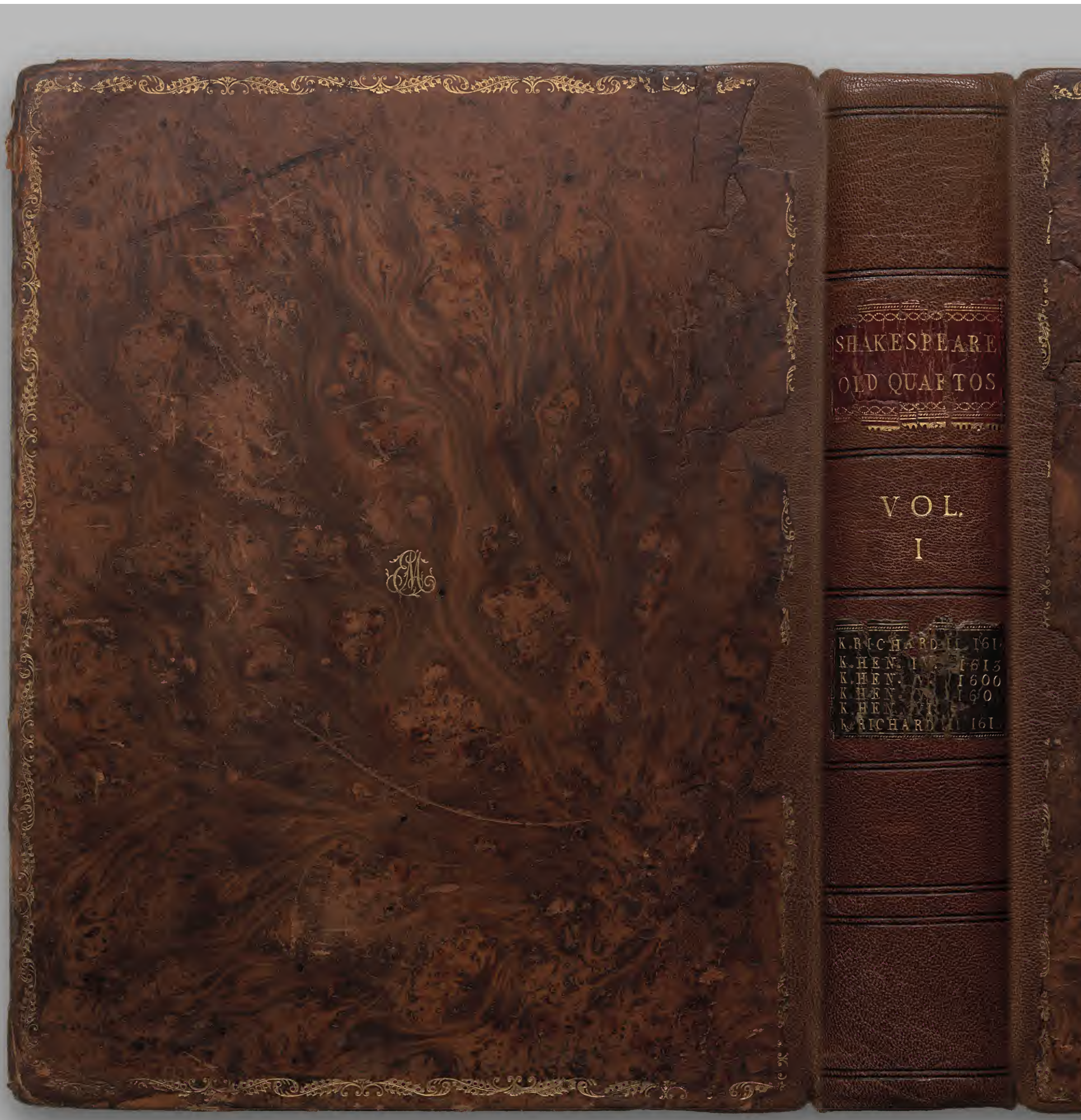



*Shakespeare Old Quartos, Malone volume I* THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

*Shakespeare Old Quartos, Malone volume I* THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39) Octavo

Malone 32.
(kept at Arch. G d. 39)

✻ Plays which first appeared in the Folio 1623.

1. First Part of K. Henry VI.
2 Second Part of K. Henry VI.
3 Third Part of K. Henry VI. } in this form.
4 The Comedy of Errours.
5 The Two Gentlemen of Verona
6. King John.
7 The Taming of the Shrewe.
8 As you like it.
9 All's Well that ends well.
10 King Henry VIII.
11 Measure for Measure.
12. Cymbeline
13. Macbeth
14 Twelfth Night.
15 Julius Cæsar.
16. Antony and Cleopatra.
17 Timon of Athens
18 Coriolanus.
19 The Tempest.
20 The Winter's Tale.

(and in fact)

21 M. W. of Windsor } These two plays as they
22. Henry V. } appear in the 4ᵗᵒ bring
evidently sparcais to
perfect copies.

(including Titus Andronicus,
16 Quarto's only printed before the folio, 1623,
as printed originally,
(for the two parts of Henry VI. were written by an elder
poet;) consequently twenty ~~[illegible]~~ plays first appeared
in Folios ✻

A List of the various Quarto editions of Shakspeare's Plays, hitherto discovered. ✝ I am possessed of those marked ✝. The later editions of these quartos are of no value whatever. —

(1) Hamlet. ——— 1604
✝ Do. ——— 1605
✝ Do. ——— 1611
✝ Do. ——— 2.d [printed] 1 think in 1607, and collated
Vol 3. ✝ Do. ——— 1637 by me with the edn of 1604.]
Vol 2. ✝ Do. ——— 1637

(2). K. Henry IV. P. I ——— 1598 — ~~[illegible]~~ in Garrick's Coll. ~~[illegible]~~ 1
vol 7. ✝ Do. ——— 1599 in ~~[illegible]~~ the British Museum. — It is also in Capell's
vol 5. ✝ Do. ——— 1604 Coll. now in Trin. Coll. Cambridge.
Do ——— 1608.
vol 1. ✝ Do. ——— 1613
Do ——— 1622
vol 2. ✝ Do. ——— 1639.

(3) K. Henry IV. P. II. ——— 1600 imp. wanting one leaf at the end,
vol 4. ✝ Do. ——— 1600 and the entire signature B; in the whole five leaves:
[sig. E in this copy consists of 6 leaves] but the other copy which is
in fact the same edition, as per
cat. To introduce the scenes
they had omitted, they cancelled
two leaves, and by introducing them
spoiled the signat. E, was extended
to 6 leaves. In all other respects they
agree.

(4) K. Henry V. ——— 1600
Do ——— 1602
vol 3. ✝ Do. ——— 1608.

(5) K. Henry VI. P. II & III. ——— 1600
[printed by V. S.]
vol 5. ✝ Do. printed by W. W. for Thomas
Millington ——— 1600.
vol 1. ✝ Do. n. d.; but printed in ——— 1619.

not Shakespeare's,
but an older writers. —
In these two plays,
viz. The Contention of
the two houses &c. &
their 2 & 3ᵈ parts
form K. Henry VI.

(6) K. Lear. ——— 1608
[consisting of eleven sheets]
vol 4. ✝ Do. [ten sheets and a half.] ——— 1608.
vol 6. ✝ Do. ——— 1608.
These three copies all vary in
some particulars.

Signature next the title
page — A. 2. — and no direction
in the title page to the place
of sale.
Signature next the title page B.
Printed for N. Butter and sold
at his Shop in Paules Church-
yard at the signe of the Pide
Bull &c.

Vol. 3. — ✝ (8) ✝ Love's labour's lost — 1598
Vol. 2. — ✝ Do. [of no value being printed from the folio] — 1631.

Vol. 7. — (9) ✝ Merchant of Venice — 1600
[printed by Heyes]
Vol. 4. ✝ Do. printed by Roberts — 1600
Do. } of no value — 1637
Do. } — 1652

Vol. 7. (10) ✝ Merry Wives of Windsor — 1602
Vol. 4. ✝ Do. — 1619
Vol. 2. ✝ Do. [of no value, being printed from the F.] — 1630

Vol. 7 (11) ✝ Midsummer Night's Dream — 1600
[printed by Fisher]
Vol. 4. — ✝ Do. [printed by Roberts] — 1600

Vol. 7. (12) ✝ Much ado about nothing — 1600

Vol. 5. (13) ✝ Othello — 1622
Do. [~~and~~ I do not believe it exists. Probably date cut off in Popes copy] — n. d.
Vol. 2 ✝ Do. [of no value being printed from the folio] — 1630
Do. utterly worthless — 1655

(14) K. Richard II — 1597
✝ Do. — 1598 vol. 7.
✝ Do. — 1608 vol. 5.
✝ Do. — 1615 vol. 1.
✝ Do. — 1634

Collated by me with the orig. edit. in 1597, in Trin. Coll. Cambridge.

Vol. 6. — ✝ (15) K. Richard III — 1597
Do. — 1598
Do. — 1602
Vol. 1. — ✝ Do. — 1612
Do. — 1622.
Do. — 1629
Do. — 1634.

Vol. 6. ✝ (16) ✝ Romeo and Juliet — 1597 — A few leaves supp.d from a mod.n edit.
Vol. 6 ✝ Do. — 1599
Do. — 1609
Do. — n. d.
Vol. 2. ✝ Do. — 1637 — of no value whatsoever

Vol. 5. (17) ✝ Troilus and Cressida — 1609 — This copy contains the editors curious preface, which was suppressed by the printer afterwards when he found that the assertion in it that the play had never been performed was false. He then printed a new title page with the words — As it is acted &c. and there is no other difference between the Copies.
Do. as acted by the king's servants at the Globe — [no preface] — 1609
~~[No other variation in these copies.~~ — ~~1631.~~
Vol. 6. (18) ✝ ~~Titus [illegible]~~ — 1611
Vol. 3. (19) ✝ Pericles — 1594. [1600 pines D. of Bridgewater] — 1609
Vol. 3. ✝ Do. — 1619.
Do. — 1630
Do. — 1635.

Vol. 3. (20) ✝ Yorkshire Tragedy — 1608.
Vol. 4. ✝ Do. — 1619.
No. 5, 6, 18, 19, and 20, do not properly belong to Shakspeare, however he may certainly did [illegible] [Poems.] have touched them as he so there are but 16 of his plays, strictly speaking, in 4to.

Passionate Pilgrim. 6mo 1598. wanting. Do. do. 1612. in a small vol.
I. Venus and Adonis — 4to — 1593 or 1594. wanting.
✝ Do. 16mo — 1596 vol. 6.
✝ Do. 16mo — 1600 bound in a small vol.
2 ✝ Rape of Lucrece — 1594. Vol. 3.
✝ Do. — 1600 in a small vol.
3 ✝ Sonnets. 4to — 1609 vol. 3.

Shakespeare Old Quartos, Malone volume I THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39) Octavo

a copy was discovered at last and purchased by Mr Malone in the year 1805 from Mr Ford a bookseller in Manchester.

Hearse wanted the M. W. of Wd. 1602; also [illegible] ~~he wanted also~~ Fishers ed. edit. of M. N. Dream. K. Richard III. 1597; the ~~first part~~ [illegible] the true [illegible] of Ld. D. of York 1605; T. [illegible] 1600; T. [illegible] 1596.

Pope's Coll.n also wanted the two copies of K. Lear which are found here in addition to the more common one, wch he possd & which is also here.

This Collection of Shakspeare's Plays and Poems in seven Quarto volumes, (with which several pieces on which he constructed dramas, bound up among my Shakspeariana, must be considered as connected) forms perhaps the most complete Assemblage of the early editions of his productions that has ever been ~~[illegible]~~ made. It wants only the Hamlet of 1604, King Richard II. 1597, King Henry IV. Part I. 1598, and Venus and Adonis, 4to 1593, to make it complete; and of those three plays it contains very early ~~editions~~ copies, carefully collated with those original editions; and of the fourth piece (the Venus and Adonis of 1593) no copy was ever seen by any of the Collectors of these precious rarities, or is now known to exist, though I have no doubt that at some future time it will be discovered. +

Having now finished my Collection, and amassed as many ancient editions of this great authors pieces as I shall probably ever be able to procure, which I have bound up in such a manner that they may be for ever preserved, I have been led to compare it with other similar assemblages.

The most curious and ample Collections of Shakspeare's pieces, which have been ~~[illegible]~~ made since the time of Pope, ‡ are, 1 Mr Capell's, now preserved in the Library of Trinity College in Cambridge; 2 the late Mr Steevens's, now dispersed; 3 that formed by the late Mr Garrick, preserved in the Museum; 4 the Collection of Mr Kemble of Drury Lane theatre; and 5, that of the late Mr Jennings of Gopsal in Leicestershire, now the

‡ Pope's Collection wanted the three editions wanting here, viz K. Richard II. 1597; K. Henry IV. P. I. 1598; and Hamlet, 1604; and also the Venus and Adonis, 1593. It likewise wanted the Venus & Adonis, 1596, Lucrece 1594, The Sonnets, 1609, the ~~[illegible]~~ old K. Henry V. 1598, and the first Part of the Contention &c wch are found here.

Shakespeare Old Quartos, Malone volume I THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39) Octavo

the property of Lord Curzon. The Collections made by the late Dr Farmer, the late Mr Wright, the late Mr Henderson, the comedian, the late Mr Dodd, comedian, and the late Mr Watson Reed, an Attorney at Law, all now dispersed, though they contained some valuable copies, and contributed some aid in forming the present collection, were not sufficiently perfect to require particular notice.

If the present Collection be compared with Mr Capell's it will be found that of the four pieces here deficient, his collection also wants two; viz Hamlet, 1604, and Venus & Adonis, 1593. It possesses therefore only two early editions which are not here; but on the other hand it wants the following seven pieces which are here assembled: viz

King Richard III. 1597.
Romeo and Juliet, -- 1599.
The Contention of Yorke
and Lancaster 2 Pts — 1600
The Rape of Lucrece — 1594.
Venus & Adonis — 1596
The Sonnets — 1609.

and two other pieces connected with Shakspeare's plays, and bound up in other volumes under the title of Shakspeariana K. Henry V. 1598, and the Taming of a Shrew 1607.

A Comparison between this and the late Mr Stevens's Collection will also prove advantageous to the former; for the Collection of Mr Stevens wanted the four pieces which are wanting here, and did not comprize the eight following valuable copies, which are found in the present Collection; viz

~~Hamlet~~
Romeo and Juliet, 1597.
Loves Labours Lost — 1598.
K. Richard III — 1597.
Contention of Yorke
& Lancaster, 2 Pts — 1600.
Venus and Adonis — 1596
K. Henry V. the play
proving to be of
Shakspeare — 1598.
The Rape of Lucrece — 1596.

If the present Collection be compared with that of Mr Garrick it will gain still more by juxta-position. It will be found that of the four deficient pieces already mentioned that great assemblage of Shakspeare's plays he has only one, viz K. Henry IV. P. I.; wanting as the present does, the Hamlet of 1604. K. Richard II. 1597, and Venus & Adonis 1593. But the present Collection contains fourteen pieces which are not found in that; viz.

Loves Labour Lost — 1598.
K. Richard III. — 1597.
The Merchant of Ve-
nice printed for Heyes — 1600
Romeo & Juliet — 1599.
K. Henry V — 1600
M. Wives of Windsor — 1602
Contention of Yorke
& Lancaster 2 Pts — 1600
Troilus & Cressida — 1609
Venus & Adonis — 1596.
Rape of Lucrece — 1594
The Sonnets — 1609

the Taming of a Shrew, 1607 and the 1st K. Henry V. 1598.

Mr Kemble's Collection possesses the Hamlet of 1604 and K. Richard II. 1597; but the two other pieces which are among the desiderata of the present Collection, Venus and Adonis 1593, and K. Henry IV. P. I. 1598, are equally deficient in that; and it is destitute of the ten following pieces found here viz.

Romeo and Juliet, 1597.
L. Labours Lost — 1598.
M. W. of Windsor — 1602.
Mid Night's Dream
printed for Fisher — 1600.
Contention of York
& Lancaster, 2 Pts — 1600
Venus & Adonis — 1596
The Sonnets — 1609
The T. of a Shrew — 1607
K. Henry V (old) — 1598.

The superiority of the present Collection to that of the late Mr Jennings of Gopsal, is still greater. That Collection possesses the Hamlet of 1604, but wants the other three pieces wanting here; and also wants the following fifteen pieces which are found here: viz 1 Love Labour Lost, 1598; 2 Romeo & Juliet, 1597; 3 K. Henry IV. P. I. 1599; 4 K. Henry V. 1600 5 Midsummer Night's Dream, printed for Fisher, 1600; 6. The Merchant of Venice printed for Heyes, 1600. 7 the Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602. 8 Much ado about nothing, 1600. — 9 Troilus & Cressida, 1609; 10 Venus & Adonis, 1596; 11. the Rape of Lucrece, 1594; 12 the Sonnets, 1609 — 13. The old play of K. Henry V. 1598; 14. the Taming of a Shrew, 1607: and 15 K. Henry VI. P. II. 1600.

January 1. 1801.

The true pourtraicture of Richard the 2. King of England, and France, Lord of Ireland, and Prince of Chester he raigned 22 yeres, was deposed and murther'd at Pomfraict Cast: at the age of 33 yeares. Buried first at Langley, and 14 yeares after by K. Henry the 5th removed to Westminster, and their was honourably interred.

Are to be sold by Compton Holland over against the Exchange. R. E. sculp.

# THE Tragedie of King Richard the Second:

*With new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard.*

As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruants, at the Globe.

*By* WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

*At* LONDON,
Printed for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe.
1615.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

The fourth Edition.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

*King Richard.*

OLde *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, time honoured *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou according to thy oth and band,
Brought hither *Henry Herford* thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſtrous late appeal
Which then our leiſure wold not let vs here,
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Tho: Mow.*

*Gaunt.* I haue my Liege.

*King.* Tell me moreouer, haſt thou ſounded him
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good ſubiect ſhould,
On ſome knowne ground of treacherie in him?

*Gaunt.* As neare as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparant danger ſeene in him,
Aimde at your Highneſſe; no inueterate malice.

*King.* Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our ſelues will heare
The accuſer, and the accuſed freely ſpeake:
Hie ſtomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea, haſtie as fire.

*Enter Bullingbroke, and Mowbray.*

*Bulling.* Many yeares of happie daies befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my moſt louing Liege,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

*Mow.* Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the Heauens enuying Earths good happe,
Adde in immortall title to your Crowne.
*King.* We thanke you both: yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Coſin of Hereford, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?
*Bul.* Firſt (heauen be the record to my ſpeech)
In the deuotion of a Subiects loue,
Tendring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appeallant to this Princely preſence.
Now Thomas Mowbray, do I turne to thee;
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwere it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitour, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue:
Since the more faire and chriſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the clouds that in it flie.
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,
With a foule traitors name ſtuffe I thy throate.
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawne ſword may proue.
*Mow.* Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be coold for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your highneſſe curbs me,
From giuing reynes and ſpurs to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt vntill it had returnd
Theſe tearmes of treaſon doubled downe his throat;
Setting aſide his high bloods royalty:
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,



I doe defie him, and ſpit at him;
Call him a ſlanderous Coward and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him odds,
And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſh man durſt ſet his foote.
Meant time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes, moſt falſely doth he lie.
*Bul.* Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a king,
And lay aſide my high bloods royaltie,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guiltie dread haue left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine honors pawne, then ſtoope:
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoke, or what thou canſt deuiſe.
*Mow.* I take it vp, and by that Sword I Sweare,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwere thee in any faire degree:
Or chiualrous deſigne of Knightly triall.
And when I mount aliue, aliue may I not light,
If I be traitour, or vniuſtly fight.
*King.* What doth our Coſin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It muſt be great that can inherit vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
*Bul.* Looke what I ſaid, my life ſhall prooue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiud eight thouſand Nobles,
In name of lendings, for your Highneſſe Souldiours:
The which he hath detaind for leawd imployments,
Like a falſe Traitour and iniurious Villaine.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battaile prooue,
Or heere, or elſe where, to the furtheſt Vergē
That euer was ſurueyed by Engliſh eye,
That all the treaſons for theſe Eighteene yeares,
Complotted and contriued in this Land,
Fetcht from falſe Mowbray, their firſt head and ſpring:



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

Further I ſay, and further will maintaine,
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Gloſters death,
Suggeſt his ſoone beleeuing aduerſaries,
And conſequently like a Traitour Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent ſoule through ſtreames of blood.
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abels*, cries,
Euen from the tongueleſſe Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iuſtice, and rough chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my diſcent,
This arme ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.
*King.* How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what ſayſt thou to this?
*Mow.* Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this ſlaunder of his blood;
How God, and good men, hate ſo foule a lyer.
*King.* Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnſtooping firmeneſſe of my vpright ſoule:
He is our ſubiect Mowbray, ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech and fearleſſe I to thee allow.
*Mow.* Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat thou lieſt:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Diſburſt I to his highneſſe Souldiers;
The other part reſeru'd I, by conſent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I ſlew him not, but to mine owne diſgrace
Neglected my ſworne duty in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaſter,





The honourable Father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life;
A treſpaſſe that doth vexe my grieued ſoule:
Ah, but ere I laſt receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeald,
It iſſues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant and moſt degenerate Traitour;
Which in my ſelfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening Traitors foote,
To prooue my ſelfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the beſt blood chambred in your boſome:
In haſt whereof, moſt hartily I pray
Your highneſſe to aſſigne our triall day.
*King.* Wrath kindled Gentleman, be ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This we preſcribe, though no Phiſition:
Deepe malice makes too deepe inciſion:
Forget, forgiue; conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors ſay, this is no month to bleed:
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begunne;
Weele calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your ſonne.
*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace, ſhall become my age:
Throw downe (my ſonne) the Duke of Norfolks gage.
*King.* And Norfolke, throw downe his.
*Gaunt.* When *Harrie*, when? obedience bids,
Obedience bids I ſhould not bid againe.
*King. Norfolke*, throw downe we bid, there is no boote.
*Mow.* My ſelfe I throw (dread ſoueraigne) at thy foote.
My life thou ſhalt commaund, but not my ſhame:
The one my duty owes; but my faire name,
Deſpight of death that liues vpon my graue,
To darke Diſhonors vſe, thou ſhalt not haue:
I am diſgraſt, impeacht, and baffuld heere;
Pierſt to the ſoule with ſlaunders venomd ſpeare,
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

Which breathd this poyson.

*King.* Rage must be withstood:
Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.

*Mowb.* Yea, but not change his spots; take but my shame
And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lord.
The purest treasure mortall times affoord,
Is spotlesse reputation, that away,
Men are but guilded loame, and painted Clay:
A iewell in a tenne times bard vp Chest,
Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breast.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine Honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.

*King.* Cosin, throw vp your gage; do you begin.

*Bull.* O God defend my soule from such deepe sinne,
Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers sight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my hight,
Before this out-darde dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare
The slauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.

*King.* We were not borne to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot doe, to make you friends,
Be ready (as your life shall answere it)
At *Conentrie* vpon Saint *Lambards* day:
There shall your Swords and Launces arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors chiualrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home all armes. *Exit.*

*Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Dutchesse of Glocester.*

*Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in Woodstocks blood,
Doth more solicite me, then your exclaimes,





To stirre against the Butchers of his life.
But since correction lyeth in those handes,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put wee our quarrell to the will of heauen;
Who when they see the hower's ripe on earth,
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heades.

*Dutchesse.* Finds Brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
*Edwards* seauen Sonnes, whereof thy selfe art one,
Were seauen Viols of his sacred blood,
Or seauen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seauen are dryed by Natures course;
Some of those Branches by the Destenies cut:
But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my *Glocester*,
One Violl full of *Edwards* sacred blood,
One flourishing Branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hackt downe, and his Summer leaues all faded
By *Enuies* hand, and Murders bloodie axe.
Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall, that selfe mould that fashioned thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slaine in him; thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched Brother die,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life:
Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*, it is Dispaire,
In suffering thus thy Brother to be slaughtred;
Thou shewest the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardice in Noble breastes.
What shall I say? to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is, to venge my *Glocesters* death.

*Gaunt.* Gods is the quarrell, for Gods substitute,
His deputie annoynted in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let Heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

An angrie arme againſt his miniſter.
*Dut.* Where then alas may I complaine my ſelfe?
*Gaunt.* To God, the Widowes Champion and defence.
*Dutc.* Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*,
Thou goeſt to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Cooſin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.
O ſet my Husbands wrongs on Herfords Speare,
That it may enter Butcher Mowbrayes breaſt.
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carrier,
Be Mowbraies ſinnes ſo heauie in his boſome,
That they may breake his foming Courſers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cooſin Herford.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes Brothers wife,
With her companion, griefe muſt end her life.
*Gaunt.* Siſter farewell, I muſt to Couentrie:
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.
*Dutch.* Yet one word more; griefe boundeth where it fals
Not with the emptie hollowneſſe, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done:
Commend me to my Brother Edmund Yorke;
Loe this is all: nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly goe,
I ſhall remember more: Bidd him; ah what?
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhie viſite me.
Alacke and what ſhall good old Yorke there ſee,
But emptie Lodgings and vnfurniſht walles,
Vnpeopled Offices, vntrodden Stones;
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels euery where;
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence and die:
The laſt leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lord Marſhall and the Duke Aumerle.*
*Mar.* My Lord *Aumerle*, is Harry Herford armde?
*Aumerle.* Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.

*Mar.*



*Mar.* The Duke of Norfolke ſprightfully and bold,
Staies but the ſummons of the appellants trumpet.
*Aum.* Why then the Champions are prepard, and ſtay
For nothing but his Maieſties approach,

*The trumpets ſound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are ſet, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.*
*King.* Marſhall, demaund of yonder Champion,
The cauſe of his arriuall heere in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſweare him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
*Mar.* In Gods name and the Kings, ſay who thou art,
And why thou commeſt thus Knightly clad in armes?
Againſt what man thou comſt, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely on thy Knight-hood, and thy oath,
As ſo defend thee heauen and thy valour.
*Mow.* My name is *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolke*,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a Knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my King, and my ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him in defending of my ſelfe,
A Traytor to my God, my King, and mee:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

*The Trumpets ſound, enter Duke of Herford appellant in armour.*
*King.* Marſhall, aske yonder Knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither
Thus plated in habiliments of Warre,
And formerly, according to our law,
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
*Mar.* What is thy name, & wherfore comſt thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall liſts?
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, ſo defend thee Heauen,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

*Bul.* Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby
Am I, who readie heare do ſtand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he is a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of Heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
*Mar.* On paine of death no perſon be ſo bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Marſhall and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.
*Bul.* Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie,
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage.
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our ſeuerall friends.
*Mar.* The appellant in all dutie greets your highneſſe,
And craues to kiſſe your hand and take his leaue.
*King.* We will deſcend and folde him in our armes.
Coolin of Herford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
*Bul.* O let no Noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorgde with *Mowbraies* ſpeare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble Cooſin) Lord *Aumerle*,
Not ſicke, although I haue to do with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh feaſts ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the earthly Author of my blood,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach a victorie aboue my head,





Adde proofe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy bleſſings ſteele my launces point,
That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen coate,
And furbiſh new the name of *John a Gaunt*,
Euen in the luſtie hauiour of his Sonne.
*Gaunt.* God, in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous,
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerſe pernitious enemie,
Rouſe vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant and liue.
*Bul.* Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.
*Mow.* How euer God or fortune caſt my lotte,
There lies or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyall, iuſt, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Caſt off his chaines of Bondage, and embrace
His Golden vncontroled Enfranchiſement,
More then my dauncing ſoule doth celebrate
This feaſt of battle with mine aduerſarie.
Moſt mightie Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my youth the wiſh of happy yeares,
As gentle and as iocond as to ieſt,
Go I to fight, truth hath a quiet breſt.
*King.* Farewell (my Lord) ſecurely I eſpie,
Vertue with valor couched in thine eie,
Order the triall Marſhall, and beginne.
*Mar.* Harrie of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darbie,
Receiue thy Launce, and God defend thy right.
*Bul.* Strong as a Tower in hope I cry, Amen.
*Mar.* Go beare this launce to Thomas D. of *Norfolke*.
*Herald.* Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darbie,
Stands heere, for God, his Soueraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray,
A Traytor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.
*Her.* Here ſtandeth Thomas Mowbray D. of *Norfolke*,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diſloyall,
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to begin.
*Mar.* Sound Trumpets, and ſet foorth Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.
*King.* Let them lay by their Helmets, & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and liſt.
What with our Counſell we haue done,
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be ſoyld
With that deare blood which it hath beene foſtered:
And for our eies do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours ſword:
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride,
Of skie-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating Enuie ſet on you,
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Drawes the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleepe,
Which ſo rouzd vp with boyſtrous vntuned drummes,
With harſh reſounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore we baniſh you our territories.
You Coſin Herford, vpon paine of life,
Till twice fiue Summers haue enricht our field,
Shall not regreete our faire Dominions,
But tread the ſtranger pathes of baniſhment.
*Bul.* Your will be done; this muſt my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me,
And thoſe his golden beames vnto you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and guild my baniſhment.
*King.* Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,
Which



Which I with ſome vnwillingneſſe pronounce,
The ſlie ſlow howres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deare exile:
The hopeleſſe word of neuer to returne,
Breath I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.
*Mow.* A heauie ſentence, my moſt ſoueraigne Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your highneſſe mouth,
A dearer merit, not ſo deepe a mayme,
As to be caſt foorth in the common ayre,
Haue I deſerued at your Highneſſe hands:
The language I haue learnd theſe fortie yeares,
My natiue Engliſh now I muſt forgoe,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more
Than an vnſtringed violl or a harpe,
Or like a cunning inſtrument caſde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmonie.
Within my mouth you haue ingayld my tongue,
Doubly perculliſt with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my Iayler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vppon a Nurſe,
To farre in yeares to be a Pupill now.
What is thy ſentence but ſpeachleſſe death;
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natiue breath?
*King.* It bootes thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our ſentence, playning comes too late.
*Mow.* Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
*King.* Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall Sword your baniſht hands.
Sweare by the dutie that y'owe to God,
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues)
To keepe the oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhall, ſo helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile

This

This louing tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainſt vs, our ſtate, our ſubiects, or our land.
*Bul.* I ſweare.
*Mow.* And I, to keepe all this.
*Bul.* Norfolke, ſo fare as to mine enemie:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſht this frailé Sepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſht from this land.
Confeſſe thy treaſons ere thou fly the Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to goe, beare not along
The cloging burthen of a guiltie Soule.
*Mow.* No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were Traytour,
My name be blotted from the Booke of life,
And I from Heauen baniſht, as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rew:
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to England, all the world's my way.
*King.* Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eies,
I ſee thy grieued heart: thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſht yeares
Pluckt foure away, ſixe frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
*Bul.* How long a time lies in one little word?
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs,
End in one word; ſuch is the breath of Kings.
*Gaunt.* I thanke my Liege, that in regard of mee,
He ſhortens foure yeares of my Sonnes exile;
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby:
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dryed Lampe, and time bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age and endleſſe night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me ſee my ſonne.

*King.*



*King.* Why Vncle, thou haſt many yeares to liue.
*Gaunt.* But not a minute (King) that thou canſt giue:
Shorten my daies thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canſt helpe Time to furrow me with age,
But ſtoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
*King.* Thy Sonne is baniſht with good aduiſe,
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our Iuſtice ſeemſt thou then to lowre?
*Gaunt.* Things ſweet to taſt, prooue in digeſtion ſowre.
You vrge me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Oh had't been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I would haue been more milde:
A partiall ſlaunder ſought I to auoyde,
And in the ſentence my owne life deſtroyde.
Alas, I lookt when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe this wrong.
*King.* Cooſen farewell, and Vncle bid him ſo;
Sixe yeares we baniſh him, and he ſhall go.
*Au.* Cooſin farewell; what preſence muſt not know
From where you doe remaine, let Paper ſhow.
*Mar.* My Lord no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your ſide.
*Gaunt.* Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words
That thou returneſt no greeting to thy friends?
*Bul.* I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.
*Gaunt.* Thy griefe is but thy abſence for a time.
*Bul.* Ioy abſent, griefe is preſent for that time.
*Gaunt.* What is ſixe Winters? they are quickly gone.
*Bul.* To men in ioy, but griefe makes one howre ten.
*Gaunt.* Call it a trauaile that thou takſt for pleaſure.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

*Bul.* My heart will ſigh when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
*Gaunt.* The ſullen paſſage of thy wearie ſteps
Eſteeme a ſoyle wherein thou art to ſet,
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
*Bul.* Nay rather euery tedious ſtride I make,
Will but remember me what deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
Muſt I not ſerue a long apprentiſhood
To forren paſſages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a iourney-man to griefe?
*Gaunt.* All places that the eie of heauen viſites,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy hauens.
Teach thy neceſſitie to reaſon thus.
There is no vertue like neceſſitie:
Thinke not the King did baniſh thee
But thou the King, who doth the heauier ſit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, ſay I ſent thee foorth to purchaſe honour,
And not the King exilde thee; or ſuppoſe
Deuouring peſtilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime:
Looke what thy ſoule holds deare, imagine it
To ly that way thou goeſt, not whence thou comeſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds Muſitions,
The graſſe whereon thou treadſt, the preſence ſtrowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy ſteps, no more
Then a delightfull meaſure, or a daunce,
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſſe power to bite
The man that mockes at it and ſets it light.
*Bul.* Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummers heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good

Giues



Giue but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth doth neuer rancle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſoare.
*Gaunt.* Come come my ſonne, Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
*Bul.* Then Englands ground farewell, ſweet ſoile adiew,
My Mother and my Nurſe that beares me yet.
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſht yet a true borne Engliſhman. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King with Buſhie, &c. at one dore, and the Lord Aumerle at the other.*

*King.* Wee did obſerue, Cooſin *Aumerle*,
How farre brought you high Herford on his way?
*Aum.* I brought high Herford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
*King.* And ſay, what ſtore of parting teares were ſhed?
*Aum.* Faith none for me, except the Northeaſt winde,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our face,
Awakt the ſleepie rewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
*King.* What ſaid your Cooſin when you parted with him
*Au.* Farewell, & for my heart diſdained that my tongue
ſhould ſo prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppreſsion of ſuch griefe,
That words ſeemd buried in my ſorrowes graue:
Marry would the word farewell haue lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould haue had a volume of farewels:
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
*King.* He is our Cooſins Cooſin, but tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Our ſelfe and Buſhie,
Obſerued his courtſhip to the common people,
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble and familiar curteſie,
With reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues,

 Wooing

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

Wooing poore Craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to baniſh their affects with him,
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,
A brace of Draymen bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thanks my Countrey-men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiects next degree in hope.

*Greene.* Well, he is gone, & with him go theſe thoughts.
Now for the Rebels which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage muſt be made (my Liege)
Ere further leyſure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.

*King.* We will our ſelfe in perſon to this Warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court
And liberall larges, are growne ſomewhat light;
Wee are inforſt to farme our Royall Realme,
The reuenue whereof ſhall furniſh vs:
For our affaires in hand, if that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall haue blancke Charters,
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants,
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

*Enter Buſhie with newes.*

*Buſh.* Old *Iohn* of *Gaunt* is grieuous ſicke, my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſt
To intreate your Maieſtie to viſite him.

*King.* Where lies he?

*Buſh.* At *Elye* houſe.

*King.* Now put it (God) into the Phiſitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lyning of his Coffers ſhall make coates,
To decke our Souldiers for theſe *Iriſh* Warres.
Come Gentlemen, lets all goe viſite him,
Pray God we may make haſt, and come too late:
Amen. *Exeunt.*



*Enter*



*Enter Iohn of Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.*

*Gaunt.* Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt,
In holſome counſell to his vnſtayed youth?

*Yorke.* Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtriue not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

*Gaunt.* Oh, but they ſay, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie:
Where wordes are ſcarce, they are fieldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſtened more
Then they whom youth and eaſe hath taught to gloſe.
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before;
The ſetting Sunne, and Muſicke at the gloſe,
As the laſt taſt of ſweetes is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt.
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

*Yorke.* No, it is ſtopt with other flattering ſounds,
As prayſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laſciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwaies liſten.
Report of faſhions in proud *Italie*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt foorth a vanitie,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then all too late comes Counſell to be heard,
Where Will doth mutinie with Wittes regard.
Direct not him whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath thou wilt looſe.

*Gaunt.* Mee thinks I am a Prophet new inſpird,
And thus expiring, doe foretell of him;
His raſh fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt:
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort:
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes.



With

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light Vanitie, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:
This Royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demie Paradice,
This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of Warre;
This happy breed of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone set in the Siluer Sea,
Which serueues it in the office of a Wall,
Or as a Moate defensiue to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands:
This blessed plotte, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deeds as farre from home,
For Christian seruice and true chiualrie,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborne Iewrie,
Of the worlds Ransome, blessed *Maries* Sonne:
This Land of such deare soules, this deare deare land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement and Pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inkie blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanisht with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death;

*Yorke.* The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts being rag'de, do rage the more;

*Enter the King and Queene, &c.*

*Queene.* How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?
*King.* What comfort man? how ist with aged *Gaunt?*

*Gaunt*



*Gaunt.* O how that name befits my composition,
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old;
Within me griefe hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstaines from meate, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England, long time haue I watcht;
Watching breedes leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some Fathers feede vppon,
Is my strickt fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein, fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.
*King.* Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?
*Gaunt.* No, miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe.
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
*King.* Should dying men flatter those that liue?
*Gaunt.* No, no, men liuing flatter those that die.
*King.* Thou now a dying sayst, thou flatterest me.
*Gaunt.* Oh no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.
*King.* I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.
*Gaunt.* Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill,
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,
Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,
And thou too careles patient as thou art,
Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Phisitions that first wounded thee:
A thousand Flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head;
And yet inraged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his Sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
From foorth thy reach he would haue layd thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe.
Why Cosin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this Land by Lease:

But

But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then shame to shame it so?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, nor King,
Thy state of law is bond-slaue to the law,
And thou.

*King.* Ah lunatick leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the Royall blood
With furie from his natiue residence.
Now by my Seates right Royall maiestie
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

*Gaunt.* Oh spare me not my brother *Edwards* sonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* sonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Hast thou tapt and drunkenly carowst:
My Brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning soule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,
May be a president and witnesse good,
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the present sickenesse that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
These words hereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

*Exit.*

*King.* And let them die, that age and sullens haue,
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

*Yorke.* I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words
To wayward sicklinesse and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere,
As *Harry* Duke of Herford, were he heere.

*King.* Right, you say true; as *Herfords* loue, so his:
As theirs, so mine, and be as it is.

*North.*



*North.* My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your
*King.* What sayes hee? (Maiestie.
*North.* Nothing, all is sayd;
His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

*Yorke.* Be *Yorke* the next that must be bankrout so,
Though Death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

*King.* The ripest Fruite first falles and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our *Irish* Warres:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kernes,
Which liue like venome, where no venome else
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for these great affayres do aske some charge.
Towards our assistance we do seaze to vs,
The Plate, Coyne, Reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our Vnckle *Gaunt* did stand possest.

*Yorke.* How long shall I be patient? Ah how long
Shall tender duetie make me suffer wrong?
Not Glocesters death, nor Herfords banishment,
Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace,
Haue euer made me sower my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the last of the noble *Edwards* Sonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first.
In Warre, was neuer Lion rage more fierce:
In Peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde
Then was that young and Princely Gentleman:
His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he,
Accomplisht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was against the French,
And not against his Friendes: his noble hand
Did winne what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant Fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guiltie of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

Oh *Richard! Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.
*King.* Why Vncle, whats the matter?
*Yorke.* Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please,
If not, I pleas'd, not to be pardoned, am content withall:
Seeke you to seize and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banisht *Herford?*
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iust? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deseruing sonne?
Take *Herfords* right away, and take from time,
His Charters and his customarie rights;
Let not to morrow then ensue to day:
Be not thy selfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire sequence, and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize *Herfords* right,
Call in the Letters Patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to sue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and allegeance cannot thinke.
*King.* Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his Land.
*Yorke.* Ile not be by the while, my Liege farewell,
What will ensue heereof, ther's none can tell:
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their events can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
*King.* Go Bushie, to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repayre to vs to *Ely* house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and 'tis time I trow;
And wee create in absence of our selfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;
For he is iust, and alwaies loued vs well:

Come



Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

*Exeunt King and Queene. Manet North.*

*North.* Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
*Rosse.* And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.
*Willough.* Barely in title, not in reuenewes.
*North.* Richly in both, if Iustice had her right.
*Rosse.* My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,
Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.
*North.* Nay speak thy mind, & let him nere speak more,
That speakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.
*Willough.* Tend's that thou wouldst speake, to the D. of (Herford?
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
*Rosse.* No good at all, that I can doe for him:
Vnlesse you call it good, to pitty him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.
*North.* Now afore God 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him a Royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land:
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate against any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute
Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
*Rosse.* The Commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
*Willough.* And dayly new exactions are deuisd,
As Blancks, Beneuolences, and I wot not what.
*North.* But what a Gods name doth become of this?
*Wille.* Warres hath not Wasted it, for Warr'd he hath not,
But basely yeilded vpon compromise,
That which his Noble Auncestors atchieud with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in Warres.
*Rosse.* The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.
*Wil.* The King's growne bankrout like a broken man.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

*North.* Reproach and desolution hangeth ouer him.
*Rosse.* He hath not Money for these *Irish* Warres,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.
*North.* His noble kinsman most degenerate King?
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme.
We see the Winde sit sore vpon our Sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
*Rosse.* We see the very Wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.
*North.* Not so, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I espie life peering; but I dare not say,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
*Wil.* Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
*Rosse.* Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three are but thy selfe; and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
*North.* Then thus: I haue from *Le port blan*
(A Bay in *Britaine*) receiude intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, Raynold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His Brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norberie, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines
All these well furnished by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall Ships, three thousand men of Warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*:
If then we shall shake off our Countries slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe of the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurgh:





But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
*Rosse.* To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.
*Willo.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot,*

*Bush.* Madam, your Maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the King,
To lay aside halfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.
*Queene.* To please the King I did, to please my selfe
I cannot doo it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete *Richard*: yet againe me thinks
Some vnborne Sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward Soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
*Bush.* Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadowes
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete Maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which look't on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your Lords departure weepe not, more is not seene,
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eyes,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.
*Queene.* It may be so, but yet my inward Soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on, no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrinke.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

*Bush.* Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious Lady.)
*Queene.* Tis nothing leſſe, Conceite is ſtill deriude
From ſome forefather Griefe, mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething griefe,
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuerſion that I doe poſſeſſe:
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis nameleſſe woe I wot.
*Greene.* God ſaue your Maieſtie, & well met gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.
*Queene.* Why hopeſt thou ſo? tis better hope he is,
For his deſignes craue haſt, his haſt good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
*Greene.* That he our hope might haue retirde his power
And driuen into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land,
The baniſht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vplifted armes is ſafe ariude at *Rauenſpurgh.*
*Queene.* Now God in heauen forbid.
*Greene.* Ah Madam, tis too true; and that is worſe:
The Lord Northumberland, his young Son H. Percie,
The Lords of Roſſe, Beaumond, and Willoughbie,
With all their powerfull friends, are fled to him.
*Buſh.* Why haue you not proclaimd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolting faction, traytours?
*Greene.* We haue, whereupon the Earle of Worceſter,
Hath broke his Staffe, reſignd his Stewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullingbroke*
*Qeene.* So Greene, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my ſorrowes diſmall heire:
Now hath my ſoule brought foorth her prodigie,
And I a gaſping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioynd.
*Buſh.* Diſpaire not Madam.
*Queene.* Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire and be at enmitie
With couetous hope, he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper backe of death,

Who



Who gently would diſſolue the bands of life.
Which falſe hope lingers in extremitie.
*Greene.* Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
*Queene.* With ſignes of Warre about his aged necke:
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vnckle, for Gods ſake ſpeake comfortable words.
*Yorke.* Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts,†
Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croſſes, care, and griefe.
Your Husband he is gone to ſaue farre off,
Whilſt others come to make him looſe at home:
Heere am I left to vnderprop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe.
Now comes the ſicke houre that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he trie his friends that flattered him.
*Seruing.* My Lord, your ſonne was gone before I came,
*Yorke.* He was, why ſo; go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) reuolt on *Herfords* ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhie to my ſiſter Gloceſter,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand Pound,
Hold take my Ring.
*Ser.* My Lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordſhip,
To day I came by and called there,
But I ſhall grieue you to report the reſt.
*Yorke.* What i'ſt knaue.
*Ser.* An houre before I came, the Dutcheſſe died.
*Yorke.* God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes ruſhing on this woefull Land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to God
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cut of my head with my brothers.
What, are there two Poſts diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we doe for money for theſe Warres?
Come Siſter, Cooſin I would ſay; pray pardon me:
Goe fellow, get thee home, prouide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you goe muſter men?

If

† This line is wanting in the folio. This therefore was probably not the copy the editor printed from.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

If I know how or which way to order these affayres,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer beleeue mee: both are my kinsmen;
T'one is my Soueraigne, whome both my oath
And dutie bids defend: t'other againe,
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doe: come Cosin,
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barckly:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at sixe and seauen.

*Exeunt Duke, & Queene: manent Bushie and Greene.*

*Bush.* The Wind sits faire for newes to go for *Ireland*,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie, is all vnpossible.

*Greene.* Besides, our neerenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

*Bag.* And that is the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their Purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate.

*Bush.* Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd,

*Bag.* If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue been neere the King.

*Greene.* Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bush.* Thither will will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you goe along with vs?

*Bag.* No, I will to *Ireland* to his Maiestie:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that neere shall meete againe.

*Bush.* Thats as *Yorke* thriues to beat backe *Bullingbrooke*

*Greene.* Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

*Bush.*



*Bush.* Well, wee may meete againe.

*Bag.* I feare me neuer.

*Enter Hereford: Northumberland.*

*Bull.* How farre is it my Lord to Barckly now?

*North.* Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger in Gloucestershire,
These high wild hils and rough vneuen wayes,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me what a wearie way,
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse and processe of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefite that I possesse,
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope inioyed; by this the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.

*Bul.* Of much lesse value is my company,
Then your good words. But who comes heere?

*Enter Harry Percie.*

*North.* It is my sonne, young *Harrie Percie*,
Sent from my brother Worcester whensoeuer:
*Harry*, how fares your Vnckle? (of you

*Per.* I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health

*North.* Why? is he not with the Queene?

*H. Per.* No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his staffe of office, and dispersst
The household of the King.

*North.* What was his reason? he was not so resolu'd,
When last we spake together.

*H. Per.* Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitour;
But he my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of *Herford*,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions; to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
*North.* Haue you forgot the Duke of *Herford*, boy?
*H. Per.* No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
*North.* Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
*H. P.* My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies ſhall ripen and confirme
To more approued ſeruice and deſart.
*Bul.* I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure,
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.
*North.* How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what ſtirre
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of Warre?
*H. P.* There ſtands the Caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of name and noble eſtimation.
*Nor.* Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloudy with ſpurring, fierie red with haſt.
*Bul.* Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht Traitour: all my treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.
*Roſſe.* Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt noble Lord.
*Wil.* And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
*Bull.* Euermore thanks, the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes heere?
*Nor.* It is my Lord of Barkeley, as I gueſſe.
*Barck.* My Lord of *Herford*, my meſſage is to you.
*Bul.* My Lord, my anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in England,





And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.
*Bark.* Miſtake me not my Lord, t'is not my meaning
To race one title of your honour out:
To you my Lord I come, what Lord you will,
From the moſt glorious of this land,
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know what pricks you on,
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our natiue peace with ſelfe-borne Armes?
*Bul.* I ſhall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in perſon: My noble Vncle!
*Yorke.* Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duety is deceiueable and falſe.
*Bul.* My gracious Vncle!
*Yorke.* Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor Vncle me no
I am no traitours Vncle; and that word Grace (Vncle,
In an vngracions mouth, is but prophane:
Why haue thoſe baniſht and forbidden legs
Darde once to touch a duſt of *Englands* ground?
But more then why? Why haue they darde to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull boſome,
Fryting her pale-facde Villages with Warre,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed Armes?
Comſt thou becauſe th'annoynted King is hence?
Why fooliſh boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall boſome lies his power:
Were I but now Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy Father, and thy ſelfe,
Reſcued the Blacke Prince that young *Mars* of men,
From foorth the rancks of many thouſands French,
O then how quickly ſhould this arme of mine,
Now priſoner to the Paulſey, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault!
*Bul.* My gracious Vncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?
*Yorke.* Euen in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:
Thou art a baniſht man, and heere art come,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

Before the Expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my Soueraigne.
*Bul.* As I was banisht, I was banisht *Herford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*:
And noble Vnckle, I beseech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away
To Vpstart Vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cosin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my noble Cosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rouze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters patents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And I challenge Law; Atturnies are denide me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
*North.* The noble Duke hath been too much abusde.
*Ross.* It stands your Grace vpon, to do him right.
*Willo.* Base men by his endowments are made great.
*Yorke.* My Lords of England, let me tell you this;
I haue had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right,
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
*North.* The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is





But for his owne; and for the Right of that,
We all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:
And let him ne're see ioy that breakes that oath.
*Yorke.* Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the Soueraigne mercy of the King:
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter; so fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.
*Bul.* An offer Vnckle that we will accept,
But we must winne your Grace to go with vs
To *Bristow* Castle, which they say is held
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their complicies,
The Caterpillers of the Common-wealth;
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.
*Yorke.* It may be I will go with you; but yet ile pause,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

*Enter Earle of of Salisburie, and a Welch Captaine.*
*Welch.* My Lord of *Salisburie*, we haue staide ten daies,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together;
And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.
*Salis.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.
*Welch.* Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay,
The Bay-trees in our Country all are withered,
And Meteors fright the fixed starres of heauen;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the earth,
And leane-look't Prophets whisper fearefull change,
Rich men looke sadde, and Ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to loose what they enioy.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

The other to enioy by rage and Warre.
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrimen are gone and fled,
As well assured *Richard* their King is dead.
*Sal.* Ah *Richard!* with eies of heauie mind,
I see thy glorie like a shooting starre,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe and vnrest:
Thy friends are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good all fortune goes.

*Enter the Duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland, Bushie and Greene Prisoners.*

*Bul.* Bring foorth these men.
*Bushie* and *Greene*, I will not vexe your soules
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With two much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t'were no charitie; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your death,
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull howres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the profession of a Royall bed,
And staind the beautie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forren clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fedde vpon my seigniories,
Disparkt my Parkes, and feld my forrest woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my household coate,
Rac't out my impresse, leauing me no signe,

Saue



Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.
*Bush.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to *England*: Lords farewell.
*Greene.* My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.
*Bull.* My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatcht:
Vnckle, you say, the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairelie let her be entreated,
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.
*Yorke.* A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht
With letters of your loue to her at large.
*Bull.* Thanks (gentle Vnckle:) come Lords, away,
To fight with *Glendor* and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Aumerle, Carlile, &c.*

*King.* Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
*Au.* Yea my Lord; how brook's your Grace the ayre
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?
*King.* Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my kingdome once againe
Deare earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels mound thee with their Horses hoofes:
As a long parted mother with her Child,
Plaies fondlie with her teares, and smiles in meeting:
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
And doe thee fauour with my royall hands,
Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rauenous sence,
But let thy Spiders, that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauie gated Toads lie in their way,
Dooing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

Yeelds.

Yeeld ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from my boſome plucke a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortall touch,
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes enemies:
Mocke not my ſenſleſſe coniuration Lords:
This earth ſhall haue a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Proouе armed Souldiers ere her natiue King
Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.
*Carl.* Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king,
Hath power to keepe you King in ſpite of all;
The meanes that heauens yeeld muſt be imbrac't
And not neglected. Elſe heauen would,
And we would not; heauens offer, we refuſe
The prooffered meanes of ſuccours and redreſſe.
*Aum.* He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remiſſe,
Whilſt *Bullingbrooke*, through our ſecuritie,
Growes ſtrong and great in ſubſtance and in power.
*King.* Diſcomfortable Cooſin, knowſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theeues and robbers range abroade vnſeene,
In murthers, and in outrage bloodie heere.
But when from vnder his terreſtriall ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eaſterne pines,
And darts his light through euery guilty hole;
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſinnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backes,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themſelues:
So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*;
Who all this while hath reueld in the night,
Whilſt we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall ſee vs riſing in our throne the Eaſt,
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day,
But ſelfe affrighted, trembled at his ſinne,
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea,
Can waſh the balme off from an annoynted King.

The



The breath of worldly men can cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt
To lift ſhrewd ſteele againſt our golden Crowne,
God for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for heauen ſtill guards the right.

*Enter Saliſb.*

*King.* Welcome my Lord: how farre off lies your power?
*Saliſb.* Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord:
Than this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue.
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but Deſpaire,
One day too late, I feare, my noble Lord
Hath clouded all thy happy daies on earth,
O call backe yeſterday, bid Time returne,
And thou ſhalt haue twelue thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate:
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled. (pale?
*Aum.* Comfort, my Liege, why lookes your Grace ſo
*King.* But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And till ſo much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reaſon to looke pale and dead?
All ſoules that will be ſafe, flie from my ſide,
For Time hath ſet a blot vpon my pride.
*Aum.* Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.
*King.* I had forgot my ſelfe, Am I not King?
Awake thou coward, Maieſtie thou ſleepeſt,
Is not the Kings name twenty thouſand names?
Arme, arme, my name a puny ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,
Yee fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vnckle *Yorke* (here?
Hath power enough to ſerue our turne: but who comes

*Enter Scroope.*

*Scroope.* More health and happineſſe betide my Liege,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.
*King.* Mine eare is open, and my heart prepard,
The worſt is worldly loſſe thou canſt vnfold.
Say, is my kingdome loſt? Why twas my care,
And what loſſe is it to be rid of care?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as wee?
Greater he ſhall not be: if he ſerue God,
Weele ſerue him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Reuolt our Subiects? that we cannot mend,
They breake their faith to God as well as vs:
Crie woe, deſtruction, ruine, and decay,
The worſt is death, and death will haue his day.
*Scroo.* Glad am I, that your Highneſſe is ſo armd
To beare the tidings of calamitie,
Like an vnſeaſonable ſtormie day,
Which make the ſiluer Riuers drown their ſhowers.
As if the world were all diſſolud to teares,
So high aboue his limits ſwels the rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull land
With hard bright ſteele, and hearts harder then ſteele?
White beards haue armd their thinne and hairelеſſe ſcalps
Againſt thy Maieſtie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to ſpeake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In ſtiffe vnwildie armes, againſt thy Crowne,
Thy very beadſ-men learne to bend their browes,
Of double fatall woe againſt thy ſtate.
Yea diſtaffe women manage ruſtie billes:
Againſt thy ſeate both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe then I haue power to tell.
*King.* Too well, too well thou telſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſhie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps.
If we preuaile, their heads ſhall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.
*Scro.* Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord.
*King.* Oh Villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,

Dogs



Dogs eaſily wonne to fawne on any man.
Snakes in my heart blood warmd, that ſting my heart;
Three Iudaſſes, each one thrice worſe then Iudas,
Would they make peace? terrible hell
Make warre vpon their ſpotted ſoules for this.
*Scro.* Sweete Ioue's (I ſee) changing: his property
Turnes to the ſowreſt and moſt deadlie hate.
Againe vncurſe their ſoules, their peace is made
With head, and not with hands, thoſe whom you curſe
Haue felt the worſt of deaths deſtroying wound,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.
*Aum.* Is Buſhie, Greene, & the Earle of Wiltſhire dead?
*Scro.* Yea, all of them at Briſtow loſt their heads.
*Au.* Where is the Duke my father with his power?
*King.* No matter where, of comfort no man ſpeake.
Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainie eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſome of the earth.
Lets chooſe Executors and talke of wils:
And yet not ſo, for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but death,
And that ſmall modell of the barren earth,
Which ſerues as paſt and couer to our bones.
For Gods ſake let vs ſit vpon the ground?
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings,
How ſome haue beene depoſde, ſome ſlaine in warre,
Some haunted by the ghoſts they haue depoſed,
Some poyſoned by their wiues, ſome ſleeping kild,
All murthered: for within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
Keepes death his Court, and there the antique ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little ſceane,
To Monarchiſe, be feard, and kill with lookes,
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,
As if this fleſh which walles about our life,



Were

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

Were Braſſe impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his Caſtle walles, and farewell King.
Couer your heads, and mocke not fleſh and blood,
With ſolemne reuerence throw away reſpect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but miſtooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taſt griefe, need friends: ſubiected thus,
How can you ſay to mee, I am a King?

*Carl.* My Lord, Wiſe-men ne're ſit and waile their woes
But preſently preuent the wales to waile,
To feare the foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Giues in your weakeneſſe ſtrength vnto your foe,
And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelfe:
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death ſeruile breath.

*Aum.* My Father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

*King.* Thou chidſt me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An eaſie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, Where lies our Vnckle with his power?
Speake ſweetly man, although thy lookes be ſower.

*Scroope.* Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to ſay,
I play the torturer by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken:
Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Caſtles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

*King.* Thou haſt ſayd enough:
Beſhrew thee Cooſin which didſt lead me foorth





Of that ſweet way I was in to diſpaire.
What ſay you now? What comfort haue we now?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Caſtle, there ile pine away,
A King woes ſlaue, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That power I haue, diſcharge, and let them go
To eare the Land that hath ſome hope to grow:
For I haue none, let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſell is but vaine.

*Aum.* My Liege one word.

*King.* He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue:
Diſcharge my followers, let them hence away,
From *Richards* night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire day.

*Enter Bull. Yorke. North.*

*Bull.* So that by this intelligence we learne,
The Welchmen are diſpearſt, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With ſome few priuate friends, vpon this coaſt.

*North.* The newes is very faire and good, my Lord:
*Richard* not farre from hence hath hid his head.

*Yorke.* It would beſeeme the Lord *Northumberland*,
To ſay, King *Richard*, alacke the heauie day,
When ſuch a ſacred King, ſhould hide his head.

*North.* Your Grace miſtakes; onely to be briefe,
Left I his title out.

*Yor.* The time hath bin, ſhould you haue bin ſo briefe with him
He would haue bin ſo briefe to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head, your whole heads length.

*Bul.* Miſtake not (Vnckle) further then you ſhould.

*Yorke.* Take not (good Cooſin) further then you ſhould
Leaſt you miſtake the heauens are ouer your heads.

*Bul.* I know it Vnckle, and oppoſe not my ſefe
Againſt their willes. But, who comes heere? *Enter Percy.*
Welcome *Harry*: What, will not this Caſte yeeld?

*Hen. Per.* The Caſtle is Royally mand my Lord.
Againſt thy entrance.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

*Bull.* Royally, why it containes no King.
*H. Per.* Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King *Richard* lies
With the limits of yon lime and stone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Cleargie man
Of holie reuerence, who I cannot learne.
*North.* Oh belike it is the Bishop of *Carleile.*
*Bul.* Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,
Through brasen Trumpet send the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
*H. Bul.* on both his knees, doth kisse king *Richards* hand.
And sends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his Royall person: hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
And lands restored againe be freely graunted;
If not, ile vse the aduantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,
Raind from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, such chrimson tempest should bedrench,
The fresh greene lap of faire King *Richards* land,
My stooping dutie tenderlie shall shew.
Go signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyse of threatning drumme,
That from this Castles tattered battlements,
Our faire appointments may be well perusd.
Methinks King Richard and my selfe should meete
With no lesse terrour then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake,
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne
My Water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.





*The Trumpet sound, Richard appeareth on the walles.*
*Bull.* See, see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne
From out the fierie portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious clouds are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
*Yorke.* Yet lookes he like a King, behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens foorth
Controlling Maiestie; alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.
*King.* We are amazd, and thus long haue we stood,
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe the lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy joynts forget
To pay their awefull durie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismist vs from our Stewardship:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:
And though you think that all as you haue done,
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my Master God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalfe,
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassaile hands against my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke* (for yon me thinks he stands)
That euerie stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre:
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of Mayd-pale peace,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

To ſcarlet indignation, and bedeaw
Her paſtors graſſe with faithfull Engliſh blood.
*North.* The King of Heauen forbid, our Lord the king
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuill armes
Be ruſht vpon. Thy thriſe noble Cooſin,
*Harry Bullingbrooke* doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your royall Grandſires bones,
And by the Royalties of both your bloods.
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head,
And by the buried hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed Steeds to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull ſeruice of your Maieſtie.
This ſweares he, as he is a Prince iuſt:
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
*King. Northumberland*, ſay thus: the King returnes
His noble Cooſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaunds
Shall be accompliſht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt;
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends:
We doe debaſe our ſelues (Cooſin) do wee not?
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the Traitour, and ſo die?
*Aum.* No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull ſwords.
*King.* Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On you proud man, ſhould take it off againe,
With words of ſooth! Oh that I were as great,





As is my griefe, or leſſer then my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue been!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes haue ſcope to beat both thee and mee.
*Aum. Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.
*King.* What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: Muſt he be depoſde?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he looſe
The name of a King? a Gods name let it goe:
Ile giue my jewels for a ſet of Beades:
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage:
My gay Apparell, for an Almeſ-mans Gowne:
My figurde Goblets, for a diſh of Wood:
My Sceptre, for a Palmers walking Staffe:
My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints:
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue;
A little little Graue, an obſcure Graue,
Or, ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
Some way of common trade, where ſubiects feete
May hourely trample on their Soueraignes head,
For on my heart they tread now whilſt I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
*Aumerle*, thou weepeſt (my tender-hearted Cooſin)
Weele make foule weather with deſpiſed teares;
Our ſighes, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſheading teares,
And thus to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a paire of Graues
Within the earth: and therein layde; their lies
Two kinſmen dig'd their Graues with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill doe well? well well I ſee,
I talke but idlely, and you laugh at mee.
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What ſayes King *Bullingbrooke*, will his Maieſtie
Giue *Richard* leaue to liue till *Richard* die?

You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I.
*North.* My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you: may it please you to come downe.
*King.* Downe, downe I come, like glistering *Phaeton*,
Wanting the mannage of vnruly Iades.
In the base court, base court where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors calles, and do them grace.
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King
For night-owles shreeke where mounting larks should sing
*Bull.* What sayes his Maiestie?
*North.* Sorrow and griefe of heart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
*Bull.* Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie: *He kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord.
*King.* Faire Cosin you debase your Princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtesie:
Vp Cosin vp, your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
*Bull.* My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
*King.* Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.
*Bull.* So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.
*King.* Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Vnckle, giue me your hands; nay dry your eyes,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Cosin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be Heyre;
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too:
For doe we must, what force will haue vs do:
Set on towards London, Cosin is it so?
*Bull.* Yea my good Lord.
*King.* Then I must not say no. *Exeunt.*
*Enter.*



*Enter the Queene with her attendants.*
*Que.* What sport shall we deuise heere in this garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of care?
*Lady.* Madam weele play at bowles.
*Que.* Twill make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the bias.
*Lady.* Madam weele daunce.
*Que.* My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in griefe:
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport.
*Lady.* Madam weele tell tales,
*Que.* Of sorrow or of griefe?
*Lady.* Of either Madam.
*Que.* Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogither wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogither sadd,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.
*Lady.* Madam ile sing.
*Que.* Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weepe.
*Lady.* I could weepe Madam, would it do you good.
*Quee.* And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borow any teare of thee.
But stay, heere commeth the Gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines.
They will talke of state, for euery one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe,
*Enter Gardiners.*
*Gard.* Goe bind thou vp yon dangling Apricockes,
Which like vnruly children make their sire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight:
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs.
Goe thou, and like an executioner



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

Cut off the heads of two faſt growing ſprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be euen in our gouerment.
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noyſome Weedes that without profit ſucke
The ſoyles fertilitie from holſome Flowers.
*Man.* Why ſhould we in the compaſſe of a Pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modell our firme eſtate,
When our ſea-walled Garden, the whole Land
Is full of Weedes; her faireſt Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her Knots diſordered, and her holeſome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers,
*Gard.* Hold thy peace,
He that hath ſuffred this diſordered Spring,
Hath now himſelfe met with the fall of Leafe:
The Weedes that his broade ſpreading Leaues did ſhelter,
That ſeemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are puld vp, roote and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane the Earle of *Wiltſhire*, Buſhie, Greene.
*Man.* What, are they dead?
*Gard.* They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath ſeizd the waſtfull King.
Oh what pittie it is, that he had not ſo trimde
And dreſt his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Leaſt being ouer-proud with ſappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe.
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruites of duetie: ſuperfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may line:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
*Man.* What, thinke you the King ſhall be depoſde?
*Gard.* Depreſt he is already, and depoſde

T'is



T'is, doubt he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deare friend of the Duke of *Yorkes*,
That tell blacke tidinges.
*Queen.* Oh! I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking
Thou old *Adams* likenes ſet to dreſſe this Garden,
How dares thy harſh rude tongue ſound this vnpleaſing
What *Eue*? What *Serpent* hath ſuggeſted thee, (newes;
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay King *Richard* is depoſde?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downe fall? Say, where, when, and how
Camſt thou by this ill tidinges? ſpeake thou wretch?
*Gard* Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breath theſe newes, yet what I ſay is true:
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*: their fortunes both are weyde,
In your Lo. ſcale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the Engliſh Peeres,
And with that oddes, he wheighes King *Richard* downe.
Poſt you to London, and you will finde it ſo;
I ſpeake no more then euery one doth know.
*Queen.* Nimble Miſchaunce, that art ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me,
And am I laſt that knowes it? Oh thou thinkeſt
To ſerue me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt: come Ladyes, goe
To meete at London, Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this, that my ſadd looke,
Should grace the triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*?
Gardner, for telling me theſe newes of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graftſt may neuer grow. *Exit*
*Gard.* Poore Queene, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my skill were ſubiect to thy curſe,
Heere did ſhe drop a teare, heere in this place,
Ile ſet a bancke of Rewſowre Hearbe-of-grace:



Rew-

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

Rew, euen for Ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.*

*Bull.* Call, foorth Bagot. *Enter Bagot.*
Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The Bloodie office of his timelesse end?
*Bagot.* Then set before my face the Lord *Aumerle.*
*Bull.* Cosin, stand foorth, and looke vpon that man.
*Bagot.* My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue,
Scornes to vnsay what once it hath deliuered:
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English court
As farre as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England, adding withall,
How blest this land would be in this your Cosins death.
*Aum.* Princes, and noble Lords,
What answere shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,
On equall termes to giue him chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine Honour soyld
With the attainder of his slaunderous lips:
There is my gage, the manuall seale of death,
That markes thee out for Hell: thou liest,
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my knightly Sword.
*Bull* Bagot, forbeare, thou shalt not take it vp.
*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mooud me so.
*Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathie,
There is my gage *Aumerle*, in gage to thine;

By



By that faire Sunne that shewes me where thou standst,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,
That thou wert cause of noble Glocesters death:
If thou deniest it twentie times, thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.
*Aum.* Thou darst not (coward) liue to see the day.
*Fitz.* Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.
*Aum.* Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.
*L. Per.* Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true,
In this appeale, as thou art all vniust,
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreamest poynt
Of mortall breathing, seize it if thou dar'st.
*Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull steele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.
*Another L.* I take the earth to the like (forswone *Aumerle*,)
And spur thee on with full as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare
From sinne to sinne: there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.
*Aum.* Who sets me else? by heauen Ile throw at all,
I haue a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answere twenty thousand such as you.
*Sur.* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The verie time *Aumerle* and you did talke.
*Fitz.* Tis very true, you were in presence then,
And you can witnesse with me this is true.
*Sur.* As false by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.
*Fitz.* Surrie, thou liest. (sword.
*Sur.* Dishonorable boy, that ly shall ly so heauie on my
That it shall render vengeance and reuenge
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,
In earth as quiet as thy Fathers scull.
In proofe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

*Fitz.*

*Fitz.* How fondly doſt thou ſpurre a forward horſe.
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or liue,
I dare meet Surry in a Wildernesſe,
And ſpit vpon him whilſt I ſay he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes: there is my bond of Fayth,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction:
As I intend to thriue in this new world,
*Aumerle* is guiltie of my true appeale.
Beſides, I heare the baniſhed *Norffolke* ſay:
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.
*Aum.* Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour?
*Bull.* Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeald, repeald he ſhall be,
And Though mine enemie, reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Signories: when he is return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce his triall.
*Carl.* That honorable day ſhall neuer be ſeene:
Many a time hath baniſht Norfolke fought
For Ieſus Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field,
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian croſſe,
Againſt blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
And toyld with workes of Warre, retir'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to a pleaſant countries earth,
And his pure ſoule vnto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.
*Bull.* Why Biſhop, is *Norffolke* dead?
*Carl.* As ſure as I liue, my Lord.
*Bull.* Sweet peece conduct his ſweet ſoule to the boſome
Of good old Abraham: Lords appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſsigne you to your dayes of triall.

*Enter Yorke,*

*Yorke.* Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee,

From



From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy royall hand:
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henrie*, fourth of that name.
*Bul.* In Gods name, Ile aſcend the Regall throne.
*Carl.* Mary God forbid.
Worſt in this Royall preſence I may ſpeake:
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth:
Would God any in this noble preſence,
Were enough noble to be vpright Iudge
Of noble *Richard*: Then true nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a wrong.
What ſubiect can giue ſentence on his King?
And who ſits heere that is not *Richards* ſubiect?
Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, Steward, deputie, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted many yeares,
Be iudg'd by ſubiect and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate ſoules refinde,
Should ſhew ſo hainous blacke obſcene a deede.
I ſpeake to ſubiects, and a ſubiect ſpeakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitor to proud *Herefords* King,
And if you Crowne him, let me propheſie,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this ſeate of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound:
Diſorder, horror, feare and mutinie,
Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald
The field of Golgotha and dead mens skuls.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

Oh if you raiſe this houſe againſt his houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diuiſion prooue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed earth:
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt child, childs children crie againſt you woe.
*North.* Well haue you argued ſir, and for your paines,
Of Capitall treaſon, we arreſt you here:
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely till his day of triall.
May it pleaſe you Lords, to graunt the common ſuite,
Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender, ſo we ſhall proceed without ſuſpition.
*Yorke.* I will be his conduct.
*Bul.* Lords, you that are here, are vnder our arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your daies of anſwere;
Little are we beholding to your loue.
And little looke for at your helping hands.

*Enter King Richard*

*Rich.* Alacke why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the regall thoughts
Wherewith I raignd; I hardlie yet haue learnt
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes?
Giue ſorrow leaue a while to tutor me to this ſubmiſſion:
Yet I well remember the fauours of theſe men,
Were they not mine? did they not ſometimes crie al haile
To me? ſo *Iudas* did to *Chriſt*; but he in twelue,
Found truth in all but one; I in twelue thouſand none:
God ſaue the King, will no man ſay Amen:
Am I both Prieſt and Clarke; well then, Amen.
God ſaue the King, although I be not hee,
And yet Amen, if heauen do thinke him mee:
To do what ſeruice am I ſent for hither:
*Yorke.* To do that office of thine owne good will,
Which tired Maieſtie did make thee offer;
The reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Harry Bullingbrooke.*
*Rich.* Seaze the Crowne.





Heere Cooſin, on this ſide my hand, & on that ſide yours:
Now is this golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets filling one an other,
The emptier euer dauncing in the ayre,
The other downe vnſeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of teares, am I,
Drinking my griefe, whilſt you mount vp on high.
*Bul.* I thought you had been willing to reſigne?
*Ric.* My Crowne I am, but ſtill my griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes, ſtill am I King of thoſe.
*Bul.* Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crown.
*Rich.* Your cares ſet vp, do not plucke my cares down:
My care is loſſe of care, by old care done,
Your care is gaine of care by new care won:
The cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
*Bul.* Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?
*Rich.* I, no no I; for, I muſt nothing bee,
Therefore no no, for I reſigne to thee,
Now marke me how I will vndoe my ſelfe:
I giue this heauie waight from off my head,
And this vnweildie Scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart:
With mine owne teares I waſh away my balme,
With mine owne hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne tongue denie my ſacred ſtate,
With mine owne breath releaſe all duties rites,
All pompe and Maieſtie I doe forſweare,
My Mannors, Rents, Reuenewes I forgoe,
My Actes, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke that ſweare to thee:
Make me that nothing haue, with nothing grieud,
And thou with all pleaſd, that haſt all atchieud:
Long mayſt thou liue in *Richards* ſeat to ſit,
And ſoone lie *Richard* in an earthly pit:



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

God ſaue King *Harry* vnkingd *Richard* ſaies,
And ſend him many yeeres of Sun-ſhines daies.
What more remaines?
*North.* No more, but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grieuous crimes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profite of this Land;
That by confeſſing them, the ſoules of men
May deeme that you are worthily depoſde.
*Rich.* Muſt I doe ſo? and muſt I rauell out
My Weaud vp Folly, gentle *Northumberland*?
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not ſhame thee in ſo faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldſt,
There ſhouldſt thou find one hainous Article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an Oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay of you that ſtand and looke vpon,
Whilſt that my wretchednesſe doth bate my ſelfe;
Though ſome of you (with *Pilate*) waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie, yet you Pilates,
Haue heere deliuered me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And water cannot waſh away your ſinne.
*North.* My Lord diſpatch, read ore theſe Articles.
*Rich.* Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot ſee;
And yet ſalt water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traitors here:
Nay, if I turne mine eies vpon my ſelfe,
I find my ſelfe a Traitor with the reſt;
For I haue giuen here my ſoules conſent
To vndecke the pompous body of a King;
Made glorie base, and Soueraignty a ſlaue;
Proud Maieſtie a ſubiect, State a peaſant.
*North.* My Lord.
*Rich.* No Lord of thine, thou haught inſulting man,
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,





No not that name was giuen me at the Font,
But tis vſurpt; alacke the heauie day
That I haue worne ſo many Winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my ſelfe,
O that I were a mockerie King of Snow,
Standing before the ſunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelfe away in water drops.
Good King, great King; and yet not greatly good;
And if my name be ſtarling, yet in England
Let it command a mirrour hither ſtraite
That it may ſhew me what a face I haue,
Since it is banckrout of his Maieſtie.
*Bul.* Go ſome of you and fetch a looking-glaſſe.
*North.* Read ore this paper while the Glaſſe doth come.
*Rich.* Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to Hell.
*Bul.* Vrge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
*North.* The commons will not then be ſatisfied.
*Rich.* They ſhall be ſatisfied, Ile read enough,
When I doe ſee the very Booke indeed.
Where all my ſinnes are writ, and that's my ſelfe,
Giue me the glaſſe: no deeper wrinkles yet?
Hath ſorrow ſtroke ſo many blowes vpon this
Face of mine, and made no deeper wounds?
Oh flattering Glaſſe, like to my followers in proſperitie!
Was this the face that euery day vnder his
Houſhold roofe did keepe ten thouſand men?
Was this the face that faaſt ſo many follies,
And was at laſt outfaaſt by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Glorie ſhineth in this face,
As brittle as the Glorie is the face,
For there it is crackt in a hundred ſhiuers.
Marke ſilent King the morall of this ſpor,
How ſoone my ſorrow hath deſtroyd my face.
*Bul.* The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroyd
The ſhadow of your face.
*Rich.* Say that againe: the ſhadow of my ſorrow;
Ha lets ſee: tis very true, my griefe



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

Lies all within, and theſe externall manners
Of laments are meerely ſhadowes to the vnſeene,
Griefe that ſwells with ſilence in the tortured ſoule:
And I thanke thee King that not onely giueſt
Me cauſe to waile, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

*Bull.* Name it faire Cooſin.

*Rich.* Faire Cooſe, why? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but ſubiects
Being now a ſubiect, I haue a King heere
To my flatterer; being ſo great, I haue no need to beg.

*Bul.* Yet aske.

*Rich.* And ſhall I haue it?

*Bul.* You ſhall.

*Rich.* Why then giue me leaue to goe.

*Bul.* Whither?

*Ric.* Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.

*Bul.* Goe ſome of you conuay him to the tower.

*Rich.* O good conuay, conuayers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

*Bul.* On Wedneſday next we ſolemnely ſet downe,
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your ſelues.

*Exeunt. Manet Weſt. Carleill, Aumerle.*

*Abbot.* A woefull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

*Car.* The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as thorne.

*Aum.* You holy Clergie men, is there no plot,
To rid the Realme of this pernitious blot?

*Abbot.* Before I freely ſpeake my mind heerein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament
To bury mine intent, but alſo to effect
What euer I ſhall happen to deuiſe:
I ſee your browes are full of diſcontent,
Your heart of ſorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to ſupper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall ſhew vs all a merry day.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



*Enter Queene, with her attendants.*

*Queene.* This way the King will come, this is the way
To *Iulius Cæſars* ill erected Tower.
To whoſe flint boſome my condemned Lord
Is doomde a Priſoner by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Heere let vs reſt, if this rebellious earth
Haue any reſting for her true Kings Queene.

*Enter Richard.*

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather, do not ſee,
My faire Roſe wither: yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may diſſolue to deaw,
And waſh him freſh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the model where old *Troy* did ſtand!
Thou mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* toombe:
And not King *Richard*: thou moſt beauteous Inne,
Why ſhould hard fauours griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an Alehouſe gueſt?

*Rich.* Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden, learne good ſoule,
To thinke our former ſtate a happy dreame,
From which awakt, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this: I am ſworne (brother ſweete)
To grimme Neceſſitie, and he and I
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,
And cloyſter thee in ſome religious houſe:
Our holy liues muſt winne a new worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here, haue thrown downe.

*Queene.* What is my *Richard* both in ſhape and mind,
Transformd and weakned? hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depoſd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thruſteth foorth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage,
To be o'repowerd; and wilt thou Pupil-like
Take thy correction, mildly kiſſe the rodde,
And fawne on Rage with bace humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of beaſts?

*King.* A King of beaſts indeed, if aught but beaſt,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

I had been ſtill a happy king of men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takeſt
As from my death-bed my laſt liuing leaue.
In winters tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the ſenceleſſe brands will ſimpathy
The heauy accent of thy moouing tongue,
And in compaſſion weepe the fire out;
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome cole blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd,
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.
*King. Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my throne.
The time ſhall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule ſinne gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which knowſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, will know againe,
Beeing nere ſo little vrg'd another way,
To plucke him headlong from the vſurped throne,
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To worthy danger and deſerued death.
*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you muſt part foorthwith.
*King.* Doubly diuorc't, (bad men) you violate





A twofold mariage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married wife.
Let me vnkiſſe the oath betwixt thee and me:
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſſe t'was made,
Part vs *Northumberland*, I towards the North,
Where ſhiuering cold and ſickeneſſe pines the clime:
My Wife to France, from whence ſet foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither, like ſweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or ſhortſt of day.
*Quee.* And muſt we be deuided? muſt we part?
*King.* I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart
*Queen.* Baniſh vs both, and ſend the King with me.
*King.* That were ſome loue, but little policie.
*Queen,* Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.
*King.* So two togither weeping, make one woe;
Weepe for me in France, I for thee here,
Better farre off then neere be neare the neere:
Goe count thy way with ſighes, I mine with groanes.
*Queen.* So longeſt way ſhall haue the longeſt moanes.
*King.* Twiſe for one ſtep Ile grone, the way being ſhort,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in griefe:
One kiſſe ſhall ſtoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
*Queen.* Giue me my owne againe, twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane.
*King.* We make Woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adew, the reſt let ſorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke of Yorke and the Dutcheſſe.*

*Dut.* My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtory
Of our two Coſins comming into London.
*Yorke,* Where did I leaue?
*Dutc.* At that ſad ſtop my Lord,

 Where

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

Where rude misgouernd hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on *King Richards* head.
*Yorke.* Then (as I said) the Duke great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemd to know
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cride, God saue the *Bullingbrooke*,
You would haue thought the very Windowes spake:
So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that all the Walles,
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue the welcome *Bullingbrooke*,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke
Bespake them thus, I thanke you Countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.
*Du.* Alacke poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?
*Yorke.* As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a well graced Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scoule on gentle *Richard*, no man cried God saue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience;
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him:
But heauen hath a hand in these euents,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents,
To *Bullingbrooke* are we sworne subiect now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
*Dut.* Heere comes my sonne **Aumerle.** (*Enter Aum.*

*Yorke.*



*Yorke.* Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his trueth
And lasting fealtie to the new made King.
*Du.* Welcome my sonne, who art the Violets now,
That strew the greene lappe of the new-come spring.
*Aum.* Madam I know not nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as liefe be none as one.
*Yorke.* Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from *Oxford?* do these iusts & triumphs hold?
*Aum.* For aught I know (my Lord) they do.
*Yorke.* You will be there I know.
*Aum.* If God preuent not I purpose so.
*Yorke.* What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome
Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writting.
*Aum.* My Lord tis nothing.
*Yorke.* No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let mee see the writting.
*Aum.* I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.
*Yorke.* Which for some reasons (sir) I meane to see.
I feare, I feare.
*Dut.* What should you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the triumph.
*Yorke.* Bound to himselfe, what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole;
Boy, let me see the writting.
*Aum.* I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
*Yorke.* I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say:
*He pluckes it out of his bosome, and reads it.*
Treason, foule treason: villaine, traytor, slaue.
*Dut.* What is the matter, my Lord?
*Yorke.* Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse:



God

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

God for his mercy! what Trechery is heere?
*Du.* Why, what is it my Lord?
*Yorke.* Giue me my bootes I say, sadle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my Life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.
*Du.* What is the matter?
*Yorke.* Peace foolish woman.
*Dute.* I will not peace, what is the matter *Aumerle*?
*Aum.* Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answere.
*Duch* Thy life answere?
*Yorke.* Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.
*His man enters with his bootes.*
*Du.* Strike him *Aumerle*, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine neuer more come in my sight.
*Yorke.* Giue me my bootes I say.
*Du.* Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age,
And robbe me of a happie mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
*Yorke.* Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A dozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
*Du.* He shall be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?
*Yor.* Away fond woman, were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
*Du.* Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst be more pitifull:
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:

Sweete



Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that mind,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like me or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.
*Yorke.* Make way vnruly woman. *Exit.*
*Du.* After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.
*Enter the King with his Nobles.*
*King H.* Can no man tell me of my vnthriftie sonne?
Tis full three months since I did se him last;
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis hee;
I would to god my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there they say, he dayly doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and robbe our passengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew
*H. Per.* My Lord, some two daies since I saw the Prince
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.
*King.* And what said the Gallant?
*Percie.* His answere was, he would to the stewes,
And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.
*King H.* As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May haply bring forth. But who comes heere?
*Enter Aumerle amazed.*
*Aum.* Where is the King? (so wildly?
*King H.* What meanes our cosin that he stares & looks



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

*Aum.* God saue your Grace; I do beseech your Maiesty,
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.
*King.* Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Cosin now?
*Aum.* For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.
*King.* Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how hainous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.
*Aum.* Then giue me leaue that I may turne the Key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
*King.* Haue thy desire.
*The Duke of Yorke knocks at the doore and cryeth.*
*Yorke.* My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.
*King.* Villaine, ile make thee safe.
*Au.* Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare
*Yorke.* Open the doore, secure foole, hardy King:
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.
*King.* What is the matter vnckle, speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it?
*Yorke.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my hast forbids me show.
*Au.* Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
*Yorke.* It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe:
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King)
Feare, and nos loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pitty him, lest thy pitty proue
A serpent, that will sting thee to thee heart.
*King.* O heynous, strong, and bold conspiracie!
O loyall father of a treacherous sonne!
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,

From



From whence this streame through muddie passages
Hath hald his current, and defilde himselfe:
Thy ouerflow of good conuerts to bad,
And thy aboundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.
*Yorke.* So shall my Vertue, be his Vices baude,
And he shall spend mine honor, with his shame,
As thriftles Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold:
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamde life in his dishonor lies:
Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
The traitor liues, the true man's put to death.
*Dutch.* What ho, my Liege for Gods sake let me in.
*King.* What shrill voyc'd suppliant makes this eger cry?
*Dutc.* A woman, and thy Aunt (great King) tis I,
Speake with me, pittie me, open the doore,
A Begger begs, that neuer begd before.
*King.* Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and, the King:
My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,
I know she is come, to pray for your foule sinne.
*Yorke.* If thou do pardon whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenes, prosper may:
This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.
*Dut.* Oh King, beleeue not this hard-harted man:
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.
*Yorke.* Thou franticke woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor reare?
*Dut.* Sweete Yorke be patient; heare me gentle Liege.
*King H.* Rise vp good Aunt.
*Dut.* Not yet I thee beseech,
For euer will I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy; vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
*Au.* Vnto my mothers praiers I bend my knee.

*Yorke.*

*Yorke.* Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill may'st thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.
*Dutc.* Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face:
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside:
His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,
Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrysie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
Our prayers doe out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.
*King.* Good Aunt stand vp.
*Dutc.* Nay, doe not say, stand vp;
Say pardon first, and afterwards stand vp,
And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pittie teach the how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweete;
No word like Pardon for Kings mouthes so meete.
*Yorke.* Speake it in French, King say, *Pardonne moy.*
*Dutc.* Dost thou teach pardon? pardon to destroy:
Ah my sowre Husband, my hard hearted Lord!
That sets the word it selfe against the word;
Speake pardon as 'tis current in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand:
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce,
Pittie may moue thee pardon to rehearse.
*King H.* Good Aunt stand vp.
*Dutch.* I doe not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the sute I haue in hand.
*King.* I pardon him as God shall pardon me.
*Dutc.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.

Yet



Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe;
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one Pardon strong,
*King.* I pardon him with all my heart.
*Dutch.* A God on earth thou art.
*King.* But for our trustie brorher in law and the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction strait shall dog them at the heeles,
Good Vnckle, helpe to order seuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere these traitours are,
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and cooſin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.
*Dutc.* Come my old sonne, I pray God make thee new.
*Exeunt. Manet Sir Pierce Exton, &c.*
*Exton.* Didst thou not marke the K. what words he spake
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not so?
*Man.* These were his very words.
*Exton.* Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice,
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?
*Man.* He did.
*Exton.* And speaking it, he wistly lookt on me,
As who should say, I would thou were the man,
That would diuorce this terrour from my heart,
Meaning the King at *Pomfret.* Come, lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe. *Exeunt.*
*Enter Richard alone.*
*Rich.* I haue been studying how to compare
This Prison where I liue, vnto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a creature but my selfe,
I can not do it: yet Ile hammer it out:
My braine Ile prooue the female to my soule;
My soule the father, and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts;



And

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

And theſe ſaime thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better ſort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word is ſelfe
Againſt thy word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To thread the ſmall poſterne of a ſmall needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
Vnlikelie wonders: how theſe vaine weake nayles
May teare a paſſage thorow the Flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt, like ſeely beggars;
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refnuge their ſhame,
That many haue, and others muſt ſit there,
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon many people,
And none contented; ſometimes am I a King,
Then Treaſons make me wiſh my ſelfe a Begger,
And ſo I am: then cruſhing Penurie
Perſwades me I was better when a King;
Then am I a King againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing, ſhall be pleaſde, till he be eaſde
With being nothing Muſicke do I heare; *Muſicks plaies.*
Ha, ha, keepe time; how ſowre ſweete Muſicke is
When Time is broke, and no proportion kept,
So is it in the muſicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineſſe of care
To checke Time broke in diſordered ſtring:

But



But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an care to heare my true time broke:
I walted Time, and now doth time waſte me:
For now hath time made his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighes they iarre,
There watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto my finger like a Dials point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what howre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, which ſtrike vpon my heart,
Which is the Bell: ſo ſighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Times, and Houres: but my Time
Runnes poſting on in *Bullingbrooks* proud ioy,
While I ſtand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke:
This Muſicke maddes me, let it ſound no more,
For though it hath holp madde men to their wits,
In me it ſeemes it will make wiſe men madde.
Yet bleſſing on his heart that giues it me,
For t'is a ſigne of loue: and loue to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange brooch in this al-hating world.

*Enter a Groome of the Stable.*

*Groome.* Haile royall Prince.

*Rich.* Thanks noble Peere:
The cheapeſt of vs is ten groats too deare.
What art thou? and how commeſt thou hither,
Where no man euercomes but that ſad Dogge,
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue?

*Groome.* I was a poore Groome of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my ſometimes royall maiſters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreets that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbroeke* rode on Roane Barbarie,
That Horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtride,
That Horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.

*Rich.* Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle friend,



How

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

How went he vnder him?

*Groome.* So proudlie, as if he disdaind the ground,

*Rich.* So proud that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenesse Horse, why do I rayle on thee?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Wast borne to beare, I was not made a Horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spurde, galde, and tyrde by iauncing *Bullingbrooke*.

*Keeper.* Fellow giue place, heere is no longer stay.

*Rich.* If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

*Groo.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

*Exit Groome. Enter one to Richard with meat.*

*Keeper.* My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

*Rich.* Tast of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

*Keeper.* My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of *Exton*,
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary

*Rich.* The Deuill take Henry of Lancaster and thee:
Patience is stale, and I am wearie of it.

*Keeper.* Helpe, helpe, helpe.

*The murderers rush in.*

*Rich.* How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in Hell.

*Heere Exton strikes him downe.*

*Rich.* That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: *Exton*, thy fierce hand
Hath with the Kings blood staind the kings owne land:
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downeward heere to die.

*Exton.* As full of valour, as of Royall blood:
Both haue I spild; Oh would the deed were good!
For now the Deuill that told me I did well,

Sayes



Sayes that this deed is chronicled in Hell:
This dead King to the liuing King ile beare,
Take hence the rest, & giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

*Enter Bullingbrooke with the Duke of Yorke.*

*King.* Kind Vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is, that the Rebels haue consumed with fire
Our towne Ciceter in Glocestershire:
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not:
Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happinesse;
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heads of Oxford, Salisburie, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discourst in this paper heere.

*King.* We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

*Enter Lord Fitzwaters.*

*Fitz.* My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted Traytors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

*King.* Thy paines Fitz: shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

*Enter Henrie Percie.*

*Per.* The graund conspirator Abbot of Westminster,
With clogge of conscience and sowre melancholie,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the Graue;
But here is *Carleil* liuing, to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

*King. Carleil*, this is your doome,
Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life,
So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemie thou hast euer been,
High sparkes of Honour in thee haue I seene.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

*Enter Exton with the Coffin.*

*Exton.* Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare: heerein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
*Richard* of *Burdeaux*, by me hither brought.
*King. Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deede of ſlaughter with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.
*Exton.* From your owne mouth (my Lo.) did I this deed
*King.* They loue not poyſon, that do poyſon need,
Nor doe I thee, though I did wiſh him dead;
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princelie fauour:
With *Caine* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And neuer ſhew thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinckle me to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy land,
To waſh this blood off from my guiltie hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

*FINIS.*



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[1]) Octavo

This is the fifth edition.
M.

# THE HISTORY OF Henrie the fourth,

With the Battell at Shrewſeburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henrie Percy, ſurnamed *Henrie Hotſpur* of the North.

VVith the humorous conceites of Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Newly corrected by *W. Shake-ſpeare.*

LONDON,
Printed by *W. W.* for *Mathew Law*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Paules Church-yard, neere vnto S. *Auguſtines* Gate, at the ſigne of the Foxe.
1613.

# The Hiſtorie of
## Henrie the fourth.

*Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with others,*

*King.*

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath ſhort winded accents of new broiles
To be commenc't in ſtrands a farre remote:
No more the thirſtie entrance of this ſoile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens (blood:
No more ſhall trenching Warre channel her fields,
Nor bruſe her flowrets with the armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall wel-beſeeming ranckes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of warre, like an ill-ſheathed Knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maiſter: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldier now vnder whoſe bleſſed Croſſe,
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we leuy,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fields,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter Croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cooſen *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſternight our Counſell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.
*Weſt.* My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herdfordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude handes of that Welchman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered:
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation
By thoſe Welchwomen done, as may not be
(Without much ſhame) retold or ſpoken of.
*King.* It ſeemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſines for the Holy land.
*Weſt.* This matcht with other like, my gracious L.
Far more vncuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre;
As by diſcharge of their Artillarie,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horſe,
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.
*King.* Here is a deare, and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,





Staind with the variation of each ſoyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this ſeat of ours;
And he hath brought vs ſmooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and twentie Knights
Balkt in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedons* plaines: of priſoners *Hotſpur* tooke
*Mordake* Earle of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten *Dowglas* and the Earle of *Atholl*
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honourable ſpoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha, Cooſen is it not? In fayth it is.
*Weſt.* A Conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.
*King.* Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſinne
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*,
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honours tongue,
Amongſt a Groue, the very ſtraighteſt Plant,
Who is ſweete Fortunes Minion and her pride,
Whilſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,
See Ryot and Diſhonour ſtaine the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,
That ſome night-tripping *Fairy* had exchangde
In Cradle clothes, our Children where they lay,
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine,
But let him from my thoughtes: What thinke you Cooſe
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Priſoners
Which he in this aduenture hath ſurpriſde,
To his owne vſe he keepes, and ſendes me word
I ſhall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.
*Weſt.* This is his Vnckles teaching; This is *Worceſter*,
Maleuolent to you in all aſpectes:
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle vp
The creſt of Youth againſt your dignitie.
*King.* But I haue ſent for him to anſwere this:
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to *Ieruſalem*.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

Cooſen, on Wedneſday next, our counſell we will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo informer the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

*Weſt.* I will my Liege. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince of Wales and Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.*

*Falſ.* Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

*Prince.* Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, & ſleeping vpon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bawdes, and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot Wench in flame-coulered Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demaund the time of the day.

*Falſ.* Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuen Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethee ſweete wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Graee; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prince.* VVhat none?

*Falſ.* No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

*Prince.* VVell, how then? come roundly, roundly.

*Falſ.* Mary then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt Miſtris the Moone; vnder whoſe countenaunce we ſteale.

*Prince.* Thou ſayeſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe.



proofe. Now a Purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutly ſpent on Tueſday morning; got with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by & by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

*Falſ.* By the Lord thou ſaieſt true lad: and is not my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

*Prince.* As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the Caſtle; and is not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

*Falſ.* How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe Ierkin?

*Prince.* Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne?

*Falſ.* Well, thou haſt cald her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

*Prince.* Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

*Falſ.* No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt payd all there.

*Prin.* Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch; and where it would not, I haue vſed my credit.

*Falſ.* Yea, and ſo vſde it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhal there be Gallows ſtanding in *England* when thou art King? & reſolution thus fubd as it is with the ruſty curb of old father antick the Law: doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

*Prin.* No, thou ſhalt.

*Falſ.* Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge.

*Prin.* Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

*Falſ.* VVell *Hal*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

*Prin.* For obtaining of ſutes?

*Falſ.* Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd Beare.

*Prin.* Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

*Falſ.* Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnſhire Bagpipe.

*Prin.* VVhat ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moore.

Moore-ditch?

*Falſ.* Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſimiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

*Prince.* Thou didſt well: for Wiſedome cries out in the ſtreetes, and no man regardes it.

*Falſ.* O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*; God forgiue thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

*Prince.* Where ſhall we take a Purſe to morrow, *Iacke*?

*Falſ.* Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me Villaine, and Baffell me.

*Prince.* I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from Praying, to Purſe taking.

*Falſ.* Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poines.*

*Poines.* Now ſhall we know if Gads hill haue ſet a match: O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Poines.* Good morrow ſweet *Hall*. What ſayes Monſieur Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſouldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

*Prin.* Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the Diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of Prouerbes: he will giue the Diuell his due.

*Poines.*



*Poines.* Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

*Prince.* Elſe he had bin damnd for Coſening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hil, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offrings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues: Gads-hil lies to night in Rocheſter, I haue beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in Eaſtcheap; we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

*Falſ.* Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chops.

*Falſ. Hal*, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

*Falſ.* Thers neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the bloud royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

*Prince.* Well then once in my dayes Ile be a madcap.

*Falſ.* Why thats well ſaid.

*Prin.* Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

*Falſ.* By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou art King.

*Prin.* I care not.

*Poin.* Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhal go.

*Falſ.* Wel, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may moue, & what he heares may be beleeued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe theefe; for the poore abuſes of the time, want countenance: farewell, you ſhall find me in *Eaſtcheap*.

*Prin.* Farewel the latter ſpring, farewel Alhollowne ſummer.

*Poy.* Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a leaſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falſtaffe*, *Harvey*, *Roſsill*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall rob thoſe men that we haue already way-laid; your ſelfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.



*Prince.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

*Prince.* How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

*Po.* Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleaſure to faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchiued, but weele ſet vpon them.

*Prin.* Yea, but tis like that they will know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our ſelues.

*Po.* Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leaue them: & ſirra, I haue caſes of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

*Prin.* Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

*Po.* Well, for two of them I know thē to be as true bred cowardes as euer turnd back: & for the third, if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon Ile forſweare armes. The vertue of this ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this fatte rogue will tel vs when we meete at ſupper, how thirty at leaſt hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lies the ieſt.

*Prin.* Wel, Ile go with thee, prouide vs al thinges neceſſary, and meete me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſuppe: farewell.

*Poy.* Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

*Prin.* I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your Idleneſſe
Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother vp his beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy daies,
To ſport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed,





By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettell on a ſullin ground,
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foile to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will. *Exit.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, Sir Walter Blunt with others.*

*King.* My blood hath beene too colde and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: but be ſure
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelfe,
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as oyle, ſoft as yong downe,
And therfore loſt that Title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule nere payes but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our houſe (my ſoueraigne Leige) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly. *Nor.* My Lord

*King.* Worceſter get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye,
O ſir your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſeruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to ſpeake.

*Nort.* Yea my good Lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your Highneſſe name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* tooke,
Were as he ſayes, not with ſuch ſtrength denied,
As he deliuered to your Maieſty.
Either enuy therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſonne.

*Hotſ.* My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a Bridgroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thum he helde,
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tookt it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkte,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhand-ſome coarſe,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,
With many holyday and lady tearmes.
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded,
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me, the ſoueraigneſt thing on earth;
Was Parmacity for an inward bruſe,
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
This villanous Saltpeter ſhould be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles Earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile Guns,
He would haue been himſelfe a Souldiour.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectely (as I ſayd)





And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maieſty.
*Blunt.* The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord
What er'e *Harrie Piercie* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reſonablie die, and neuer riſe,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now,
*King.* Why yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the foliſh *Mortimer*,
Who in my ſoule hath wilfully betraide,
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great Magitian, damned *Glendower*,
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the Earle of *March*,
Hath lately married? ſhall our coffers then,
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues.
No, on the barren mountaine let him ſterue,
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny coſt,
To ranſome home reuolted *Mortimer*.
*Hot.* Reuolted *Mortimer?*
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed woundes which valianly he tooke
When on the gentle *Seuerns* ſiedgie banke
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke,
Vpon agreement of ſwift *Seuerns* flood
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-ſtained with theſe valiant combatans,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*:
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be ſlandered with reuolt.
*King.* Thou doſt bely him *Percy*, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kind from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
*Hot.* And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
*Nor.* What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your vncle.
*Hot.* Speake of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all theſe veines,
And ſhead my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th duſt,
But I will liſt the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.
*Nor.* Brother the King hath made your *Nephew* mad.
*Wor.* Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone?
*Hot.* He will forſooth haue all my priſoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And



And on my face he turnd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.
*Wor.* I cannot blame him, was not he proclaimd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of bloud
*Nor.* He was; I heard the proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his Iriſh expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd and ſhortly murdered.
*Wor.* And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide-mouth,
Liue ſcandaliz'd and foully ſpoken off.
*Hot.* But ſoft I pray you, did King *Richard* then
Proclame my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the crowne?
*Nor.* He did, my ſelfe did heare it.
*Hot.* Nay then I cannot blame his cooſin King,
That wiſht him on the barren mountaines ſtarue.
But ſhall it be that you that ſet the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull-man,
And for his ſake weare the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it be
That you a world of curſes vndergo,
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The cordes, the laddar, or the hangman rather?
O pardon if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtil King.
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill vp cronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard* that ſweet louely Roſe,
And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnder-went?

No 2

No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reueng the ieering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.
*Wor.* Peace Cooſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke;
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnſteadfaſt footing of a ſpeare.
*Hot.* If he fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwimd,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the bloud more ſtirres
To rowſe a Lion then to ſtart a Hare.
*North.* Immagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the boundes of patience,
*Hot.* By heauen me thinkes it weare an eaſie leape,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So hee that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.
*Wor.* He apprehendes a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good Cooſen giue me audience for a while.
*Hot.* I cry you mercy.
*Wor.* Thoſe ſame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.
*Hot.* Ile keepe them all.
By God he ſhall not haue a *Scot* of them.
No, if a *Scot* would ſaue his ſoule, he ſhall not.





Ile keepe them, by this hand.
*Wor.* You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall keepe.
*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome *Mortimer*,
Forbade my tongue to ſpeake of *Mortimer*:
But I will finde him when he lies a ſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hallow, *Mortimer*:
Nay, Ile haue a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
*Wor.* Heare you Cooſin, a word.
*Hot.* All ſtudies heere I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that ſame Sword and Buckler *Prince of Wales*.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poyſoned with a pot of Ale.
*Wor.* Farewell Kinſman, Ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.
*Nor.* Why what a Waſpe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou to breake into this womans moode,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
*Hot.* Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with Rods,
Netled, and ſtung with Pi'mires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place;
A Plague vpon it, it is in *Glocestershire*;
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vncle kept,
His vncle *Yorke*, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
Zbloud, when you and he came backe from *Ranenſpurgh*,
*Nor.* At *Barkly* Caſtle. *Hot.* You ſay true,
Why what a candie deale of curteſie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Cooſin:



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

O, the Diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
*Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leyſure.
*Hot.* I haue done yfayth.
*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, welbelou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
*Hot.* Of *Yorke*, is it not?
*Wor.* True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scroope*.
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
*Hot.* I ſmell it: Vpon my life it will doe well.
*Nor.* Before the game's afoote, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.
*Hot.* Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
*Wor.* And ſo they ſhall.
*Hot.* In fayth it is exceedingly well aymd.
*Wor.* And tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeede,
To ſaue our heades, by rayſing of a Head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

*Hot.*



*Hot.* He does, he does; weele be reueng'd on him.
*Wor.* Cooſin, farewell. No further goe in this.
Then I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.
*Nor.* Farewell good Brother, we ſhall thriue, I truſt,
*Hot.* Vncle, adue: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till Fieldes, & Blowes, & Grones, applaud our ſport. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.*

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd, *Charles-waine* is ouer the new Chimny, and yet our Horſe not packt. What *Oſtler?*
*Oſt.* Anon, anon.
1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in the point, poore iade is wrung in the Withers, out of all ceſſe.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2. *Car.* Peaſe and Beanes are as danke heere as a Dog, and that is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bots: this houſe is turned vpſide downe ſince *Robin* Oſtler died.
1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince the price of Oates roſe, it was the death of him.
2. *Car.* I thinke this to be the moſt villanous houſe in all *London* roade for Fleas, I am ſtung like a Tench.
1. *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Maſſe there is neare a King chriſten, could be better bit, thē I haue bin ſince the firſt cocke.
2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs nere a Iordaine, and then we leake in your Chimny, and your Chamber-lie breedes Fleas like a Loach.
1. *Car.* What *Oſtler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.
2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-croſſe.
1. *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quite ſtarued: what *Oſtler?* a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in thy head? canſt not heare, & t'were not as good a deed as drinke,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine: come and be hangd, haſt no fayth in thee?

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gads-hill.* Good-morrow *Carriers*, What's a clocke?

*Car.* I thinke it be two a clocke.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thy Lantherne, to ſee my Gelding in the Stable.

*1. Car.* Nay by God ſoft; I know a tricke worth two of that I fayth.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thine.

*2. Car.* I, when, canſt tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile ſee thee hanged firſt.

*Gad.* Sirra *Carrier*, What time doe you meane to come to *London?*

*2. Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Muges*, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine.* *Exeunt.*

*Gad.* What ho, *Chamberlaine.*

*Cham.* At hand quoth Pick-purſe.

*Gad.* Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the *Chamberlaine*, for thou varieſt no more from picking of Purſes, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layeſt the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow Maſter *Gad-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſter night, theres a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what; they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter: they will away preſently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, Ile none of it; I pray thee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhipeſt Saint *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falſehood may.

*Gad.* What talkeſt thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, old *Sir Iohn* hangs with me, & thou knowes he is no ſtarueling; tut, there are other

Troians



Troians that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake are content to do the profeſsion ſome grace, that would (if matters ſhould be look't into) for their owne credit ſake, make all whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-ſtaffe ſixpenny ſtrikers, none of theſe madde muſtachio purple hewd malt-worms, but with nobility, and tranquility, Burgomaſters and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner the ſpeake, & ſpeak ſooner then drinke, & drinke ſooner the pray; and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their ſaint the Comon-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their Bootes.

*Cham.* What, the Common-wealth their Bootes? will ſhee hold out Water in foule way?

*Gad* She will, ſhe will, Iuſtice hath liquord her: we ſteale as in a Caſtle, cocke ſure; we haue the receit of Fern-ſeed, we walke inuiſible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my fayth, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Fern-ſeed, for your walking inuiſible.

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand, thou ſhalt haue a ſhare in our purchaſe as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a falſe theeſe.

*Gad.* Go to, *homo* is a cõmon name to all men: bid the Oſtler bring my Gelding out of the ſtable; farewell ye muddy knaue.

*Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto, &c.*

*Poins.* Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remooued *Falſtaffes* Horſe, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

*Prince* Stand cloſe. *Enter Falſtaffe.*

*Falſ. Poins, Poins*, and be hangd *Poins.*

*Prince.* Peace ye fat-kidneyd raſcall, what a brawling doſt thou keepe?

*Falſ.* What *Poines, Hal?*

*Prin.* He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeeke him.

*Fal.* I am accurſt to rob in that theeues company, the raſcall hath remoued my Horſe, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauel but foure foote by the ſquire further a foote, I ſhal break my winde: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forſworne his company hourely any time this 22. yeare, and yet I am be-

 witcht

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines. *Poines, Hal*, a plague vpon you both. *Bardoll, Peto*, Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foote further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whiſtle,*
Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my Horſe, you rogues, Giue me my Horſe, and be hangd.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat-guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fal.* Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prince.* Thou lyeſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Fal.* I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe mee to my Horſe, Good Kings ſonne.

*Prince.* Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

*Falſ.* Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne Haire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when ieaſt is ſo forward, and a foot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gad.* Stand. *Fal.* So I doe againſt my will.

*Poin.* O tis our ſetter, I know his voyce: *Bardol* what newes?

*Bar.* Caſe yee, caſe yee; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Falſ.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.

*Falſ.* To be hanged.

*Prince.* You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.*



*Peto.* But how many be they of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Falſ.* Zounds, will they not rob vs?

*Prin.* What! a coward Sir *Iohn Paunch*?

*Falſ.* Indeed I am not *Iohn of Gant* our Grandfather, but yet no coward, *Hal*.

*Prince.* Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

*Poynz.* Sirra *Iacke*, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge, when thou needeſt him, there thou ſhalt finde him farewell, & ſtand *Fal.* Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hangd. (faſt.

*Prince. Ned*, where are our diſguiſes?

*Poynes.* Here hard by, ſtand cloſe.

*Falſ.* Now my maiſters, happy man be his dole, ſay, euery man to his buſineſſe.

*Enter the Trauellers.*

*Tra.* Come neighbour, the boy ſhall lead our horſes downe the hil, weele walke a foote a while, and eaſe our leggs.

*Theeues.* Stay. *Tra.* Ieſus bleſſe vs.

*Falſ.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeſon caterpillars 'Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

*Falſ.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no yee fat chuffes, I would your ſtore were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men muſt liue, you are grand Iurers, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

*Here they rob them and binde them: Enter the Prince and Poines*

*Prince.* The theeues haue bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good ieſt for euer.

*Poynz.* Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

*Enter the Theeues againe.*

*Falſ.* Come my maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to horſe before day: and the *Prince* & *Poynz* be not two arrant cowardes, there's no equity ſtirring, there's no more valour in that *Poynes*, than in a wild Duck.

*Prince.*

*Prin.* Your money. *Poin.* Villaines. { *As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poines ſet vpon them, they all runne away, and Falſtaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the booty behind them.*

*Prin.* Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe, the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer; away good *Ned, Falſtaffe* ſweares to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I ſhould pitty him.

*Poines.* How the rogue roard *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a Letter.*

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.*

He could be cõtented, why is he not then? in the reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhowes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

*The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.*

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower ſafety.

*The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the friendes you haue named vncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.*

Say you ſo, ſay you ſo, I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our friend true & conſtant, a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſty ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of *Yorke* commends the plot, & the generall courſe of the action. Zounds & I were now by this raſcall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, & my ſelfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not beſides the *Douglas*? haue I not all their letters to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a pagan raſcall is this, and infidell? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my ſelfe,



ſelfe, and goe to buffets, for mouing ſuch a diſh of skim Milke with ſo honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will ſet forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*
How now *Kate*, I muſt leaue you within theſe two houres.

*Lady.* O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A baniſht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell mee, ſweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomacke, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth,
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheekes,
And giuen my treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyd muſing, and curſt melancholy?
In my faint ſlumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron Warres,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field: And thou haſt talkt
Of ſallies; and retires, trenches, tents,
Of paliizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of baſilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of priſoners ranſome, and of ſouldeirs ſlaine,
And all the current, of a heddy fight,
Thy ſpirit within thee hath bin ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtird thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweat hath ſtood vpon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtreame,
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue apeard,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath,
On ſome great ſodaine haſt. O what portents are theſe?
Some heauy buſines hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loues me not.

*Hot.* What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?
*Ser.* He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.
*Hot.* Hath *Butler* brought thoſe Horſes from the Sheriffe?
*Ser.* One Horſe, my Lord, he brought euen now.
*Hot.* What Horſe? a roane, a crop eare, is it not?
*Ser.* It is, my Lord.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

*Hot.* That Roane ſhal be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him foorth into the parke.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What ſaieſt thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

*La.* Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith Ile know your buſines *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, & hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you go.

*Hot.* So far a foote, I ſhall be weary, loue.

*La.* Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwere me directly, vnto this queſtion that I ſhal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trifler, loue; I loue thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudie noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them current too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*; what wouldſt thou haue with me?

*La* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?
Wel, do not then: for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe Do you not loue me?
Nay, tel me if you ſpeake in ieaſt, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe back, I will ſweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me?
Whither I go: nor reaſon where about.
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you Gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percyes* wife. conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecy,
No Lady cloſer, for I will beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo farewill I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

*La.* How, ſo far?

*Hot.*



*Hot.* Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,
Whither I goe, thither ſhall you goe too:
To day will I ſet foorth, to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate*?

*Lady.* It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince and Poines.*

*Prince.* *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poines.* Where haſt been *Hal*?

*Prin.* With three or foure Logger-heads, amongſt three or foure ſcore Hogs-heads. I haue ſounded the very baſe ſtring of Humilitie. Sirra, I am ſworne Brother to a leaſh of Drawers, & can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their ſalutation, that though I be but *Prince of Wales*, yet I am the King of *Curteſie*; and tell mee flatly, I am not proud *Jack*, like *Falſtaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettall, a good Boy, (by the Lord ſo they call me) and when I am King of *England*, I ſhall commande all the good Lads in *Eaſtcheape*. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned*; to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, then *Eight ſhillinges and ſixe pence*; and, *You are welcome*, with this ſhrill addition, *Anon, anon ſir*; *ſcore a Pint of Baſtard in the Halfe moone*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falſtaffe* come, I prethee doe thou ſtand in ſome by roome, while I queſtion my punny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, and doe neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: ſteppe aſide, and Ile ſhew thee a preſent.

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poines.* *Francis.* *Enter Drawer.*

*Fra.* Anon, anon ſir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

*Prince.* Come hither *Francis.*

*Francis.* My Lord.

*Prince.* How long haſt thou to ſerue, *Francis?*

*Francis.* Forſooth fiue yeares, and as much as to

*Poines. Francis.*

*Francis.* Anone, anone ſir.

*Prince.* Fiue yeares; berlady a long leaſe for the clincking of Pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

*Francis.* O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

*Poines. Francis.* *Francis.* Anone ſir.

*Prince.* How old art thou, *Francis?*

*Francis.* Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhall be

*Poines. Francis.*

*Francis.* Anone ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

*Prince.* Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, t'was a penny worth, waſt not?

*Francis.* O Lord, I would it had been two.

*Prince.* I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

*Poines. Francis.* *Francis.* Anone, anone.

*Prince.* Anone *Francis?* No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on thurſeday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis.*

*Francis.* My Lord.

*Prince.* Wilt thou rob this Leatherne ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spaniſh pouch?

*Francis.* O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

*Prince.* Why then your Browne baſtarde is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuaſſe doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

*Francis.* What ſir; *Poines. Francis.*

*Prince.* Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

*¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtandes amazed, not knowing which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.*



*Vint.* VVhat, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and hearſt ſuch a calling? looke to the Gheſtes within. My Lord, old ſir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, ſhall I let them in?

*Prin.* Let them alone awhile, & then open the doore: *Poines.*

*Poines.* Anone, anone ſir. *Enter Poines.*

*Prince.* Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeues, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?

*Poin.* As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the *Drawer*; come, what's the iſſue?

*Princ.* I am now of all humors, that haue ſhewed themſelues humors, ſince the old daies of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke *Francis?*

*Francis.* Anone, anone ſir.

*Princ.* That euer this fellow ſhould haue fewer words then a Parret, & yet the ſon of a Woman. His induſtry is vp ſtaires and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percyes* mind, the *Hotſpur* of the *North*, he that kils me ſome ſixe or ſeuen dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his handes, and ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet *Harry*, ſayes ſhe! how many haſt thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horſe a drench (ſayes he) and anſweres, ſome forteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damnde *Brawne* ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Riuo*, ſaies the drunkard: cal in Ribs, call in Tallow.

*Enter Falſtaffe.*

*Poines.* Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou beene?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of ſack boy. E're I lead this life long, Ile ſowe neatherſtocks, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards, Giue me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

*Prin* Didſt thou neuer ſee *Titan* kiſſe a diſh of butter, pittifull harted *Titan* that melted at the ſweete tale of the Sunne? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

*Fal.* You rogue, heres Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worſe thē a cup of Sack with Lime in it. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpō the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhangd in England, and one of them is fatte, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay: I would I were a Weauer, I could ſing Pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay ſtill.

*Prin.* How now Wolſacke, what mutter you?

*Falſ.* A Kings ſonne? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiectes afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you *Prince of Wales*.

*Prin.* Why you horſon round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a Coward? anſwere me to that, and *Poines* there.

*Prin.* Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me Coward, by the Lord Ile ſtab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee Coward? Ile ſee thee damnde ere I call thee Coward, but I would giue a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a cup of Sack, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Pri.* O villaine, thy lips are ſcarſe wip'd ſince thou drunkſt laſt. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinkes.* A plague of all Cowards ſtill ſay I.

*Prin.* Whats the matter?

*Fal.* Whats the matter? here be foure of vs, haue tane a thouſand pound this morning.

*Prin.* Where is it? *Iacke*, where is it?

*Falſ.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe ſword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by my racle. I am eight times thruſt through the Doublet, foure through the Hoſe,



Hoſe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man, all would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them ſpeake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines, and the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

*Gad.* Speake, ſirs, how was it?

*Roſs.* We foure ſet vpon ſome dozen.

*Falſ.* Sixteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

*Roſs.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, an Ebrew Iew.

*Roſs.* As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeuen freſh men ſet vpon vs.

*Fal.* And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

*Prin.* What, fought yee with them all?

*Falſ.* All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iacke*, then am I no two leg'd creature.

*Poines.* Pray God, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

*Falſ.* Nay that's paſt praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them. Two I am ſure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom ſutes: I tel thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face; call me Horſe: thou knoweſt my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou ſaid'ſt but two, euen now.

*Falſ.* Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

*Poin.* I, I, he ſaid foure.

*Falſ.* Theſe foure came all a front, and mainely thruſt at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my Target, thus.

*Prince.* Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

*Falſ.* In Buckrom.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buckrome ſuites.

*Falſ.* Seuen, by theſe Hiltes, or I am a Villaine elſe.

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

*Falſ.* Doeſt thou heare me *Hal*?

*Prin.* I and marke thee too, *Iacke*. *Falſ.*

*Fal.* Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,

*Poynz.* Downe fell his hoſe.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground. but I followed me cloſe, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

*Fal.* But as the diuel would haue it, three miſ-begottē knaues, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

*Prin.* Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a moūtaine, opē palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

*Fal.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad; is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſaiſt thou to this?

*Poy.* Come, your reaſon Iacke, your reaſon.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſiō? if reaſons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

*Prin.* Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hil of fleſh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you ſtockefiſh: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe compariſōs, heare me ſpeak but thus

*Poy.* Marke, *Iacke*.

*Prin.* We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure & bound them, & were maiſters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe: then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a word,



word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can ſhew it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & ſtill ran & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calfe. What a ſlaue art thou to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, & then ſay it was in fight? What tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

*Poin.* Come lets heare *Iacke*, what tricke haſt thou now?

*Falſ.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why heare you my maiſters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but, by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you haue the Money. Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we haue a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

*Falſ.* A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou loueſt me. *Enter Hoſteſſe.*

*Hoſt.* O Ieſu, my Lord the *Prince*!

*Prin.* How now my Lady the *Hoſteſſe*, what ſaiſt thou to me?

*Hoſ.* Marry, my L. there is a Noble man of the court, at doore would ſpeake with you: he ſayes, he comes from your father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Hoſ.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grauitie out of his Bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

*Prin.* Prethee doe *Iacke*.

*Falſ.* Fayth, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

*Prin.* Now ſirs: birlady you fought faire, ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardolfe*, you are Lions too, you ran away vpon inſtinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

*Bar.* Fayth, I ran when I ſaw others runne.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

*Prince.* Fayth, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtalffes* Sword ſo hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to do the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleeede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeauen yeares before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſes.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, & yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

*Prince.* I doe.

*Bar,* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold Purſes.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falſtalffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

*Fal.* My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeares *(Hal)* I was not an Eagles talent in the waſt: I could haue crept into any Aldermas thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was ſir *Iohn Braby* from your Father: you muſt goo to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North*, *Percy*; and hee of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the *Deuell* his true liegeman vpon the croſſe of a Welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O, *Glendower*.

*Falſ.* *Owen, Owen*, the ſame, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprighly Scot of Scottes *Dowglas*, that runnes a horſe-back vp a hill perpendicular,

*Prin.* Hee that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.





*Falſ.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the Sparrow.

*Falſ.* Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

*Prince.* Why what a raſcall art thou then, to prayſe him ſo for running?

*Falſ.* A horſe-backe (ye cuckoe) but a foote hee will not budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

*Falſ.* I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew Caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes, you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

*Prin.* Then tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we ſhall buy Mayden-heads as they buy Hobnailes, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Maſſe lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like we ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being Heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three ſuch Enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraide? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Not a whit y fayth: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

*Falſ.* Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practiſe an anſwere.

*Prin.* Doe thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this Chaire ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhin my Crowne.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a ioynd Stole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept. for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambiſes* vaine.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

*Prince.* Well, here is my legge.

*Falſ.* And here is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

*Ho.* O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfayth.

*Fal.* Weepe not ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

*Ho.* O the father, how he holdes his countenance?

*Fal.* For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene: For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

*Ho.* O Ieſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

*Fal.* Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammomile the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the point; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo poynted at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a nicher, and eate Black-berries? a queſtion not to be aſked. Shall the Sonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be aſkt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: For *Harry*, now I do not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares: not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in wordes onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prin.* What manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man yfaith, & a corpulent, of a cheerfull looke, a pleaſing eye, & a moſt noble carriage, & as I thinke, his age ſome fifty, or by'lady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhold be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be knowne by the fruite, as the fruite by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell mee, where haſt thou been this month?

*Prince,*



*Prin.* Doſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſtand for mee, and Ile play my father.

*Fal.* Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo gracely, ſo maieſtically both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a Poulters Hare.

*Prin.* Well, heere I am ſet.

*Falſ.* And heere I ſtand, iudge my maiſters.

*Prin.* Now *Harry*, whence come you?

*Falſ.* My noble Lord, from *Eaſtcheape*.

*Prin.* The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

*Falſ.* Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe: nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince yfaith.

*Prin.* Sweareſt thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth nere looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a Diuell haunites thee in the likeneſſe of a fat old Man, a tun of man is thy companion: why doſt thou conuerſe with that trunke of humors, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne parcel of Dropſies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that ſtuft Cloke-bag of guttes, that roſted Manning tree Oxe with the Pudding in his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Ruffian, that vanity in yeares? wherein is he good, but to taſte Sacke and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon & eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein craftie, but in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your Grace would take mee with you: whom meanes your Grace?

*Prin.* That villanous abhominable miſleader of youth, *Falſtaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

*Fal.* My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou doſt.

*Fal.* But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know: that he is old (the more the pittie) his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he is (ſauing your reuerence) a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if Sacke & Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſinne, then many an old Hoſt that I know, is damn'd: if to be fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaos* leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, baniſh *Poins*; but



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

for ſweet *Iacke Falſtaffe*, kind *Iacke Falſtaffe*, true *Iacke Falſtaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falſtaffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

*Prin.* I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the *Shriefe*, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the dore.

*Fal.* Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaffe*.

*Enter the Hoſteſſe.*

*Hoſ.* O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

*Hoſ.* The *Sherife* and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

*Falſ.* Doeſt thou heare *Hal?* neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

*Prin.* And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

*Falſ.* I deny your Maior; if you will deny the *Sherife*, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as wel as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter as an other.

*Prin.* Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue. Now my Maiſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

*Fal.* Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

*Prin.* Call in the *Sherife*.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now Maiſter *Sherife*, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* Firſt, pardon me, my Lord: A hue & cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

*Prin.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fatte man.

*Car.* As fatte as Butter.

*Prin.* The man, I doe aſſure you is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue imployed him:

And



And Sheriffe I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreat you leaue the houſe,

*Sher.* I will my Lord, there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this robbery loſt 300. markes.

*Prin.* It may be ſo: if he haue rob'd theſe men
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

*Sher.* Good night my noble Lord.

*Prin.* I think it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed my Lord, I thinke it be two a clock. *Exit.*

*Prin.* This oyly raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

*Peto.* *Falſtaffe?* faſt a ſleepe behind the Arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

*Prin.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets

*He ſearcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine papers.*

*Prin.* What haſt thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but Papers my Lord,

*Prin.* Lets ſee what be they: reade them.

| | |
|---|---|
| Item a Capon | ii.s. ii.d. |
| Item ſawce | iiii.d, |
| Item, Sacke, two gallons. | v.s. viii.d. |
| Item Anchoues and Sacke after ſupper. | ii.s.vi.d. |
| Item bread. | ob |

O monſtrous but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke? what there is elſe, keepe cloſe, weele read it at more aduantage: there let him ſleep till day; ile to the court in the morning, We muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhalbee honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a match of twelue ſcore; the mony ſhall be paide backe againe with aduantage? be with me betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow *Peto.*

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer*
*Owen Glendower.*

*Mor* Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,

And

And our induction full of proſperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord *Mortimer*, & coſin *Glendower*, will you ſit downe?
And vncle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

*Glen.* No, here it is; ſit Coſin *Percy*, ſit good Coſin *Hotſpur*; for by that name, as oft as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you, his Cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh he wiſheth you in Heauen.

*Hot.* And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

*Glen.* I can not blame him; at my natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of firie ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

*Hot.* Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your Mothers Cat had but kitened, though your ſelfe had neuer bin borne.

*Glen.* I ſay the Earth did ſhake when I was borne.

*Hot.* And I ſay the Earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

*Glen.* The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

*Hot.* Oh! then the Earth ſhooke to ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes foorth
In ſtrange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and topples downe,
Steeples, and moſ-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

*Glen.* Coſin, of many men
I doe not beare theſe croſsings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

Theſe



Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,
Which cals me Pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out, that is but Womans ſonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

*Hot.* I thinke there's no man ſpeakes better *Welſh*;
Ile to dinner.

*Mor.* Peace coſen *Percy*, you will make him mad.

*Glen.* I can call Spirits from the vaſty deepe.

*Hot.* Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

*Glen.* Why, I can teach thee coſen, to command the Diuell.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee coſen, to ſhame the Diuell,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and ſhame the Diuell.
If thou haue power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And Ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him hence.
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and ſhame the Diuell.

*Mor.* Come, come no more of this vnprofitable chat.

*Glen.* Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Againſt my power, thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And Sandy bottom'd Seuerne haue I hent him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

*Hot.* Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too?
How ſcapes he agues in the diuels name?

*Glen.* Come, here is the Map, ſhall we deuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

*Mor.* The *Arch-deacon* hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
*England* from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſignde,
All Weſtward, *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound.
To *Owen Glendower*: and deare coſe, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

And our indentures tripartite are drawne
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A buſines that this night may execute:)
To morrow cooſen *Percy* you and I
And my good Lord of *Worceſter* will ſet forth,
To meet your father and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewſbury.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his helpe theſe fourteene dayes;
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawne together.
Your tenants, friendes and neighbouring gentlemen.
*Glen.* A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whome you now muſt ſteale and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.
*Hot.* Me thinkes my moity *North* from Burton here
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a moſtrous ſcantle out:
Ile haue the currant in this place damd vp,
And here the ſmug and ſiluer *Trent* ſhall run,
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.
*Glen.* Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
*Mor.* Yea, but marke how he beares his courſe, and runs me vp, with like aduantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much, as on the other ſide, it takes from you.
*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this Northſide, win this cape of land
And then he runs ſtraight and euen,
*Hot.* Ile haue it ſo, a little charge will do it.
*Glen.* Ile not haue it altred.
*Hot.* Will not you?
*Glen.* No, nor you ſhall not.
*Hot.* Who ſhall ſay me nay?





*Glen.* Why, that Will I,
*Hot.* Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeake it in *welſh*.
*Glen.* I can ſpeake Engliſh, Lord, as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the Engliſh Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe
Many an Engliſh dittie, louly well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament;
A vertue that was neuer ſeene in you,
*Hot.* Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame meter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a braſen canſtick turnd,
Or a dry wheele grat on the axle-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling nag.
*Glen.* Come you ſhall haue *Trent* turnd.
*Hot.* I do not care, Ile giue thrice ſo much land
To any well deſeruing friend;
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne? ſhall we be gone?
*Glen.* The Moone ſhines faire, you may away by night:
Ile haſt the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am a fraide my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer*, *Exit.*
*Mor.* Fie, coſen *Percy*, how you croſſe my father.
*Hot.* I cannot chuſe, ſometime he angers me
With telling me of of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin* and his prophecies:
And, of a dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulten Rauen,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of Skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt night, at leaſt, nine houres,
In reckning vp the ſeuerall diuels names.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheeſe and Garlicke in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
*Mor.* In ſayth he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: ſhall I tell you, Cooſen,
He holdes your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humour, ſayth he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.
*Wor.* In ſayth, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine;
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
*Hot.* Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners be your ſpeed,
Heere come our Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

*Enter Glendower, with the Ladyes.*

*Mor.* This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.
*Glen.* My Daughter weepes, ſhe'le not part with you,





Shee'le be a ſouldier too, ſhee'le to the warres.
*Mor.* Good father tell her, that ſhe, and my Aunt *Percy*.
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

*Glendower ſpeakes to her in welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.*

*Glen.* She is deſperat heere,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wild harlotry, one that no perſwaſion can doe
good vpon.

*The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.*

*Mor.* I vnderſtand thy lookes, that prety welſh,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling heauens,
I am to perfect in, and but for ſhame
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwere thee.

*The Lady againe in welſh.*

*Mor.* I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *welſh* as ſweets as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bowre,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her lute.
*Glen.* Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe runne mad.

*The Lady ſpeakes againe in welſh.*

*Mor.* O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.
*Glen.* She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of ſleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleaſing heauineſſe
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harneſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.
*Mor.* With all my heart Ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.
*Glen.* Do ſo, and thoſe Muſitions that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thouſand leagues from thence,
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attend.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

*Hot.* Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
*La.* Go, ye giddy goose.
*The musicke Playes.*
*Hot.* Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands *Welsh*,
And t'is no marueil he is so humorous,
By'lady he is a good musition.
*La.* Then would you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the *Lady* sing in *Welsh*.
*Hot.* I had rather heare *Lady*, my brach howle in *Irish*.
*La.* Would'st haue thy head broken?
*Hot.* No.
*La.* Then be still.
*Hot.* Neither, t'is a womans fault.
*La.* Now God helpe thee.
*Hot.* To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.
*La.* What's that?
*Hot.* Peace, she sings.
*Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.*
*Hot.* Come, Ile haue your song too.
*La.* Not mine in good sooth.
*Hot.* Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy othes,
As if thou neuer walkst further then Finsburie:
Sweare me *Kate*, like a *Lady* as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing.
*La.* I will not sing.
*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be red-breast teacher; and the indentures be drawne, Ile away within these 2. houres, and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*
*Glen.* Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to go.

By



By this our Booke is drawne, weele but seale,
And then to Horse immediatly.
*Mor.* With all my heart. *Exeunt.*
*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and other.*
*King.* Lords, giue vs leaue, the *Prince of Wales* and I,
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand,
For we shall presently haue need of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,
That in his secret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed reuengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in the passages of life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heauen,
To punish my mistreadinges. Tell me else
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnes of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?
*Prin.* So please your Maiestie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuisde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needes must heare
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base newes-mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular
Finde pardon on my true submission.
*King.* God pardon thee; yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy auncestors:
Thy place in Counsell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supplide;
And art almost an alien to the heartes

Of

Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeles baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By beeing ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tel their children, This is he:
Others would ſay, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:
And then I ſtole all curteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes
Euen in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And wan by rarenes ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common ſtreetes,
Enfeoft himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath,
The taſt of ſweetnes, whereof a little.





More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to bee ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and and blunted with community,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on ſun-like Maieſty,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men vſe to do to their aduerſaries,
Being with his preſence, gultted, gorgde and full.
And in that very line, *Harry* ſtandeſt thou
For, thou haſt loſt thy Princely priuiledge,
With vile participation, Not an eye
But is awery of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh tendernes,
*Prin.* I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gratious Lord
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For all the world
As thou art to this howre, was *Richard* then,
When I from France ſet foot at Rauenſpurgh,
And euen as I was then is *Percy* now:
Now by my ſcepter and my ſoule to boote,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion,
For of no right nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fieldes with Harnes in the Realme,
Turns head againſt the Lions armed Iawes,
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Biſhops on
To bloody battels, and to bruſing armes,
What neuer dying honor hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*? whoſe high
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe mai
And military title capitall.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy, Northumberland,*
The Archbiſhops Grace of Yorke, *Dowglas, Mortimer,*
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'ſt and deereſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percyes* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.
*Prin.* Do not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayde
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percyes* head:
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloudy maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights
[illegible] this ſame child of honour and renowne,
[illegible]ant *Hotſpur*, this all-prayſed knight,
[illegible] thought of *Harry* chance to meet,
[illegible]r fitting on his helme,
[illegible]multitudes, and on my head
[illegible]. For the time will come
[illegible]ortherne youth exchange
[illegible]y indignities,
[illegible]d my Lord
[illegible]les on my behalfe.

And



And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſleighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promiſe here,
The which if he be pleaſ'd I ſhall performe
I do beſeech your Maieſty may ſalue,
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thouſand deaths,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this vow.
*King.* A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt haue charge, and ſoueraigne truſt herein.
How now good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

*Enter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* So hath the buſines that I come to ſpeake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebels met
The eleuenth of this month, at *Shrewsburie*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a ſtate.
*King.* The Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſet forth to day,
With him my ſoone Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
For this aduertiſement is fiue daies old,
On wedneſday next *Harry* thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On Thurſday, we our ſelues will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you ſhall march.
Through *Glocester*-ſhire, by which account
Our buſines valued ſome twelue daies hence
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Falſtalffe and B[illegible]doll.*

*Fal.* *Bardoll*, am I not falne away vilely ſince this laſt action? do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about me like an old Ladies looſe gowne. I am withered like an olde apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that ſodainely, while I am in



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a Brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the ſpoyle of me.

*Bar.* *Sir Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you can not liue long.

*Fal.* Why there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe: and now I liue out of all order, out of compaſſe.

*Bar.* Why, you are ſo fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, *Sir Iohn*.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admiall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 't is in the Noſe of thee: thou art the Knight of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dives* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuē to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oth ſhould be, *By this fire that's Gods Angel:* But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkneſſe. When thou ranſt vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of Wild-fire there's no purchaſe in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sacke that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* God amercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnd.

How



How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquirde yet who pickt my Pocket? *Enter Hoſt.*

*Hoſ.* Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you thinke, *Sir Iohn*? do you thinke I keepe theeues in my houſe? I haue ſearcht, I haue enquired, ſo haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſeruant by ſeruant: the tight of a haire was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

*Fal.* Ye lie *Hoſteſſe*, *Bardol* was ſhau'd, and loſt many a haire: and Ile be ſworne my Pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

*Hoſ.* Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald ſo in mine owne houſe before.

*Fal.* Goe to, I know you well enough.

*Hoſ.* No, *Sir Iohn*, you do not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, & now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirtes to your backe.

*Fal.* Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made Boulters of them.

*Hoſ.* Now at I am a true Woman, Holland of viij.s. an ell: you owe money heere beſides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and bydrinkings, and money lent you, xxiiij. pound.

*Fal.* Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

*Hoſ.* Hee? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How; poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Noſe, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of mee? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall haue my pocket pickt? I haue loſt a ſeale Ring of my Grandfathers worth fourty marke.

*Hoſ.* O Ieſu, I haue heard the *Prince* tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

*Fal.* How? the *Prince* is a lacke, a ſneak-cup: Zbloud and he were here, would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would ſay ſo.

*Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe meetes him playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.*

*Fal.* How now Lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith; Muſt we all march?

*Bar.* Yea, two and two; Newgate faſhion.

*Hoſ.* My Lord, I pray you heare mee.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

*Prin.* What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly?* how dow thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

*Hoſt.* Good my Lord heare me.

*Fal.* Prethee let her alone and liſt to me.

*Prin.* What ſaiſt thou *Iacke*?

*Fal.* The other night I fell a ſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this houſe is turnde bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

*Prin.* What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

*Falſ.* Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal?* three or foure bonds of forty pound a peace, and a ſeale Ring of my grandfathers.

*Prin.* A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

*Hoſt.* So I told him my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and my Lord he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

*Prin.* What he did not?

*Hoſt.* Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe: and for Womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

*Hoſt.* Say, What thing, what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

*Hoſ.* I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it; I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

*Fal.* Setting thy woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

*Hoſt.* Say, What beaſt, thou knaue thou?

*Falſ.* What Beaſt? why an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? Why an Otter?

*Falſ.* Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Hoſt.* Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

*Prin.* Thou ſayeſt true *Hoſteſſe*, and hee ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

*Hoſt.* So hee doth you, my Lord, and ſayd this other day, You



You ought him a thouſand pound.

*Prin.* Sirra, doe I owe you a thouſand pound?

*Fal.* A thouſand pound *Hal?* a Million: thy loue is worth a Million: thou oweſt me thy loue.

*Hoſt.* Nay, my Lord, hee cald you *Iacke*, and ſaid hee would cudgell you.

*Fal.* Did I, *Bardol?*

*Bar.* Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſayd ſo.

*Fal.* Yea, if he ſayd my Ring was Copper.

*Pri.* I ſay tis Copper: darſt thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why *Hal?* thou knoweſt, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpe.

*Prin.* And why not as the Lion?

*Fal.* The King himſelfe, is to be feared as the Lyon: doeſt thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But ſirra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine; it is all filde vp with Guttes, and Midriffe: Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, *memorandums* of Bawdy houſes, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but theſe, I am a villaine; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

*Fal.* Doeſt thou heare *Hal?* thou knowſt in the ſtate of innocencie, *Adam* fell: & what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtaffe* do in the daies of villany? thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, & therefore more frailty You confeſſe then you pickt my pocket.

*Prin.* It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

*Fal. Hoſteſſe*, I forgiue thee: goe make ready breakfaſt, loue thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cheriſh thy Gheſtes, thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gone. *Exit Hoſteſſe.* Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery, lad? how is that anſwered?

*Prin.*

*Prin.* O my ſweet beeffe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſht hands too.

*Bar.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee *Iacke* a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had beene of horſe. Where ſhall I finde one that can ſteale wel? O, for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or ther about; I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I praiſe them. *Prince Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Go beare this letter to Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Weſtmerland*,
Go, *Peto*, to horſe for thou and I
Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
*Iacke* meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue,
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And eyther they or we muſt lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words! braue world. *Hoſtes*, my breakefaſt come.
Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter and Dowglas.*

*Hot.* Well ſaid, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not though flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongues of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my harts loue hath no man then your ſelfe.
Nay, taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Dow.* Thou art the king of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

*Hot.*



*Hot.* Do ſo, and t'is well: What letters haſt thou there I can but thanke you.

*Meſſ.* Theſe letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him? why comes he not himſelfe?

*Meſſ.* He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous ſick.

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he the leiſure to be ſicke
In ſuch a iuſtling time? who leades his power?
Vnder whoſe gouernment come they along?

*Meſſ.* His letters beares his mind, not I his mind.

*Wor.* I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

*Meſſ.* He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth.
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his Phiſition.

*Wor.* I would the ſtate of time had firſt bin whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had bin viſited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

*Hot.* Sicke now, droope now, this ſicknes doth infect
The very life-bloud of our enterpriſe,
T'is catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any ſoule remou'd, but on his owne,
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the king is certainely poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay you to it?

*Wor.* Your fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to vs.

*Hot.* A perilous gaſh, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith, it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall find it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates,
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good, for therein ſhould we read



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

The very bottome and the ſoule of Hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.
*Dowg.* Fayth, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion.
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.
*Hot.* A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and Miſchance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.
*Wor.* But yet I would your Father had been heere:
The qualitie and heire of our attempt
Brookes no deuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.
*Hot.* You ſtraine too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lendes a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To puſh against the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
*Dowg.* As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, at this deame of feare.

*Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.*





*Hot.* My cooſen *Vernon*, welcome by my ſoule.
*Ver.* Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of *Weſtmerland*, ſeauen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince *John*.
*Hot.* No harme, what more?
*Ver.* And further, I haue learnd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet foorth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mightie preparation.
*Hot.* He ſhall be welcome too; Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed madcap, *Prince of Wales*,
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
*Ver.* All furniſht? all in Armes?
All plumde like Eſtriges, that with the winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden Coates like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgious as the Sunne at Midſommer;
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Buls:
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly armde,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeate,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,
To turne and winde a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble Horſe-manſhip.
*Hot.* No more, no more; worſe then the Sunne in March,
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues; let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of ſmokie Warre,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Vp to the eares in Blood. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh:
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the *Prince of Wales*,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

*Harry* to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
*Ver.* There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.
*Dowg.* Thats the worſt tydinges, that I heare of yet.
*Wor.* I by my fayth, that beares a frosty ſound.
*Hot.* What may the Kinges whole Battell reach vnto?
*Ver.* To thirtie thouſand.
*Hot.* Fourtie let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.
*Dowg.* Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.*

*Falſ. Bardoll*, get thee before to *Conentry*, fill mee a bottle of Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.
*Bar.* Will you giue me money Captaine?
*Falſ.* Lay out, lay out.
*Bar.* This Bottle makes an Angell.
*Falſ.* And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all I'le anſwere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me a Townes end.
*Bar.* I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*
*Falſ.* If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I haue miſuſed the Kinges Preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. & odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been askt twice on the Banes; ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leiue heare the Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I, preſt me none but ſuch Toſts and Butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruiſes: and now



now, my whole charge conſiſtes of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his ſores: and ſuch as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſcarded vniuſt Seruingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tapſters and Oſtlers trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long peace, ten times more diſhonorable ragged, then an old faczde Ancient; and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A madd fellow met me on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch Skar-crowes. Ile not march through *Couentry* with them, that's flat: nay, and the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon; there's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins taekt togeather, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Hearalds coate without ſleeues; and the Shirt to ſay the truth, ſtolne from my Hoſt of *S. Albones*, or the Red-noſe Inkeeper of *Dauintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge,

*Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.*

*Prin.* How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?
*Fal.* What *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a diuell doſt thou in *Warwick-ſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesburie*.
*Weſt.* Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, t'is more then time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the King I can tell you, lookes for vs all; we muſt away all night.
*Fal.* Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.
*Prin.* I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?
*Falſ.* Mine *Hal*, mine.
*Prin.* I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull raſcals.
*Falſ.* Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe, food for powder, food for



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

for Powder, they'le fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

*Weſt.* I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that; And for their barenes, I am ſure they neuer learnt that of me.

*Pri.* No, Ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the ribs bare: But ſirra, make haſt, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the King incamp'd?

*Weſt.* He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

*Fal.* Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Weele fight with him to night,

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Dow.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

*Ver.* So doe wee.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good Cooſen be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

*Ver.* Doe not, my Lord.

*Dow.* You do not counſell well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Doe me no ſlander, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well reſpected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the Battell, which of vs feares.

*Dow.* Yea or to night. *Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night ſay I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my cooſen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your



Your Vncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

*Hot.* So are the Horſes of the Enemie,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

*Wor.* The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods ſake, Cooſen, ſtay till all come in.

*The Trumpet ſoundes a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

*Hot.* Welcome, ſir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen thoſe ſome
Enuie your great deſeruinges and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an Enemie.

*Blunt.* And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo.
So long as out of limit and true rule
You ſtand againſt anoynted Maieſtie:
But to my charge. The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefes, and wherevpon
You coniure from the breaſt of ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good deſertes forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes, and with all ſpeed,
You ſhall haue your deſires with intereſt,
And Pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.

*Hot.* The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My Father, my Vncle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame Royaltie he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twenty ſtrong,
Sicke in the worldes regard, wretched, and low,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liuery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and tearmes of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the realme,
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee.
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, ſtoode in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his bloud was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Rauenſpurgh
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lay to heauie on the common wealth,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for?
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the abſent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.
*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to heare this.
*Hot.* Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the neck of that, task't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe, ſuffered his kinſman March,
Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,





Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vncle from the Counſell boord,
In rage diſmiſde my Father from the Court,
Broke othe on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This head of ſafetie, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.
*Blunt.* Shall I rerurne this anſwere to the King?
*Hot.* Not ſo, *Sir Walter*. Weele withdraw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impaund
Some ſuretie for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning early ſhall my Vncle
Bring him our purpoſe; and ſo farewell.
*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and loue.
*Hot.* And may be, ſo we ſhall.
*Blunt.* Pray God you doe.

*Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and ſir Michell.*

*Arch.* Hie, good *Sir Michell*, beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord *Marſhall*,
This to my cooſen *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they doe import, you would make haſte.
*Sir Mi.* My good Lord, I geſſe their tenor.
*Arch.* Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good *Sir Michell*, is a day
Wherein, the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsburie*,
As I am truly giuen to vnderſtand,
The King with mighty and quicke rayſed power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michell*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion;
And what *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,
I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
*Sir M.* Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglaas*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
*Arch.* No, *Mortimer* is not there.
*Sir M.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant Warriours, noble Gentlemen.
*Arch.* And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land togeather:
The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo Coriuales, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
*Sir M.* Doubt not my Lord, he ſhall be well oppos'd.
*Arch.* I hope no leſſe? yet, needfull 't'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, *Sir Michell*, ſpeed:
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie,
And, tis but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friendes, and ſo farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.*

*King.* How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,
Aboue yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
*Prince.* The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a Tempeſt and a bluſtering day.
*King.* Then with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.
*The Trumpet ſoundes. Enter Worceſter.*
*King.* How now my Lord of *Worceſter*? tis not well,
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes,





As now we meete. You haue deceiude our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie Robes of Peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all abborred Warre?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborne times?
*Wor.* Heare mee, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.
*King.* You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?
*Falſ.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
*Prin.* Peace, Chewet peace.
*Wor.* It pleaſde your Maieſty to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you my Lord:
Wee were the firſt and deareſt of your friendes,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and poſted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I;
It was my ſelfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-date
The danger of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that Oath at *Dancaſter*,
That you did nothing of purpoſe gainſt the ſtate
Nor claime no further; then your new falne right,
The ſeate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of *Lancaſter*,
To this, we ſweare our ayde: but in ſhort ſpace
It raind downe Fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſſe fell on you.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

What with our helpe, what with the abſent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious windes that helde the King
So long in the vnluckie *Iriſh* Warres,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this ſwarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly wooed,
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to vs at *Dancaſter*;
And being fed by vs, you vs'de vs ſo,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird,
Vſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſſe our neſt,
Grew by our feeding, to ſo great a bulke,
That euen our loue durſt not come neere your ſight
For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
Wee were inforſt for ſafety ſake, to flie
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent Head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes
As you your ſelfe haue forg'd againſt your ſelfe,
By vnkind vſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all fayth and troth
Sworne to vs in your younger enterpriſe.

*King.* Theſe thihges indeed, you haue articulate,
Proclaymed at Market croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poore diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly innouation:
And neuer yet did Inſurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor moody Beggars, ſtaruing for a time,
Of pel-mell hauocke and confuſion.

*Prin.* In both your Armies, there is many a ſoule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter.
If once they ioyne in tryall, tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth ioyne with all the world





In praiſe of *Henry Percy*: by my hopes
This preſent enterpriſe ſet of his head,
I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, more valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter age with Noble deedes:
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I haue a trewant been to Chiualrie,
And ſo I heare hee doth account mee too;
Yet this before my Fathers Maieſtie,
I am content that he ſhall take the ods
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſaue the blood on either ſide,
Trie fortune with him in ſingle fight.

*King.* And, *Prince of Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Doe make againſt it: No good *Worceſter*, no,
Wee loue our people well; euen thoſe we loue
That are miſled vpon your Coſens part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both hee, and they, and you, yea euery man,
Shall be my friend againe, and Ile be his:
So tell your Cooſen, and bring me word,
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they ſhall doe their office. So be gonn,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it adüiſedly. *Exit Worceſter.*

*Prin.* It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Douglas* and the *Hotſpur* both togeather,
Are confident againſt the world in armes.

*King.* Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,
For on their anſwere will we ſet on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cauſe is iuſt. *Exeunt. Manent*
*Fal. Hal*, if thou ſee me downe in the Battell *Prin. Fal.*
And beſtride me ſo, tis a point of friendſhip.

*Prin.* Nothing but a *Coloſſus* can doe thee that friendſhip.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

*Falſ.* I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.
*Prin.* Why? thou oweſt God a death.
*Falſ.* T is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that cals not on me? Well, tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea, but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then? no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

*Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my Nephew muſt not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.
*Ver.* T'were beſt he did.
*Wor.* Then are we all vndone,
It is not poſsible, it can not be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in others faultes;
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes;
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily?
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, gouerned by a ſpleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs.





We as the ſpring of all, ſhal pay for all:
Therefore good Cooſen, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King. *Enter Hotſpur*
*Ver.* Deliuer what you wil, Ile ſay tis ſo. Here comes your cooſe
*Hot.* My Vncle is return'd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of *Weſtmerland*:
Vncle, What newes?
*Wor.* The King will bid you Battell preſently.
*Dowg.* Defie him by the Lord of *Weſtmerland*,
*Hot.* Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him ſo.
*Dowg.* Marry and ſhall, and very willingly. *Exit Dowg.*
*Wor.* There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.
*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid.
*Wor.* I told him gently of our grieuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He cals vs Rebels, Traytors, and will ſcourge
With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Dowg.*
*Dowg.* Arme Gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne
A braue Defiance in King *Henries* teeth;
And *Weſtmerland* that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which can not chuſe but bring him quickly on.
*Wor.* The *Prince of Wales* ſtept foorth before the King,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.
*Hot.* O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell mee, tell mee,
How ſhewd his talking? ſeemd it in contempt?
*Ver.* No, by my ſoule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your prayſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his prayſe,
By ſtill diſprayſing prayſe, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

Hee made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe; but let me tell the world,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
*England* did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſſe.
*Hot.* Cooſen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wilde at libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my curteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeed, and fellow's ſouldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe.
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
*Meſſ.* My Lord, here are Letters for you.
*Hot.* I cannot read them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on Kinges,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs.
Now for our Conſciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt. *Enter another.*
*Meſſ.* My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on apace.
*Hot.* I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt: and here draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the loftie inſtruments of Warre,
And by that muſicke, let vs all imbrace,

For



For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſuch a curteſie.
*Here they embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King enters with his power, alarme to the Battell: then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.*
*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in Battell thus thou croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?
*Dow.* Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the Battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.
*Blunt.* They tell thee true.
*Dowg.* The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtead of thee, King *Harry*
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a Priſoner.
*Blun.* I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud *Scot*,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will reuenge
Lord *Staffords* death.
*They fight, Dowglas kils Blunt; then enters Hotſpur.*
*Hot.* O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I neuer had triumpht ouer a *Scot*.
*Dowg.* Als done, als won, here breathles lyes the King.
*Hot.* Where? *Dowg.* Heere.
*Hot.* This, *Dowglas*? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furniſht like the King himſelfe.
*Dowg.* Ah foole, goe with thy ſoule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too deare,
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
*Hot.* The King hath many marching in his Coates.
*Dowg.* Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrope piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the King. *Hot.* Vp and away.
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for the day.
*Alarme, enter Falſtaffe ſolus.*
*Falſ.* Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I feare the ſhot here, here's no ſcoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, here's no vanitie,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne Bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

*Prin.* What ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuēg'd; I prethee lend me thy ſword.

*Fal.* O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: Turke *Gregorie* neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue pay'd *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou get'ſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giue it me: what? is it in tha caſe?

*Fal.* I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will Sacke a Citie.

*The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottle of Sacke.*

*Prin.* What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now.

*He throwes the Bottle at him.* *Exit.*

*Fal.* If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *Sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which, if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

*Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.*

*King.* I prethee *Harry*, withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

*P. Ioh.* Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beſeech your Maieſtie make vp,
Leaſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

*King.* I will do ſo; my L. of *Weſtmerland* lead him to his Tent.

*Weſt.* Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

*Prin.* Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The



The *Prince of Wales* from ſuch a Field as this,
Where ſtaind Nobilitie lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

*Iohn.* Wee breath too long, come coſen *Weſtmerland*,
Our dutie this way lies: For Gods ſake come.

*Prin.* By God, thou haſt deceiude me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not thinke thee Lord, of ſuch a ſpirit;
Before I lou'd thee as a Brother, *Iohn*,
But now I doe reſpect thee as my Soule.

*King.* I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warrier.

*Prin.* O, this Boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

*Dowg.* Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

*King.* The King himſelfe, who *Dowglas* grieues at heart,
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King: I haue two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about the Field?
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee, and defend thy ſelfe.

*Dowg.* I feare thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in fayth thou bear'eſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou be;
And thus I winne thee,

*They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.*

*Prin.* Hold vp thy head vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirites
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,
It is the *Prince of Wales*, that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

*They fight, Dowglas flyeth.*

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
*Sir Nicholas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* ſtraight.

*King.* Stay, and breath a while,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[2]) Octavo

Thou haſt redeemd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewde thou makeſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
*Prin.* O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer ſayd, I harkened to your death:
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous Potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
*Kin.* Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gawſey*. *Exit.*

*Enter Hotſpur.*

*Hot.* If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*
*Prin.* Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
*Hot.* My name is *Harry Percy*.
*Prin.* Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales*.
*Hot.* Now ſhall it *Harry*, for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
*Prin.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.
*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

*They fight. Enter Falſtalffe.*

*Fal.* Well ſaid *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you ſhall find no Boyes play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falſtalffe, he falls downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh *Harry*, thou haſt robd me of my youth,
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle Life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe, then the ſword my fleſh:
But



But thought's the ſlaue of life, and life time's foole;
And time, that takes ſuruay of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for
*Prin.* For Wormes, braue *Percy*. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd Ambition, how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this body did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it, was too ſmall a bound;
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth,
Is roome enough: this Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of curteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe faire rites of tendernes,
Adieu, and take thy prayſe with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

*He ſpieth Falſtalffe on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance, could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? poore *Iacke* farewell:
I could haue better ſpard a better man:
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie;
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,
Imboweld will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

*Falſtalffe ryſeth vp.*

*Fal.* Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, Ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eate me too to morrow. Zloud, t'was time to counterfeite, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paide mee ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion, in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percie*, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my fayth, I am afraide he would proue the better counterfeit? therefore Ile make him ſure; yea, and Ile ſweare I kilde him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.*

*Prin.* Come Brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

*Iohn.* But ſoft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fatt man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathles, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeemſt.

*Fal.* No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falſtalffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is *Percy*; if your Father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

*Prin.* Why *Percy* I kild my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewesbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, & would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my Sword.

*Iohn.* This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

*Prin.* This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For



For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile guilde it with the happieſt tearmes I haue.

*A retreat is ſounded.*

*Prin.* The Trumpets ſound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, lets to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what friendes are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

*Fal.* Ile follow as they ſay for reward. He that rewardes me, God reward him. If I doe grow great, Ile grow leſſe? for Ile Purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman ſhould doe. *Exit.*

*The Trumpets ſound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter and Vernon priſoners.*

*King.* Thus euer did Rebellion find rebuke,
Ill ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not we ſend Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights vpon our party ſlaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had been aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt truly borne
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I haue done, my ſafetie vrgde me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on me.

*King.* Beare *Worceſter* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe vpon.
How goes the Field?

*Prin.* The noble *Scot* Lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turnd from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruizd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent,
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

*King.*

*King.* With all my heart.
*Prin.* Then brother *Iohn of Lancaster*,
To you this honourable bountie shall belong,
Goe to the *Dowglos*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free,
His valoure showne vpon our Crestes to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.
*King.* Then this remaines, that we deuide our Power,
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my cosen *Westmerland*,
Towards *Yorke* shall bend you with your deerest speed,
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scrospe*,
Who, as we heare, are busily in armes:
My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*:
Rebellion in this Land shall loose his way,
Meeting the checke of such another day:
And since this businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

# THE CRONICLE

## Historyof Henry the fift,

With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Togither with *Auntient Pistoll*.

*As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*

BIBLIOTH. BODLEIANA

LONDON
Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600.

This is the first edition.

# The Chronicle Hiſtorie

of *Henry* the fift: with his battel fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Togither with Auncient *Piſtoll*.

*Enter King* Henry, Exeter, 2. *Biſhops*, Clarence, *and other Attendants.*

*Exeter.*

SHall I call in Thambaſſadors my Liege?
*King.* Not yet my Couſin, til we be reſolude
Of ſome ſerious matters touching vs and *France*.
*Bi.* God and his Angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it.
*King.* Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed
Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France*,
Or ſhould or ſhould not, ſtop vs in our clayme:
And God forbid my wiſe and learned Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, frame, or wreſt the ſame.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reuerence ſhall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our perſon,
How you awake the ſleeping ſword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this coniuration, ſpeake my Lord:
And we will iudge, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you ſpeake, is waſht as pure
As ſin in baptiſme.

Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices
To this imperiall throne.
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*
But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,
No female shall succeed in salicke land,
Which salicke land the French vniustly gloze
To be the realme of *France*:
And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female barre:
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme
That the land salicke lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the flouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons,
There left behind, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women,
For some dishonest maners of their liues,
Establisht there this lawe. To wit,
No female shall succeed in salicke land:
Which salicke land as I said before,
Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mesene*:
Thus doth it well appeare the salicke lawe
Was not deuised for the realme of *France*,
Nor did the French possesse the salicke land,
Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares
After the function of king *Faramont*,
Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:
*Hugh Capet* also that vsurpt the crowne,
To fine his title with some showe of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
Conuaid himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*,
So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,
King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this salick lawe





To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to imbace their crooked causes,
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime?
*K.* May we with right & conscience make this
*Bi.* The sin vpon my head dread soueraigne.
For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord stand for your owne,
Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great graunsirs graue,
From whom you clayme:
And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
Making defeat on the full power of *France*,
Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces the full power of *France*:
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.
*King.* We must not onely arme vs against the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.
*Bi.* The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers.
*King.* We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,
For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,
That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.
*Bi.* She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

For heare her but examplified by her ſelfe,
When all her chiualry hath bene in *France*
And ſhe a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelfe not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a ſtray, the king of Scots,
Whom like a caytiffe ſhe did leade to *France*,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praiſe
As is the owſe and bottome of the ſea
With ſunken wrack and ſhipleſſe treaſurie.
*Lord.* There is a ſaying very old and true,
If you will *France* win,
Then with *Scotland* firſt begin:
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
To his vnfurniſh neſt the weazel Scot
Would ſuck her egs, playing the mouſe in abſence of the (cat:
To ſpoyle and hauock more then ſhe can eat.
*Exe.* It followes then, the cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a curſt neceſſitie,
Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeues:
Whilſte that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The aduiſed head controlles at home:
For gouernment though high or lowe, being put into parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall conſent like muſicke.
*Bi.* True: therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man
in diuers functions.
Whereto is added as an ayme or but ſobedience:
For ſo liue the honey Bees creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome:
They haue a King and officers of ſort,
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home:
Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:
Others like ſouldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boote vpon the ſommers veluet bud:
Which pillage they with mery march bring home
To the tent royall of their Emperour,
Who buſied in his maieſtie, behold
The ſinging maſons building roofes of gold:

The



The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,
The ſad eyde Iuſtice with his ſurly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many Arrowes loſed ſeuerall wayes, flye to one marke:
As many ſeuerall wayes meete in one towne:
As many freſh ſtreames run in one ſelfe ſea:
As many lines cloſe in the dyall center:
So may a thouſand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
Therefore my Liege to *France*,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Of which take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withall, ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth loſe
The name of pollicy and hardineſſe.
*Ki.* Call in the meſſenger ſent frō the Dolphin.
And by your ayde, the noble ſinewes of our land,
*France* being ours, weele bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces:
Eyther our Chronicles ſhal with full mouth ſpeak
Freely of our acts,
Or elſe like toongleſſe mutes
Not worſhipt with a paper Epitaph:
*Enter Thambaſſadors from France.*
Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleaſure,
For we heare your comming is from him.
*Ambaſſa.* Pleaſeth your Maieſtie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or ſhall I ſparingly ſhew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleaſure and our Embaſſage?
*King.* We are no tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
To whom our ſpirit is as ſubiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our priſons.

There-

Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldneſſe
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.
*Ambaſ.* Then this in fine the Dolphin ſaith,
Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,
From your predeceſſor king *Edward* the third,
This he returnes.
He ſaith, theres nought in *France* that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there:
Therefore he ſendeth meeter for your ſtudy,
This tunne of treaſure: and in lieu of this,
Deſires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin ſaith.
*King.* What treaſure Vncle?
*Exe.* Tennis balles my Liege.
*King.* We are glad the Dolphin is ſo pleaſant with vs,
Your meſſage and his preſent we accept:
When we haue matched our rackets to theſe balles,
We will by Gods grace play ſuch a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* ſhall be diſturbd with chaſes.
And we vnderſtand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder dayes, not meaſuring what vſe we made
of them.
We neuer valued this poore ſeate of England.
And therefore gaue our ſelues to barbarous licence:
As tis common ſeene that men are merrieſt when they are
from home.
But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our ſtate,
Be like a King, mightie and commaund,
When we do rowſe vs in throne of *France*:
For this haue we laid by our Maieſtie
And plodded like a man for working dayes.
But we will riſe there with ſo full of glory,
That we will dazell all the eyes of *France*,
I ſtrike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs, (ſtones,
And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his balles to gun





And his ſoule ſhall ſit ſore charged for the waſtfull
(vengeance
That ſhall flye from them. For this his mocke
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.
Mocke mothers from their ſonnes, mocke Caſtles downe,
Some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That ſhall haue cauſe to curſe the Dolphins ſcorne.
But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we doo
(appeale,
And in whoſe name tel you the Dolphin we are cõming on
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a rightfull cauſe: ſo get you hence, and tell your Prince,
His leſt will ſauour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weepe, more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with ſafe conduct: ſee them hence.
*Exe.* This was a merry meſſage.
*King.* We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it:
Therfore let our collectiõ for the wars be ſoone prouided:
For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers
(doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire action may on foote be brought.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter* Nim *and* Bardolfe.

*Bar.* Godmorrow Corporall *Nim*.
*Nim.* Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe*.
*Bar.* What is antient *Piſtoll* and thee friends yet?
*Nim.* I cannot tell, things muſt be as they may:
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:
It is a ſimple one, but what tho; it will ſerue to toſte cheeſe,
And it will endure cold as an other mans ſword will,
And theres the humor of it.
*Bar.* Yfaith miſtreſſe quickly did thee great wrong,
For thou weart troth plight to her.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Nim.* I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them
At that time, and there is the humour of it.
*Bar.* Come y faith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*,
And thee friendes. What a plague should we carrie kniues
To cut our owne throates.
*Nim.* Y faith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.

*Enter* Pistoll *and Hostes Quickly, his wife.*

*Bar.* Godmorrow ancient *Pistoll*.
Here comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prithee *Nim* be quiet.
*Nim.* How do you my Hoste?
*Pist.* Base slaue, callest thou me hoste?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.
*Host.* No by my troath not I,
For we cānot bed nor boord half a score honest gēlewomē
That liue honestly by the prick of their neeale,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now shall
We haue wilful adultry and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword.
*Nim.* Push.
*Pist.* What dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland?
*Nim.* Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.
*Pist.* Solus egregious dog, that solus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy messfull mouth, I do retort that solus in thy
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,
And *Pistolls* flashing firy cock is vp.
*Nim.* I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniure me:
I haue an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*, Ile scoure you with my
Rapier



Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little,
Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes,
And theres the humour of it.
*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.

*They drawe.*

*Bar.* Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a souldier.
*Pist.* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
*Nim.* Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire (termes,
And theres the humor of it.
*Pist.* Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen:
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Hostes you must come straight to my maister,
And you Host *Pistoll*. Good *Bardolfe*
Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a (warming pan.
*Host.* By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one (of these dayes,
Ile go to him, husband youle come?
*Bar.* Come *Pistoll* be friends.
*Nim* prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not be
Enemies with me too.
*Ni.* I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you at beating?
*Pist.* Base is the slaue that payes.
*Nim.* That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it.
*Pist.* As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*
*Bar.* He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.
*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Nim.* I ſhall haue my eight ſhillings I wonne of you at
beating?
*Piſt.* A noble ſhalt thou haue, and readie pay,
And liquor likewiſe will I giue to thee,
And friendſhip ſhall combind and brotherhood:
Ile liue by *Nim* as *Nim* ſhall liue by me:
Is not this iuſt? for I ſhall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will accrue.
*Nim.* I ſhall haue my noble?
*Piſt.* In caſh moſt truly paid.
*Nim.* Why theres the humour of it.

*Enter Hoſtes.*

*Hoſte.* As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn* poore ſoule is ſo troubled
With a burning taſhan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.
*Piſt.* Let vs condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue.
*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Exeter and Gloſter.*

*Gloſt.* Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to truſt
theſe traytors.
*Exe.* They ſhalbe apprehended by and by.
*Gloſt.* I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours
That he ſhould for a forraine purſe, to ſell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.
*Exe.* O the Lord of *Maſsham.*

*Enter the King and three Lords.*

*King.* Now ſirs the windes faire, and we wil aboord;
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Maſsham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France?*
*Maſha.* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beſt.
*Cam.* Neuer



*Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then
is your maieſtie.
*Gray.* Euen thoſe that were your fathers enemies
Haue ſteeped their galles in honey for your ſake.
*King.* We therefore haue great cauſe of thankfulneſſe,
And ſhall forget the office of our hands:
Sooner then reward and merit,
According to their cauſe and worthineſſe.
*Maſha.* So ſeruice ſhall with ſteeled ſinewes ſhine,
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelfe with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſeruice.
*King.* Vncle of *Exeter*, enlarge the man
Committed yeſterday, that rayled againſt our perſon,
We conſider it was the heate of wine that ſet him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.
*Maſha.* That is mercie, but too much ſecuritie:
Let him bee puniſht Soueraigne, leaſt the example of
(him,
Breed more of ſuch a kinde.
*King.* O let vs yet be mercifull.
*Cam.* So may your highneſſe, and puniſh too.
*Gray.* You ſhew great mercie if you giue him life,
After the taſte of his correction.
*King.* Alas your too much care and loue of me
Are heauy oriſons gainſt the poore wretch,
If litle faults proceeding on diſtemper ſhould not bee
(winked at,
How ſhould we ſtretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, ſwallowed and diſgeſted, appeare before vs:
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the reſt
In their deare loues, and tender preſeruation of our ſtate,
Would haue him puniſht.
Now to our French cauſes.
Who are the late Commiſſioners?
*Cam.* Me one my Lord, your highneſſe bad me aske for
it to day.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Mash.* So did you me my Soueraigne.
*Gray.* And me my Lord.
*King.* Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge* there is yours:
There is yours my Lord of *Masham.*
And sir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland,* this same is
Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours:
Vnckle *Exeter* I will aboord to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers
That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?
*Cam.* I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercie.
*Mash.* To which we all appeale.
*King.* The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is forestald and done:
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres.
These English monsters:
My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt we were to grace him,
In all things belonging to his honour:
And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,
Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of *France:*
To kill vs here in *Hampton.* To the which,
This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs
Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise sworne.
But oh what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
Wouldest thou a practisde on me for thy vse:
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

Tis



Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth showe as grose
As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.
Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the lawe,
And God acquit them of their practises.
*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard,* Earle of *Cambridge.*
I arest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry,* Lord of *Masham.*
I arest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Thomas Gray,* knight of *Northumberland,*
*Mash.* Our purposes God iustly hath discouered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your maiestie forgiue,
Altho my body pay the price of it.
*King.* God quit you in his mercy. Heare your sentence.
You haue conspired against our royall person,
Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixed.
And frō his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death
Touching our person we seeke no redresse.
But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender
Whose ruine you haue sought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you. (death,
Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your
The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you (amisse:
Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
Beare them hence.

*Exit three Lords.*

Now Lords to *France.* The enterprise whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successiuely.
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way
Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance:
No King of England, if not King of *France.*

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter*

*Enter Nim, Piſtoll, Bardolfe, Hoſtes and a Boy.*

*Hoſt.* I prethy ſweete heart, let me bring thee ſo farre as
(*Stanes.*

*Piſt.* No fur, no fur.
*Bar.* Well ſir *Iohn* is gone. God be with him.
*Hoſt.* I, he is in *Arthors* boſom, if euer any were:
He went away as if it were a cry ſombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iuſt at turning of the tide:
His noſe was as ſharpe as a pen:
For when I ſaw him fumble with the ſheetes,
And talk of floures, and ſmile vpō his fingers ends
I knew there was no way but one.
How now ſir *Iohn* quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
I hope there was no ſuch need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any ſtone:
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any ſtone.
And ſo vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.
*Nim.* They ſay he cride out on Sack.
*Hoſt.* I that he did.
*Boy.* And of women.
*Hoſt.* No that he did not.
*Boy.* Yes that he did: and he ſed they were diuels incarnat.
*Hoſt.* Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
*Nim.* Well he did cry out on women.
*Hoſt.* Indeed he did in ſome ſort handle women,
But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of
(*Babylon.*
*Boy.* Hoſtes do you remember he ſaw a Flea ſtand
Vpon *Bardolfes* Noſe, and ſed it was a black ſoule
Burning in hell fire?

*Bar.*



*Bar.* Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his ſeruice.
*Nim.* Shall we ſhog off?
The king wil be gone from *Southampton.*
*Piſt.* Cleare vp thy criſtalles,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables.
Truſt none: the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And holdfaſt is the only dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counſellor,
Touch her ſoft lips and part.
*Bar.* Farewell hoſtes.
*Nim.* I cannot kiſs: and theres the humor of it.
But adieu.
*Piſt.* Keepe faſt thy buggle boe.
*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King of* France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others.

*King.* Now you Lords of *Orleance,*
Of *Bourbon,* and of *Berry,*
You ſee the King of England is not ſlack,
For he is footed on this land alreadie.
*Dolphin.* My gratious Lord, tis meet we all goe
And arme vs againſt the foe: (foorth,
And view the weak & ſickly parts of *France:*
But let vs do it with no ſhow of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were buſied with a Moris dance.
For my good Lord, ſhe is ſo idely kingd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne,
So guided by a ſhallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.
*Con.* O peace Prince *Dolphin,* you deceiue your ſelfe,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

Queſtion your grace the late Embaſſador,
With what regard he heard his Embaſſage,
How well ſupplied with aged Counſellours,
And how his reſolution anſwered him,
You then would ſay that *Harry* was not wilde.
*King.* Well thinke we *Harry* ſtrong:
And ſtrongly arme vs to preuent the foe.
*Con.* My Lord here is an Embaſſador
From the King of England.
*Kin.* Bid him come in.
You ſee this chaſe is hotly followed Lords.
*Dol.* My gracious father, cut vp this Engliſh ſhore,
Selfeloue my Liege is not ſo vile a thing,
As ſelfe neglecting.

*Enter Exeter.*

*King.* From our brother England?
*Exe.* From him, and thus he greets your Maieſtie:
He wils you in the name of God Almightie,
That you deueſt your ſelfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide ſtretched titles that belongs
Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the worm-holes of old vaniſht dayes,
Nor from the duſt of old obliuion rackte,
He ſends you theſe moſt memorable lynes,
In euery branch truly demonſtrated:
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his moſt famed and famous anceſtors,
*Edward* the third, he bids you then reſigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.

*King.*



*King.* If not, what followes?
*Exe.* Bloody cõſtraint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempeſt is he comming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maydens grones,
For husbands, fathers, and diſtreſſed louers,
Which ſhall be ſwallowed in this controuerſie.
This is his claime, his threatning, and my meſſage,
Vnles the *Dolphin* be in preſence here,
To whom expreſly we bring greeting too.
*Dol.* For the *Dolphin*? I ſtand here for him,
What to heare from England.
*Exe.* Scorn & defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie ſender, doth he priſe you at:
Thus ſaith my king. Vnles your fathers highneſſe
Sweeten the bitter mocke you ſent his Maieſtie,
Heele call you to ſo loud an anſwere for it,
That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*
Shall chide your treſpaſſe, and return your mock,
In ſecond accent of his ordenance.
*Dol.* Say that my father render faire reply,
It is againſt my will:
For I deſire nothing ſo much,
As oddes with England.
And for that cauſe according to his youth
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balles.
*Exe.* Heele make your *Paris* Louer ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſſe Court of mightie *Europe*.
And be aſſured, youle finde a difference
As we his ſubiects haue in wonder found:

 Betweene

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

Betweene his yonger dayes and these he musters now,
Now he wayes time euen to the latest graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne losses
If he stay in *France*.
Well for vs, you shall returne our answere backe
To our brother England.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter* Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, Boy.

*Nim.* Before God here is hote seruice.
*Pist.* Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vassals drop and die.
*Nim.* Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.
*Boy.* Would I were in London:
Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.
*Pist.* And I. If wishes would preuaile,
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

*Enter* Flewellen *and beates them in.*

*Flew.* Godes plud vp to the breaches
You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches?
*Nim.* Abate thy rage sweete knight,
Abate thy rage.
*Boy.* Well I would I were once from them:
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.
*Bardolfe* stole a Lute case, carryed it three mile,
And sold it for three hapence.
*Nim* stole a fier shouell.
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

*Exit* Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, *and the Boy.*

*Enter* Gower.

*Gower.* Captain *Flewellen*, you must come strait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster*.





*Flew.* Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the mines: the concauueties is otherwise,
You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himselfe fiue yardes vnder the countermines:
By *Iesus* I thinke heele blowe vp all
If there be no better direction.

*Enter the King and his Lords alarum.*

*King.* How yet resolues the Gouernour of the Towne?
This is the latest parley weele admit:
Therefore to our best mercie giue your selues,
Or like to men proud of destruction, defie vs to our worst,
For as I am a souldier a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
Till in her ashes she be buried,
The gates of mercie are all shut vp.
What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
Or guiltie in defence be thus destroyd?

*Enter Gouernour.*

*Gouer.* Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,
Returnes vs word his powers are not yet readie,
To raise so great a siege: therefore dread King,
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercie:
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensiue now.

*Enter* Katherine, Allice.

*Kate. Allice* venecia, vous autes cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Anglois englatara,
Coman sae palla vou la main en francoy.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Allice.* La main madam de han.
*Kate.* E da bras.
*Allice.* De arma madam.
*Kate.* Le main da han la bras de arma.
*Allice.* Owy e madam.
*Kate.* E Coman ſa pella vow la menton a la coll.
*Allice.* De neck,e de cin,madam.
*Kate.* E de neck,e de cin,e de code.
*Allice.* De cudie ma foy Ie oblye,mais Ie remembre,
Le tude,o de elbo madam.
*Kate.* Ecowte Ie reherſera,towt cella que Iacapoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin,e de bilbo.
*Allice.* De elbo madam.
*Kate.* O Ieſu,Iea obloye ma foy,ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin,e de elbo,e ca bon.
*Allice.* Ma foy madam, vow parla au ſe bon Angloys
Aſie vous aues ettue en Englatara.
*Kate.* Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes, Ie parle milleur
Coman ſe pella vou le peid e le robe.
*Allice.* Le foot, e le con.
*Kate.* Le fot, e le con,ô Ieſu! Ie ne vew poinct parle,
Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.
*Allice,* Madam,de foote, e le con.
*Kate.* O et ill auſie,ecowte Allice,de han,de arma,
De neck,de cin,le foete, e de con.
*Allice.* Cet fort bon madam.
*Kate.* Alouesa diner.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King of* France *Lord Conſtable,the Dolphin, and* Burbon.

*King.* Tis certaine he is paſt the Riuer Some.
*Con.* Mordeu ma vie: Shall a few ſpranes of vs,

The



The emptying of our fathers luxerie,
Outgrow their grafters.
*Bur.* Normanes,baſterd Normanes,mor du
And if they paſſe vnfoughtwithall,
Ile ſell my Dukedome for a foggy farme
In that ſhort nooke Ile of England.
*Conſt.* Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their clymate raw,foggy and colde.
On whom as in diſdaine,the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broath,a drench for ſwolne lades
Their ſodden water decockt ſuch luely blood?
And ſhall our quick blood ſpirited with wine
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Iceſickles
Vpon our houſes tops,while they a more frosty clymate
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.
*King.* Conſtable diſpatch,ſend Montioy forth,
To know what willing raunſome he will giue?
Sonne *Dolphin* you ſhall ſtay in *Rone* with me.
*Dol.* Not ſo I do beſeech your Maieſtie.
*King.* Well,I ſay it ſhalbe ſo.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter* Gower.

*Go.* How now Captain *Flewellen*,come you frō the bridge?
*Flew.* By Ieſus thers excellēt ſeruice cōmitted at ẏ bridge.
*Gour.* Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?
*Flew.* The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue,& I honor,
And I worſhip,with my ſoule,and my heart,and my life,
And my lands and my liuings,
And my vttermoſt powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praiſed and pleaſed for it,no harme in the worell.
He is maintain the bridge very gallently: there is an Enſigne

There,

There, I do not know how you call him, but by Ieſus I think
He is as valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, he doth maintain
the bridge moſt gallantly: yet he is a man of no reckoning:
But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruice.

*Gouer.* How do you call him?

*Flew.* His name is ancient *Piſtoll.*

*Gouer.* I know him not.

*Enter Ancient* Piſtoll.

*Flew.* Do you not know him, here comes the man.

*Piſt.* Captaine, I thee beſeech to do me fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

*Flew.* I, and I praiſe God I haue merrited ſome loue at (his hands.

*Piſt. Bardolfe* a ſouldier, one of buxſome valour,
Hath by furious fate
And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That Godes blinde that ſtands vpon the rowling reſtleſſe (ſtone.

*Flew.* By your patience ancient *Piſtoll*,
Fortune, looke you is painted,
Plind with a mufler before her eyes,
To ſignifie to you, that Fortune is plind:
And ſhe is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconſtant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a ſphericall ſtone
Which roules, and roules, and roules:
Surely the Poet is make an excellet deſcriptiõ of Fortune,
Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.

*Piſt.* Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath ſtolne a packs, and hanged muſt he be:
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe ſtop.

But



But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of pettie price:
Therefore go ſpeake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall threed be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flew.* Captain *Piſtoll*, I partly vnderſtand your meaning.

*Piſt.* Why then reioyce therefore.

*Flew.* Certainly Antient *Piſtol*, tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would wiſh the Duke
To do his pleaſure, and put him to executions: for look you,
Diſciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.

*Piſt.* Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendſhip.

*Flew.* That is good.

*Piſt.* The figge of *Spaine* within thy lawe.

*Flew.* That is very well.

*Piſt.* I ſay the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.

*Exit Piſtoll.*

*Fle.* Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder?

*Gour.* Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurſe.

*Flew.* By Ieſus he is vtter as praue words vpon the bridge
As you ſhall deſire to ſee in a ſommers day, but its all one,
What he hath ſed to me, looke you, is all one.

*Go.* Why this is a gu'l, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars
Onely to grace himſelfe at his returne to London:
And ſuch fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commaunders names.
They will learne by rote where ſeruices were done,
At ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach,
At ſuch a conuoy: who came off brauely, who was ſhot,
Who diſgraced, what termes the enemie ſtood on.
And this they con perfectly in phraſe of warre,
Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & what a beard
Of the Generalls cut, and a horid ſhout of the campe



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

Will do among the foming bottles and ale washt wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slaunders of this age,
Or else you may maruellously be mistooke.
*Flew.* Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serue,
I shall tell him a litle of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.

*Enter King*, Clarence, Gloster *and others.*

*King.* How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?
*Flew.* I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.
*King.* What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?
*Flew.* And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew:
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.
*King.* We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And we here giue expresse commaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

*Enter French Herauld.*

*Hera.* You know me by my habit.
*Ki.* Well thē, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?
*Hera.* My maisters minde.
*King.* Vnfold it.
*Heral.* Go thee vnto *Harry* of *England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:

Altho



Altho we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.
Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly: see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. Which to raunsome,
His pettinesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
To this, adde defyance. So much from the king my maister.
*King.* What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.
*Herald. Montioy.*
*King.* Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now:
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis*: for to say the sooth,
Though tis no wisdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.
My souldiers are with sickneſse much infeebled,
My Army lessoned, and those fewe I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:
Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,
I thought vpon one paire of English legges,
Did march three French mens.
Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag thus:
This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,
My raunsome is this frayle and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly guarde.
Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such an other neighbour stood in our way:
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour.
So *Montioy* get you gone, there is for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are:



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.
*Herauld.* I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiestie.
*Glos.* My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
*King.* We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs:
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.
*Enter* Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon.
*Const.* Tut I haue the best armour in the world.
*Orleance.* You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.
*Burbon.* Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the sun, nothing but pure ayre and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.
*Orleance.* He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.
*Bur.* And of the heate, a the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus. Wonder of nature.
*Con.* I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.
*Burb.* Why then did they immitate that
Which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my mistresse.
*Con.* Ma foy the other day, me thought
Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.
*Bur.* I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,
My mistresse weares her owne haire.
*Con.* I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had had a sow to my mistresse.
*Bur.* Tut thou wilt make vse of any thing.
*Con.* Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.
*Bur.* Will it neuer be morning?
Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shalbe paued with English faces.

*Con.* By



*Con.* By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be outfaced of my way.
*Bur.* Well ile go arme my selfe, hay.
*Gebon.* The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning.
*Or.* I he longs to eate the English.
*Con.* I thinke heele eate all he killes.
*Orle.* O peace, ill will neuer said well.
*Con.* Ile cap that prouerbe,
With there is flattery in friendship.
*Or.* O sir, I can answere that,
With giue the diuel his due.
*Con.* Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,
With a Iogge of the diuel.
*Or.* Well the Duke of *Burbon*, is simply.
The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.
*Con.* Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing.
*Or.* He neuer did hurt as I heard off.
*Con.* No I warrant you, nor neuer will.
*Or.* I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
*Con.* I was told so by one that knows him better thē you.
*Or.* Whose that?
*Con.* Why he told me so himselfe:
And said he cared not who knew it.
*Or.* Well who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred English prisoners?
*Con.* You must go to hazard your selfe,
Before you haue them.
*Enter a Messenger.*
*Mess.* My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.
*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?
*Mess.* The Lord *Granpeere*.
*Con.* A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away:
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*



*Enter*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Enter the King disguised, to him* Pistoll.

*Pist.* Ke vela?
*King.* A friend.
*Pist.* Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?
*King.* No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.
*Pist.* Trailes thou the puissant pike?
*King.* Euen so sir. What are you?
*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the Emperour.
*King.* O then thou art better then the King?
*Pist.* The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.
*Pist.* A lad of life, an impe of fame:
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kis his durtie shoe: and from my hart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?
*King.* *Harry* le Roy.
*Pist.* Le Roy, a Cornish man:
Art thou of Cornish crew?
*King.* No sir, I am a Wealchman.
*Pist.* A Wealchman: knowst thou *Flewellen*?
*King.* I sir, he is my kinsman.
*Pist.* Art thou his friend?
*King.* I sir.
*Pist.* Figa for thee then: my name is *Pistoll*.
*King.* It sorts well with your fiercenesse.
*Pist.* *Pistoll* is my name.

*Exit* Pistoll.

*Enter Gower and Flewellen.*

*Gour.* Captaine *Flewellen*.
*Flew.* In the name of Iesu speake lewer.
It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the auncient
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:

But



But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.
*Gour.* Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.
*Flew.* Godes sollud, if the enemy be an Asse & a Foole,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, in your conscience now?
*Gour.* Ile speake lower.
*Flew.* I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gower*.

*Exit Gower, and Flewellen.*

*Kin.* Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,
Yet theres much care in this.

*Enter three Souldiers.*

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?
2. *Soul.* I we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.
3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could wish himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.
*Kin.* Now masters god morrow, what cheare?
3. S. Iaith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende.
*Kin.* Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.
2. S. I he may be, for he hath no such cause as we
*Kin.* Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.
The Violet smels to him as to vs:
Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.
2. *Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good: when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say I dyed at such a place. Some swearing:
Some their wiues rawly left:
Some leauing their children goore behind them.

Now

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a greeuous matter (to him.

*King.* Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the maister,
Was the author of his seruants misfortune.
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answere for his seruants,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects:
For they purpose not their deaths, whē they craue their ser-
Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated (uices:
Murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if these outstrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans seruice is the kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therfore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moath out of his conscience:
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death:
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.

3. *Lord.* Yfaith he saies true:
Euery mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king answere for me.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

*King.* Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ransomde.

2. *L.* I he said so, to make vs fight:
But when our throates be cut, he may be ransomde,
And we neuer the wiser.

*King.* If I liue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe.

2. *Lord.*



2. *Sol.* Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure:
That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,
Or a subiect against a monarke.
Youle nere take his word again, your a nasse goe.

*King.* Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter:
Were it not at this time I could be angry.

2. *Sol.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

*King.* How shall I know thee?

2. *Sol.* Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.

*Kin.* Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.

2. *Sol.* Thou dar'st as well be hangd.

3. *Sol.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels anow in hand:
We haue no need of English broyles.

*Kin.* Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himselfe wil be a clipper.

*Exit the souldiers.*

*Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and Attendants.*

*K.* O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
Take from them now the sence of rekconing,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage.
O not to day, not to day ô God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne.
I *Richards* bodie haue interred new,
And on it hath bestowd more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood:
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen to pardon blood,
And I haue built two chanceries, more wil I do:
Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glost.* My Lord.
*King.* My brother *Glosters* voyce.
*Glost.* My Lord, the Army stayes vpon your presence.
*King.* Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things stayes for me.

*Enter* Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisburie.

*War.* My Lords the French are very strong.
*Exe.* There is fiue to one, and yet they all are fresh.
*War.* Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.
*Sal.* The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords:
Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,
My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.
*Clar.* Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

*Enter King.*

*War.* O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.
*King.* Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen *Warwick*?
Gods will, I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my Kingdome.
No faith my Cousen, wish not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,
Let him depart, his pasport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,





We would not die in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of Cryspin,
He that outliues this day, and sees old age,
Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of Cryspin.
He that outliues this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearely on the vygill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Cryspines day:
Then shall we in their flowing bowles
Be newly remembred. *Harry* the King,
*Bedford* and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and *Gloster*,
*Warwick* and *Yorke*.
Familiar in their mouthes as household words.
This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
And from this day, vnto the generall doome:
But we in it shall be remembred.
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheads his blood by mine,
Shalbe my brother: be he nere so base,
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shall he strip his sleeues, and shew his skars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day:
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any speake that fought with vs
Vpon Saint Crispines day.
*Glost.* My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
*Kin.* Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.
*War.* Perish the man whose mind is backward now.
*King.* Thou dost not wish more help fro England cousen?
*War.* Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

Why well said. That doth pleaſe me better,
Then to wiſh me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

*Enter the Herald from the French.*

*Herald.* Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for raunſome?

*Kin.* Who hath ſent thee now?

*Her.* The Conſtable of *France*.

*Kin.* I prethy beare my former anſwer backe:
Bid them atchieue me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mock good fellows
The man that once did ſell the Lions skin, (thus?
While the beaſt liued, was kild with hunting him.
A many of our bodies ſhall no doubt
Finde graues within your realme of *France*:
Tho buried in your dunghils, we ſhalbe famed,
For there the Sun ſhall greete them,
And draw vp their honors, reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme:
The ſmel wherof, ſhall breed a plague in *France*:
Marke then abundant valour in our Engliſh,
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,
Breakes forth into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortalities:
Let me ſpeake proudly,
Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe,
Good argument I hope we ſhall not flye:
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore ſoul'diers tel me, yet ere night
Thayle be in freſher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloathes ore your French ſouldiers eares,
And turne them out of ſeruice. If they do this,
As if it pleaſe God they ſhall,
Then ſhall our ranſome ſoone be leuied.

Saue





Saue thou thy labour Herauld:
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle Herauld.
They ſhall haue nought I ſweare, but theſe my bones:
Which if they haue, as *I* will leaue am them,
Will yeeld them litle, tell the Conſtable.

*Her.* *I* ſhall deliuer ſo.

*Exit Herauld.*

*Yorke.* My gracious Lord, vpon my knee *I* craue,
The leading of the vaward.

*Kin.* Take it braue *Yorke*. Come ſouldiers lets away:
And as thou pleaſeſt God, diſpoſe the day.

*Exit.*

*Enter the foure French Lords.*

*Ge.* O diabello.

*Conſt.* Mor du ma vie.

*Or.* O what a day is this!

*Bur.* O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loſt.

*Con.* We are inough yet liuing in the field,
To ſmother vp the Engliſh,
If any order might be thought vpon.

*Bur.* A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,
Why leaſt by a ſlaue no gentler then my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contamuracke,

*Con.* Diſorder that hath ſpoyld vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our liues
Vnto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with fame.
Come, come along,
Lets dye with honour, our ſhame doth laſt too long.

*Exit omnes.*



*Enter*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.*

*Pist.* Eyld cur, eyld cur.
*French.* O Monsire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.
*Pist.* Moy shall not serue. I will haue fortie moys.
Boy aske him his name.
*Boy.* Comant ettes vous apelles?
*French.* Monsier Fer.
*Boy.* He saies his name is Master *Fer.*
*Pist.* Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him:
Boy discus the same in French.
*Boy.* Sir I do not know, whats French
For fer, ferit and ferkt.
*Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.
*Boy.* Feate, vou preat, ill voulles coupele votre gage.
*Pist.* Onye ma foy couple la gorge.
Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious raunsome, dye.
One poynt of a foxe.
*French.* Qui dit ill monsiere.
Ill dit ye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
*Boy.* La gran ransome, ill vou tueres.
*French.* O lee vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie
A moy, ey lee donerees pour mon ransome
Cinquante ocios. Ie suyes vngentelhome de *France.*
*Pist.* What sayes he boy?
*Boy.* Marry sir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great
House, of *France*: and for his ransome,
He will giue you 500. crownes.
*Pist.* My fury shall abate,
And I the Crownes will take.
And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.
Follow me cur. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter the King and his Nobles,* Pistoll.

*King.* What the French retire?

Yet



Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.
*Exe.* The Duke of *Yorke* commends him to your Grace.
*King.* Liues he good Vnckle, twise I sawe him downe,
Twise vp againe:
From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.
*Exe.* In which aray, braue souldier doth he lye,
Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,
Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,
The noble Earle of *Suffolke* also lyes.
*Suffolke* first dyde, and *Yorke* all hasted ore,
Comes to him where in blood he lay steept,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yane vpon his face,
And cryde aloud, tary deare cousin *Suffolke:*
My soule shall thine keep company in heauen:
Tary deare soule awhile, then flie to rest:
And in this glorious and well foughten field,
We kept togither in our chiualdry.
Vpon these words I came and cheerd them vp,
He tooke me by the hand, said deare my Lord,
Commend my seruice to my soueraigne.
So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke
He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death,
With blood he sealed, An argument
Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and sweet maner of it,
Forst those waters from me, which I would haue stopt,
But I not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.
*King.* I blame you not: for hearing you,
I must conuert to teares.
*Alarum sounds.*
What new alarum is this?
Bid enery souldier kill his prisoner,
*Pist.* Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter*

*Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.*

*Flew.* Godes plud kil tho boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired,
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

*Gour.* Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,
And the cowerdly raskals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter:
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent:
Wherupon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

*Flew.* I he was born at *Monmorth*.
Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
*Alexander* the big was borne?

*Gour.* *Alexander* the great.

*Flew.* Why I pray, is not big great?
As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Saue the frase is a litle varation.

*Gour.* I thinke e *Alexander* the great
Was borne at *Macedon*.
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As *I* take it.

*Flew.* *I* thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*
Was borne: looke you captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the mappes of the worell well,
You shall finde litle difference betweene
*Macedon* and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is
A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
*In Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,
*Is* called Wye.
But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,

You



You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*.
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeasures,
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.

*Gower.* *I* but our King is not like him in that,
For he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

*Flew.* Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished:
I speake in the comparisons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Clitus*: so our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite
With the great belly doublet: I am forget his name.

*Gower.* Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

*Flew.* I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn *Falstaffe* indeed,
I can tell you, theres good men borne at *Monmorth*.

*Enter King and the Lords.*

*King.* I was not angry since *I* came into *France*,
Vntill this houre.
Take a trumpet Herauld,
And ride vnto the horsmen on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our sight:
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As stones enforst from the old Assirian slings.
Besides, weele cut the throats of those we haue,
And not one aliue shall taste our mercy.

*Enter the Herauld.*

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not
That we haue fined these bones of ours for ransome?

*Herald.* I come great king for charitable fauour,
To sort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the field lye spoyled and troden on.

*Kin.* I tell thee truly Herauld, I do not know whether



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

The day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.
*Hera.* The day is yours.
*Kin.* Praiſed be God therefore.
What Caſtle call you that?
*Hera.* We call it *Agincourt.*
*Kin.* Then call we this the field of *Agincourt.*
Fought on the day of *Cryſpin, Cryſpin.*
*Flew.* Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be remembred,
Is do good ſeruice in *France.*
*Kin.* Tis true *Flewellen.*
*Flew.* Your Maieſtie ſayes verie true.
And it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
The Wealchmen there was do good ſeruice,
In a garden where Leekes did grow.
And I thinke your Maieſtie wil take no ſcorne,
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. *Danies* day.
*Kin.* No *Flewellen*, for I am wealch as well as you.
*Flew.* All the water in *Wye* wil not waſh your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preſerue it,
To his graces will and pleaſure.
*Kin.* Thankes good countryman.
*Flew.* By Ieſus I am your Maieſties countryman:
I care not who know it, ſo long as your maieſty is an honeſt man.
*K.* God keep me ſo. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the ſcattred French.

*Exit Heralds.*

Call yonder ſouldier hither.
*Flew.* You fellow come to the king.
*Kin.* Fellow why dooſt thou weare that gloue in thy hat?
*Soul.* And pleaſe your maieſtie, tis a raſcals that ſwagard
With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,
Which if euer I ſee, I haue ſworne to ſtrike him.

So



So hath he ſworne the like to me.
*K.* How think you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull he keep his oath?
*Fl.* And it pleaſe your maieſty, tis lawful he keep his vow.
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,
As treads vpon too blacke ſhues.
*Kin.* His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.
*Flew.* And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer
And Belzebub, and the diuel himſelfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vowe.
*Kin.* Well ſirrha keep your word.
Vnder what Captain ſerueſt thou?
*Soul.* Vnder Captaine *Gower.*
*Flew.* Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine:
And hath good littrature in the warres.
*Kin.* Go call him hither.
*Soul.* I will my Lord.

*Exit ſouldier.*

*Kin.* Captain *Flewellen*, when *Alonſon* and I was
Downe together, *I* tooke this gloue off from his helmet,
Here *Flewellen*, weare it. *If* any do challenge it,
He is a friend of *Alonſons*,
And an enemy to mee.
*Fle.* Your maieſtie doth me as great a fauour
As can be deſired in the harts of his ſubiects.
*I* would ſee that man now that ſhould chalenge this gloue:
And it pleaſe God of his grace, *I* would but ſee him,
That is all.
*Kin. Flewellen* knowſt thou Captaine *Gower?*
*Fle.* Captaine *Gower* is my friend.
And if it like your maieſtie, *I* know him very well.
*Kin.* Go call him hither.
*Flew. I* will and it ſhall pleaſe your maieſtie.
*Kin.* Follow *Flewellen* cloſely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the ſouldiers:



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht,as hot as gunpowder:
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

*Enter Gower,Flewellen,and the Souldier.*

*Flew.* Captain *Gower*,in the name of Iesu,
Come to his Maiestie,there is more good toward you,
Then you can dreame off.

*Soul.* Do you heare you sir? do you know this glouc?

*Flew.* I know the the gloue is a gloue.

*Soul.* Sir I know this,and thus I challenge it.

*He strikes him.*

*Flew.* Gode plut,and his.Captain *Gower* stand away:
Ile giue treason his due presently.

*Enter the King,VVarwicke,Clarence,and Exeter.*

*Kin.* How now,what is the matter?

*Flew.* And it shall please your Maiestie,
Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Here is a rascall,beggerly rascall,is strike the gloue,
Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of *Alonson:*
And your Maiestie will beare me witnes,and testimony,
And auouchments,that this is the gloue.

*Soul.* And it please your Maiestie,that was my gloue.
He that I gaue it too in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman,with my gloue in his hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.

*Flew.* Your Maiestie heares, vnder your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly lowsie knaue it is.

*Kin.* Let me see thy gloue.Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.
It was I indeed you promised to strike.





And thou thou hast giuen me most bitter words.
How canst thou make vs amends?

*Flew.* Let his necke answere it,
If there be any marshals lawe in the worell.

*Soul.* My Liege,all offences come from the heart:
Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maiestie.
You appeard to me as a common man:
Witnesse the night,your garments,your lowlinesse,
And whatsoeuer you receiued vnder that habit,
I beseech your Maiestie impute it to your owne fault
And not mine.For your selfe came not like your selfe:
Had you bene as you seemed,I had made no offence.
Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.

*Kin.* Vnckle,fill the gloue with crownes,
And giue it to the souldier.Weare it fellow,
As an honour in thy cap,till I do challenge it.
Giue him the crownes.Come Captaine *Flewellen,*
I must needs haue you friends.

*Flew.* By Iesus,the fellow hath mettall enough
In his belly.Harke you souldier,there is a shilling for you,
And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & dissentiõs,
And looke you,it shall be the better for you.

*Soul.* Ile none of your money sir,not I.

*Flew.* Why tis a good shilling man.
Why should you be queamish? Your shoes are not so good:
It will serue you to mend your shoes.

*Kin.* What men of sort are taken vnckle?

*Exe. Charles* Duke of *Orleance*,Nephew to the King.
*Iohn* Duke of *Burbon*,and Lord *Bowchquall.*
Of other Lords and Barrons,Knights and Squiers,
Full fifteene hundred,besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French,that in the field lyes slaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Charles de le Brute*, hie Conſtable of *France*.
*Iaques* of *Chattillian*, Admirall of *France*.
The Maiſter of the crosbows, *Iohn* Duke *Alõſon*.
Lord *Ranbieres*, hie Maiſter of *France*.
The braue ſir *Gwigzard*, *Dolphin*, Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie*, and *Roſſe*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*.
*Gerard* and *Verton*. *Vandemant* and *Leſtra*.
Here was a royall fellowſhip of death.
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?
*Edward* the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Eſquier:
And of all other, but fiue and twentie.
O God thy arme was here,
And vnto thee alone, aſcribe we praiſe.
When without ſtrategem,
And in euen ſhock of battle, was euer heard
So great, and litle loſſe, on one part and an other.
Take it God, for it is onely thine.

*Exe.* Tis wonderfull.

*King.* Come let vs go on proceſſion through the camp:
Let it be death proclaimed to any man,
To boaſt hereof, or take the praiſe from God,
Which is his due.

*Flew.* Is it lawful, and it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
To tell how many is kild?

*King.* Yes *Flewellen*, but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

*Flew.* Yes in my conſcience, he did vs great good.

*King.* Let there be ſung, Nououes and te Deum.
The dead with charitie enterred in clay:
Weele then to *Calice*, and to England then,
Where nere from *France*, arriude more happier men.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Gower, and Flewellen.*

*Gower.* But why do you weare your Leeke to day?

Saint



Saint *Danies* day is paſt?

*Flew.* There is occaſion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore,
The other day looke you, *Piſtolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and ſault, and bids me
Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where *I* could moue no diſcentions:
But if *I* can ſee him, *I* ſhall tell him,
A litle of my deſires.

*Gow.* Here a comes, ſwelling like a Turkecocke.

*Enter Piſtoll.*

*Flew.* Tis no matter for his ſwelling, and his turkecocks,
God pleſſe you Antient *Piſtoll*, you ſcall,
Beggerly, lowſie knaue, God pleſſe you.

*Piſt.* Ha, art thou bedlem?
Doſt thou thurſt baſe Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, *I* am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leeke.

*Flew.* Antient *Piſtoll*. I would deſire you becauſe
It doth not agree with your ſtomacke, and your appetite,
And your digeſtions, to eate this Leeke.

*Piſt.* Not for *Cadwalleder* and all his goates.

*Flew.* There is one goate for you Antient Piſtol.

*He ſtrikes him.*

*Piſt.* Bace Troyan, thou ſhall dye.

*Flew.* I, I know I ſhall dye, meane time, I would
Deſire you to liue and eate this Leeke.

*Gower.* Inough Captaine, you haue aſtoniſht him.

*Flew.* Aſtoniſht him, by *Ieſu*, Ile beate his head.
Foure dayes, and foure nights, but Ile
Make him eate ſome part of my Leeke.

*Piſt.* Well muſt I byte?

*Flew.* I

*Flew.* I out of queſtion or doubt, or ambiguities
You muſt byte.
*Piſt.* Good good.
*Flew.* I Leekes are good, Antient *Piſtoll.*
There is a ſhilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.
*Piſt.* Me a ſhilling.
*Flew.* If you will not take it,
I haue an other Leeke for you.
*Piſt.* I take thy ſhilling in earneſt of reconing.
*Flew.* If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,
You ſhalbe a woodmonger,
And by cudgels, God bwy you,
Antient *Piſtoll*, God bleſſe you,
And heale your broken pate.
Antient *Piſtoll*, if you ſee Leekes an other time,
Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.
*Exit Flewellen.*

*Piſt.* All hell ſhall ſtir for this.
Doth Fortune play the huſwye with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?
Well *France* farwell, newes haue I certainly
That Doll is ſicke. One mallydie of *France*,
The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.
Bawd will I turne, and vſe the flyte of hand:
To England will I ſteale,
And there Ile ſteale.
And patches will I get vnto theſe skarres,
And ſweare I gat them in the Galha warres.
*Exit Piſtoll.*

*Enter at one doore, the King of* England *and his Lords. And at the other doore, the King of* France, *Queene* Katherine, *the Duke of* Burbon, *and others.*

*Harry.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
And



And to our brother *France*, Faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely couſen *Katherine.*
And as a branch, and member of this ſtock:
We do ſalute you Duke of *Burgondie.*
*Fran.* Brother of *England*, right ioyous are we to behold
Your face, ſo are we Princes Engliſh euery one.
*Duk.* With pardon vnto both your mightines.
Let it not diſpleaſe you, if I demaund
What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,
To keepe you from the gentle ſpeech of peace?
*Har.* If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,
You muſt buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our articles.
*Fran.* We haue but with a curſenary eye,
Oreviewd them: pleaſeth your Grace,
To let ſome of your Counſell ſit with vs,
We ſhall returne our peremptory anſwere.
*Har.* Go Lords, and ſit with them,
And bring vs anſwere backe.
Yet leaue our couſen *Katherine* here behind.
*France.* Withall our hearts.

*Exit King and the Lords. Manet*, Harry, Katherine, *and the Gentlewoman.*

*Hate.* Now *Kate*, you haue a blunt wooer here
Left with you.
If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my ſaddle,
Without brag be it ſpoken,
Ide make compare with any.
But leauing that *Kate*,
If thou takeſt me now,
Thou ſhalt haue me at the worſt:



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

And in wearing, thou shalt haue me better and better,
Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.
But dooſt thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint *Denis*,
And Saint *George*, ſhall get a boy,
That ſhall goe to *Conſtantinople*,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*?
*Kate*. Is it poſſible dat me ſall
Loue de enemie de *France*.
*Harry*. No *Kate*, tis vnpoſſible
You ſhould loue the enemie of *France*:
For *Kate*, I loue *France* ſo well,
That Ile not leaue a Village,
Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours,
Then *France* is yours,
And you are mine.
*Kate*. I cannot tell what is dat.
*Harry*. No *Kate*,
Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.
Let me ſee, Saint *Dennis* be my ſpeed.
Quan *France* et mon.
*Kate*. Dat is, when *France* is yours.
*Harry*. Et vous ettes amoy.
*Kate*. And I am to you.
*Harry*. Douck *France* ettes a vous:
*Kate*. Den *France* ſall be mine.
*Harry*. Et Ie ſuyues a vous.
*Kate*. And you will be to me.
*Har*. Wilt beleeue me *Kate*? tis eaſier for me
To conquer the kingdome, thē to ſpeak ſo much
More French.





*Kate*. A your Maieſty has falſe *France* inough
To deceiue de beſt Lady in *France*.
*Harry*. No faith *Kate* not I. But *Kate*,
In plaine termes, do you loue me?
*Kate*. I cannot tell.
*Harry*. No, can any of your neighbours tell?
Ile aske them.
Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.
And ſoone when you are in your cloſſet,
Youle queſtion this Lady of me.
But I pray thee ſweete *Kate*, vſe me mercifully,
Becauſe I loue thee cruelly.
That I ſhall dye *Kate*, is ſure:
But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.
What Wench,
A ſtraight backe will growe crooked.
A round eye will growe hollowe.
A great leg will waxe ſmall,
A curld pate proue balde:
But a good heart Kate, is the ſun and the moone,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore *Kate* take me,
Take a ſouldier: take a ſouldier,
Take a King.
Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?
*Kate*. Dat is as pleaſe the King my father.
*Harry*. Nay it will pleaſe him:
Nay it ſhall pleaſe him *Kate*.
And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kiſſe you.
*Ka*. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke choſſe
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en ſouor.
*Harry*. What ſaies ſhe Lady?
*Lady*. Dat it is not de faſion en *France*,
For de maides, before da be married to



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

May foy ie oblye, what is to baſſie?
*Har.* To kis, to kis. O that tis not the
Faſhion in *Frannce*, for the maydes to kis
Before they are married.
*Lady.* Owye ſee votree grace.
*Har.* Well, weele breake that cuſtome.
Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld.
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
In your kiſſes:
And may perſwade with me more,
Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned.

*Enter the King of France, and the Lordes.*

How now my Lords?
*France.* Brother of England,
We haue orered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in ſedule had.
*Exe.* Only he hath not ſubſcribed this,
Where your maieſtie demaunds,
That the king of *France* hauing any occaſion
To write for matter of graunt,
Shall name your highneſſe, in this forme:
And with this addition in French.
*Noſtre treſher filz, Henry Roy D'anglaterre,*
*E heare de France.* And thus in Laun:
*Preclariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Anglie,*
*Et heres Francie.*
*Fran.* Nor this haue we ſo nicely ſtood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the ſame.
*Har.* Why then let this among the reſt,
Haue his full courſe: And withall,
Your daughter *Katherine* in mariage.





*Fran.* This and what elſe,
Your maieſtie ſhall craue.
God that diſpoſeth all, giue you much ioy.
*Har.* Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come giue me thy hand:
Our mariage will we preſent ſolemniſe,
And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Then will I ſweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee:
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

FINIS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

THE

# Chronicle Hiſtory

of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in France. Together with an-cient *Piſtoll.*

*As it hath bene ſundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.*

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIA

Printed for *T. P.* 1608.

# The Chronicle Hiſtorie of Henry the fift: with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Togither with Ancient *Piſtoll*.

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, two Biſhops, Clarence, and other Attendants.*

*Exeter.*

SHall I call in th'Ambaſſadors my Liege?

*King.* Not yet my couſin, till we be reſolu'd
Of ſome ſerious matters touching vs and *France*.

*Byſh.* God and his Angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it.

*King.* Sure we thanke you: and good my Lord proceed
Why the Law *Salique* which they haue in *France*,
Or ſhould or ſhould not ſtop in vs our claime:
And God forbid my wiſe and learned Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, frame, or wreſt the ſame.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence ſhall incite vs too.
Therefore take heede how you impawne our perſon,
How you awake the ſleeping ſword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heede.
After this coniuration, ſpeake my Lord:
And we will iudge, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you ſpeake, is waſht as pure
As ſin in baptiſme.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Bish.* Then heare me gracious Soueraigne, & you Peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith, and seruices
To this imperiall Throne:
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to France,
But one; which they produce from *Faramount*:
No female shall succeed in *Salique* Land;
Which *Salique* Land, the French vniustly gloze
To be the Realme of France,
And *Faramount* the founder of this law and female barre.
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salique* lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the floods of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons
There left behinde, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germane women,
For some dishonest manners of their liues,
Establisht there this Law. To wit,
No female shall succeed in *Salique* Land:
Which *Salique* land (as I haue sayd before)
Is at this time in Germany, call'd *Mesene*.
Thus doth it well appeare, the *Salique* law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salique* land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares
After the function of King *Faramount*,
Godly supposd the founder of this Law.
*Hugh Capet* also that vsurpt the Crowne,
To fine his Title with some shew of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and nought:
Conuey'd himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresayd Duke of *Lorain*,
So that as cleere as is the summers Sun,
King *Pipins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this *Salique* Law





To barre your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Then amply to embrace their crooked causes,
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors.
*K.* May we with right and conscience make this claime?
*Bi.* The sin vpon my head dread Soueraigne:
For in the booke of Numbers it is writ,
When the sonne dyes, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord, stand for your owne,
Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great Grandsires graue,
From whom you claime:
And your great Vnckle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy,
Making defeate on the full power of *France*,
Whilst his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
Foraging the blood of French Nobility.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their forces the full power of *France*:
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and colde for action.
*King.* We must not onely arme vs gainst the *French*,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.
*Bi.* The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guard your England from the pilfering borderers.
*King.* We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But feare the maine entendment of the Scot:
For you shall read, neuer my great Grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his vnfurnisht kingdome,
Came pouring like the tide into a breach,
That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the bruit hereof.
*Bish.* She hath bin then more fear'd then hurt my Lord:



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

For heare her but examplified by her selfe,
When all her chiualry hath bene in *France*,
And she a mourning widdow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded (as a stray) the King of *Scotter*,
VVhom like a caytiffe she did leade to *France*,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise,
As is the owse and bottome of the sea,
VVith sunken wracke, and shipplesse treasurie.
*Lord.* There is a saying very old and true,
If you will *France* win,
Then with *Scotland* first begin:
For once the Eagle *England* being in pray,
To his vnfurnisht Nest the weazle *Scot*
VVould sucke her Egges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To spoyle and hauocke more then she can eat.
*Exe.* It followes then, the Cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a curst necessity,
Since we haue traps to catch the petty theeues:
VVhilst that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The aduised head controlles at home:
For gouernment though high or low, being put in parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke.
*Bish.* True, therefore doth heauen
Diuide the fate of man in diuers functions:
VVhereto is added as an ayme or But, Obedience:
For so liue the hony bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of sort;
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venture Trade abroad:
Others, like soldiours armed in their stings,
Make boot vpon the sommers Veluet bud:
VVhich pillage they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royall of their Emperor;
Who busied in his maiesty, behold

The



The singing Masons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuill Citizens lading vp the hony,
The sad-ey'd Iustice with his surly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazie caning drone,
This I inferre, that twenty actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many arrowes losed seuerall wayes, fly to one marke:
As many seuerall wayes meete in one Towne:
As many fresh streames run in one selfe-sea:
As many lines close in the diall center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well born without defect.
Therefore my Liege to *France*,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Of which take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withall, shall make all *Gallia* shake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of policy and hardinesse.
*Kin.* Call in the messenger sent from the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble sinnewes of our Land,
*France* being ours, weel bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces:
Either our Chronicles shall with full mouth speake
Freely of our acts, or else like tongueleſſe mutes,
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph:
*Enter the Ambassadors from France.*
Now are we well prepard to know the Dolphins pleasure
For we heare your comming is from him.
*Ambas.* Pleaseth your Maiesty to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge,
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure, and our Embassage?
*King.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.

There-

Therefore freely, and with vncurbed boldneſſe
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.
*Ambaſ.* Then this in fine the Dolphin ſaith,
VVhereas you claime certaine Townes in France,
From your predeceſſor King *Edward* the third,
This he returnes:
He ſaith, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne,
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there:
Therefore he ſendeth meeter for your ſtudie
This tun of treaſure: and in lieu of this,
Deſires to let the Dukedomes that you crane
Heare no more from you. This the Dolphin ſaith.
*King.* VVhat treaſure Vnckle?
*Exe.* Tennis balles my Liege.
*King.* Wee are glad the Dolphin is ſo pleaſant with vs,
Your meſſage, and his preſent we accept.
When we haue matcht our Rackets to theſe balles,
We wil by Gods grace play him ſuch a ſet,
Shal ſtrike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the courts of France ſhalbe diſturbd with chaſes.
And we vnderſtand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder daies,
Not meaſuring what vſe we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore ſeate of England,
And therefore gaue our ſelues to barbarous Licenſe,
As tis common ſeene,
That men are merrieſt when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our ſtate,
Be like a King, mighty, and command,
When we do rowſe vs in the Throne of France.
For this we haue layd by our Maieſty,
And plodded like a man for working dayes.
But we will riſe therewith ſo full of glory,
That we will dazle all the eyes of France,
I ſtrike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs.





And tell him this,
His mocke hath turn'd his balles to gun-ſtones,
And his ſoule ſhall ſit ſore charged, for the waſtfull
Vengeance that ſhall flye from them,
For this his mocke,
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands,
Mocke mothers from their ſonnes, mocke Caſtles down.
I, ſome are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That ſhall haue cauſe to curſe the Dolphins ſcorne.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom we do appeale: and in whoſe name,
Tell you the Dolphin we are comming on,
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a right cauſe: ſo get you hence, and tell your Prince,
His ieſt will ſauour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with ſafe conduct; ſee them hence.
*Exe.* This was a merry meſſage.
*King.* We hope to make the ſ[illegible]'er bluſh at it:
Therfore let our collection for the wars be ſoon prouided
For God before, weel check the Dolphin at his fathers
Doore: therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire action may on foote be brought.
*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Nim and Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Good morrow Corporall *Nim.*
*Nim.* Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe.*
*Bar.* What, is Ancient *Piſtoll* and thee friends yet?
*Nim.* I cannot tell, things muſt be as they may:
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron,
Tis a ſimple one, but what tho; twil ſerue to toſte cheeſe,
And it will endure cold as another mans ſword will,
And theres the humour of it.
*Bar.* Ifaith Miſtreſſe *Quickly* did thee great wrong,
For thou wert troth-plight to her.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Nim.* I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throates about them
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

*Bar.* Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*
and thee friends. What a plague should we carry knives
to cut our owne throates.

*Nim.* Ifaith ile liue as long as I may, that's the certaine of
it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And there's my rest, and the randeuous of it.

*Enter Pistoll, and Hostes Quickly his wife.*

*Bar.* Good morrow ancient *Pistoll*,
heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

*Nim.* How do you my host?

*Pist.* Base slaue, callest thou me host?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

*Host.* No by my troth not I,
For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen
That liue honestly by the pricke of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord, heere's Corporall *Nim*, now shall
We haue wilfull adultery and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword. *Nim.* Push.

*Pist.* What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland

*Nim.* Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

*Pist.* Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus
In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,
And *Pistols* flashing fiery cocke is vp.

*Nim.* I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniure me;
I haue an humor *Pistoll* to knocke you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*,
Ile scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.





If you will walke off a little,
Ile pricke your guts a little in good termes,
And there's the humor of it.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The graue doth gape, and groaning death is neere,
Therefore exall. *They draw.*

*Bar.* Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a Souldier.

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

*Nim.* Ile cut your throat at one time or another
In faire termes: and there's the humor of it.

*Pist.* Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen;
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch foorth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is enough.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Hostes, you must come straight to my Master,
And you host *Pistoll*.
Good *Bardolfe* put thy nose betweene the sheetes,
And do the office of a warning pan.

*Host.* By my troth hee'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of
these dayes.
Ile go to him, husband you'l come?

*Bar.* Come *Pistoll* be friends.
*Nim*, prethee be friends, and if thou wilt not,
Be enemies with me too.

*Ni.* I shal haue my eight shillings I won of you at betting

*Pist.* Base is the slaue that payes.

*Ni.* That now I will haue, and there's the humor of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*

*Bar.* He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.

*Pi.* Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Nim.* I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at betting.

*Pist.* A noble shalt thou haue, and ready pay,
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,
And friendship shall combinde out brotherhood,
Ile liue by *Nim*, as *Nim* shall liue by me:
Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will accrue.

*Nim.* I shall haue my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most truely paid.

*Nim.* Why theres the humor of it.

*Enter Hostes.*

*Hostes.* As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn*, poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

*Pist.* Let vs condole the knight; for lamkins we will liue.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Exeter and Gloster.*

*Glost.* Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust these traytors.

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*Glost.* I but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with Princely fauors,
That he should for a forreigne purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

*Exe.* O the Lord of *Massham*.

*Enter the King and three Lords.*

*King.* Now sirs, the winde is faire, and we will aboord;
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Massham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs Conquerors in the field of *France*?

*Massham.* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

*Cam.*



*Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then is your Maiesty.

*Grey.* Euen those that were your fathers enemies
Haue steeped their gals in hony for your sake.

*King.* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnesse,
And shall forget the office of our hands;
According to their cause and worthinesse.

*Mas.* So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruice.

*King.* Vnckle of Exeter, enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that raild against our person,
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

*Mas.* That is mercy, but too much security;
Let him be punisht Soueraigne,
Least the example of him, breed more of such a kinde.

*King.* O let vs yet be mercifull.

*Cam.* So may your highnesse, and punish too.

*Grey.* You shew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taste of his correction.

*King.* Alasse, your too much care and loue of me,
Are heauy orisons against the poore wretch,
If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Should not be winked at,
How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed, and digested, appeare before vs;
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender preseruation of our state,
Would haue him punisht.
Now to our French causes.
Who are the late Commissioners?

*Cam.* Me one my Lord,
Your highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

*Mas.* So did you me my Soueraigne.

*Grey.* And me my Lord.



*King.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*King.* Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours.
There is yours, my Lord of *Masham*:
And sir *Thomas Grey*, knight of *Northumberland*,
This same is yours;
Reade them, and know we know your worthinesse.
Vnckle *Exeter*, I will aboord to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers,
That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?
*Cam.* I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercy.
*Masb.* To which we all appeale.
*King.* The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is fore-stald and done:
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their masters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
These english Monsters:
My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt we were to grace him
In all things belonging to his honor;
And this vilde man hath for a few light crownes,
Lightly conspir'd and sworne vnto the practises of *France*,
To kill vs heere in *Hampton*. To the which,
This knight, no lesse in bounty bound to vs
Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworne.
But oh, what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell, ingratefull, and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightst haue coyn'd me into gold;
Wouldst thou haue practisde on me for thy vse?
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?
Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shew as grose





As blacke from white, mine eye will scarsely see it.
Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practises.
*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Masham*.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Thomas Grey*,
Knight of *Northumberland*.
*Masb.* Our purposes God iustly hath discouered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your Maiesty forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.
*King.* God quit you in his mercy.
Heare your sentence.
You haue conspir'd against our royall Person,
Ioyned with an enemy proclaim'd and fixed.
And from his Coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death,
Touching our person we seeke no redresse,
But we our kingdomes safety must so tender,
Whose ruine you haue sought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you.
Get you hence, poore miserable creatures to your death,
The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you patience
To endure, and true repentance of all your deeds amisse:
Beare them hence.

*Exit three Lords.*

Now Lords to *France*: The enterprise whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successiuely. (way,
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our
Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance;
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter*

*Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hoster, and a boy.*

*Host.* I prethee sweet heart,
Let me bring thee so farre as *Staines*.
*Pist.* No fur, no fur.
*Bar.* Well, sir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.
*Host.* I, he is in *Arthors* bosome, if euer any were,
He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide;
His nose was as sharpe as a pen;
For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,
And talke of flowers, and smile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.
How now sir *Iohn*, quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone,
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And so vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as stone,
*Nim.* They say he cride out on Sacke.
*Host.* I that he did.
*Boy.* And of women.
*Host.* No that he did not.
*Boy.* Yes that he did, & sed they were diuels incarnste.
*Host.* Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
*Nim.* Well, he did cry out on women.
*Host.* Indeed he did in some sort handle women
But then he was rumaticke,
And talkt of the whore of Babilon.
*Boy.* Hostes, do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* nose, and sed it was a blacke soule
Burning in hell?

*Bard.*



*Bar.* Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.
*Nim.* Shall we shog off?
The king will be gone from *Southampton*.
*Pist.* Cleare vp thy cristals,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables;
Trust none; the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold fast is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.
*Bar.* Farewell hostesse.
*Nim.* I cannot kis, and theres the humor of it.
But adieu.
*Pist.* Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others.*

*King.* Now you Lords of *Orleance*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of England is not slacke,
For he is footed on this Land already.
*Dolphin.* My gracious Lord,
Tis meete we all go foorth,
And arme vs against the foe:
And view the weake and sickly parts of *France*:
But let vs do it with no shew of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were troubled with a Morris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.
*Con.* O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceiue your selfe,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſador,
With what regard he heard his Embaſſage,
How well ſupplied with aged Counſellors,
And how his reſolution anſwer'd him,
You then would ſay, that *Harry* was not wilde.
*King.* Well, thinke we *Harry* ſtrong,
And ſtrongly arme vs to preuent the foe.
*Con.* My Lord, heere is an Ambaſſador
From the King of England.
*King.* Bid him come in.
You ſee this chaſe is hotly followed, Lords.
*Dol.* My gracious father, cut vp this Engliſh ſhort,
Selfe-loue my Liege is not ſo vile a thing
As ſelfe-neglecting.

*Enter Exeter.*

*King.* From our brother of England?
*Exe.* From him, and thus he greets your Maieſty;
He wils you in the name of God Almighty,
That you deueſt your ſelfe, and lay apart
That borrowed title, which by gift of heauen,
Of law, of nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his heires; namely the Crowne
And all wide ſtretched titles that belongs
Vnto the crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vaniſht daies
Nor from the duſt of old oblition rackt,
He ſends you theſe moſt memorable lines,
In euery branch truely demonſtrated:
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his moſt famed and famous Anceſtors,
*Edward* the third; he bids you then reſigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the natiue and true Challenger.

*King.*



*King.* If not, what followes?
*Exe.* Bloody cõſtraint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempeſt is he comming
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widows teares
The orphants cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maidens grones,
For husbands, fathers, and diſtreſſed louers,
Which ſhall be ſwallowed in this controuerſie.
This is his claime, his threatning, & my meſſage,
Vnleſſe the Dolphin be in preſence heere,
To whom expreſly we bring greeting too.
*Dol.* For the Dolphin? I ſtand here for him,
What to heare from England.
*Exe.* Scorn & defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at:
Thus ſaith my King. Vnles your fathers highnes
Sweeten the bitter mocke you ſent his Maieſty,
Hee'l call you to ſo loud an anſwer for it,
That Caues and wombly Vaults of *France*
Shall chide your treſpaſſe, & returne your mock,
In ſecond accent of his Ordenance.
*Dol.* Say that my father render faire reply,
It is againſt my will:
For I deſire nothing ſo much,
As oddes with England.
And for that cauſe, according to his youth,
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balles.
*Exe.* Hee'l make your *Paris* Louer ſhake for it,
Were it the Miſtreſſe Court of mighty *Europe*.
And be aſſured, you'l finde a difference,
As we his ſubiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene his yonger daies, and theſe he muſters now;



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

Now he weighes time euen to the lateſt graine,
Which you ſhall finde in your owne loſſes,
If we ſtay in *France*.
*King*. Well, for vs you ſhall returne our anſwer backe
To our brother of England.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, and Boy.*

*Nim*. Before God heeres hot ſeruice.
*Piſt*. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vaſſals drop and dye.
*Nim*, Tis honor, and there's the humor of it.
*Boy*. Would I were in London,
Ide giue all my honour for a pot of Ale.
*Piſt*. And I: if wiſhes would preuaile,
I would not ſtay, but thither would I hie.

*Enter Flewellen, and beats them in.*

*Flew*. Gods plud, vp to the breaches
You raſcals, will you not vp to the breaches?
*Nim*. Abate thy rage ſweete knight,
Abate thy rage.
*Boy*. Well, I would I were once from them;
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their Gloues and their
Handkerchers, they will ſteale any thing.
*Bardolfe* ſtole a Lute-caſe, carried it three mile,
And ſold it for three halfepence.
*Nim* ſtole a fire-ſhouell,
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

*Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, and Boy.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Gower*. Captaine *Flewellen*, you muſt come ſtrait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloſter*.

*Flew.*



*Flew*. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not ſo good
To come to the Mines: the concuaueties is otherwiſe,
You may diſcuſſe to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himſelfe fiue yards vnder the countermines:
By *Ieſhu* I thinke hoel blow vp all,
If there be no better direction.

*Alarum. Enter the King and his Lords.*

*King*. How yet reſolues the Gouernor of the Towne?
This is the lateſt parley weel admit;
Therefore to our beſt mercy giue your ſelues,
Or like to men proud of deſtruction, defie vs to our worſt,
For as I am a ſouldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me beſt, if we begin the battery once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
Till in her aſhes ſhe be buried,
The gates of mercy are all ſhut vp.
What ſay you, will you yeeld and this auoid,
Or guilty in defence be thus deſtroid?

*Enter Gouernor.*

*Gouer*. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of ſuccour we entreated,
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege: therefore dread King,
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenſiue now.

*Enter Katherine and Alice.*

*Kate. Alice* venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
Coman ſae palla vou la main en francoy.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Alice*. La main madam de han.
*Kate*. E da bras.
*Alice*. De arma madam.
*Kate*. Le main da han la bras de arma,
*Alice*. Owye Madam.
*Kate*. E Coman fa pella vow la menton a la coll.
*Alice*. De neck, e de cin, Madam.
*Kate*. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.
*Alice*. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo Madam.
*Kate*. Ecowte Ie reherſera, towt cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.
*Alice*. De elbo Madam.
*Kate*. O Ieſu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
*Alice*. May foy Madam, vou parla au ſe bon Angloy,
Aſie vous aues ettue en Englatara.
*Kate*. Par la grace de deu an petty tanes. Ie parle milleur
Coman ſe pella vou le peid e le robe.
*Alice*. Le foot, e le con.
*Kate*. Le foot, e le con, O Ieſu! Ie ne veu poinct parle,
Sie plus deuant le cho cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.
*Alice*. Madam, de foote, e le con.
*Kate*. O et ill auſie, ecoute *Alice*, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.
*Alice*. Cet fort bon Madam.
*Kate*. A loues a diner.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King of France, Lord Conſtable, the Dolphin, and Bourbon.*

*King*. Tis certaine he is paſt the Riuer *Some*.
*Con*. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few ſpranes of vs.
(The emptying of our fathers luxery)

Out-



Outgrow their grafters.
*Bur*. Normanes, baſtard Normanes, mor du,
And if they paſſe vnfought withall,
Ieſell my Dukedome for a foggy Farme
In that ſhort nooke Ile of England.
*Con*. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their Climate raw, foggy, and cold.
On whom, as in diſdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broth, a drench for ſwolne Iades,
Their ſodden water decockt ſuch liuely blood?
And ſhall our quicke blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seeme froſty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Iceſickles
Vpon our houſes tops, while they (a more froſty Climate)
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.
*King*. Conſtable diſpatch, ſend *Montioy* foorth,
To know what willing ranſome he will giue:
Sonne *Dolphin*, you ſhall ſtay in *Rhone* with me.
*Dol*. Not ſo, I do beſeech your Maieſty.
*King*. Well, I ſay it ſhall be ſo.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Gower and Flewellen.*

*Gower*. How now Captaine *Flewellen*,
Come you from the bridge?
*Flew*. By Ieſus there's excellent ſeruice committed at
the bridge?
*Gower*. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?
*Flew*. The Duke of *Exeter* is a man whom I loue,
And I honour, and I worſhip with my ſoule,
And my heart, and my life,
And my lands, and my liuings,
And my vttermoſt powers:
The Duke is looke you,
God be praiſed and pleaſed for it,
No harme in the worell.

He

He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly:
There is an Enſigne there, B
I do not know how you call him,
But by *Ieſhu* I thinke he is as valiant as *Marke Anthony*,
He doth maintaine the Bridge moſt gallantly;
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;
But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruice.
*Gouer.* how do you call him?
*Flew.* his name is ancient *Piſtoll*.
*Gouer.* I know him not.

*Enter Ancient Piſtoll.*

*Flew.* Do you not know him, here comes the man.
*Piſt.* Captaine, I thee beſeech to do me a fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.
*Flew.* I, and I praiſe God I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.
*Piſt.* *Bardolfe* a ſouldier, one of buxſome valour,
Hath by furious fate, and giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That God's blinde that ſtands vpon the rowling reſtleſſe ſtone.
*Flew.* By your patience Ancient *Piſtoll*,
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,
With a muffler before her eyes,
To ſignifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:
And ſhe is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconſtant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a ſphericall ſtone,
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;
Surely the Poet is make an excellent deſcription of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is an excellent Morall.
*Piſt.* Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath ſtolne a packs, and hangd muſt he be;
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,

Let



Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe ſtop.
But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of petty price:
Therefore go ſpeake, the Duke will heare thy voice,
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall thred be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.
*Flew.* Captaine *Piſtoll*, I partly vnderſtand your meaning.
*Piſt.* Why then reioyce therefore.
*Flew.* Certainly Ancient *Piſtoll*,
Tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would wiſh the Duke
To do his pleaſure, and put him to executions;
For looke you, diſciplines ought to be kept,
They ought to be kept.
*Piſt.* Die and be damned, and a fig for thy friendſhip.
*Flew.* That is good.
*Piſt.* The figge of *Spaine* within thy Iaw.
*Flew.* That is very well.
*Piſt.* I ſay the fig within thy bowels & thy durty maw.
*Exit Piſtoll.*
*Flew.* Captaine *Gower*, cannot you heare it lighten and thunder?
*Gower.* Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cut-purſe.
*Flew.* By Ieſus he is vtter as praue words vpon the bridge
As you ſhall deſire to ſee in a ſommers day;
But tis all one, what he hath ſed to me,
Looke you, is all one.
*Gower.* Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue
That goes to the wars onely to grace himſelfe
At his returne to London:
And ſuch fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commanders names.
They will learne by rote where ſeruices were done,
At ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach,

D At

At such a conuoy, who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemy stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they tricke vp with new tun'd oathes,
And what a beard of the Generals cut,
And a horrid shout of the Campe
Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slanders of this age,
Or else you may meruellously be mistooke.
*Flew.* Certaine Captaine *Gower*, it is not the man,
Looke you, that I did take him to be:
But when time shall serue, I shall tell him a little
Of my desires: heere comes his Maiesty.

*Enter King, Clarence, Gloster, and others.*

*King.* How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?
*Flew.* I and it shall please your Maiesty,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.
*King.* What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?
*Flew.* And it shall please your Maiesty,
The partition of the aduersary hath beene great,
Very reasonably great, but for our owne parts,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a Church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiesty
Know the man, his face is full of whelks, and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a coale, sometimes red, sometimes plew;
But God be praised, now his nose is executed,
And his fire out.
*King.* We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And here we giue expresse commandement,
That there be nothing taken from the villages
But paid for; none of the French abused,
Or vpbraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

*Enter*



*Enter the French Herauld.*

*Herald.* You know me by my habite.
*King.* Well then, we know thee,
What should we know of thee?
*Her.* My Masters minde. *King.* Vnfold it.
*Her.* Go thee vnto *Harry* of England, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:
Although we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.
Now we speake vpon our kue, & our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly, see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. VVhich to ransome,
His pettinesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake;
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe kneeling
At our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
To this, adde defiance.
So much from the King my Master.
*King.* VVhat is thy name? we know thy quality.
*Herald. Montioy.*
*King.* Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now;
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis*; for to say the sooth,
(Though tis no wisedome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My souldiers are with sickneſſe much enfeebled,
My Army lessened, and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:
VVho when they were in heart, I tell thee Herald,
I thought vpon one paire of English legs,
Did march three Frenchmens.
Yet God forgiue me, that I do brag thus;
Your aire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy Master here I am,
My ransome is this fraile and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly guard.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such another neighbor stood in our way;
If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny grouud with your red blood discolour
So *Montioy* get you gone, there's for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.
*Herald.* I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiesty.
*Glost.* My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
*King.* We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exit.*

*Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, and Gebon.*
*Con.* Tut, I haue the best armour in the world.
*Orleance.* You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.
*Bur.* Now you talke of a horse,
I haue a steed like the Palfrey of the sunne,
Nothing but pure aire and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.
*Orleance.* He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.
*Bur.* And of the heate of the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus, Wonder of nature.
*Con.* I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.
*Bur.* Why then did they imitate
That which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my Mistresse.
*Con.* Ma foy the other day, me-thought
Your Mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

*Bur.*



*Bur.* I, bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,
My Mistresse weares her owne haire.
*Con.* I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had a Sow to my Mistresse.
*Bur.* Tut, thou wilt make vse of any thing.
*Con.* Yet I do not vse my horse for my Mistresse.
*Bur.* Will it neuer be morning?
Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shall be paued with english faces.
*Con.* By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be out-faced of my way.
*Bur.* Well, ile go arme my selfe; hay. *Exit.*
*Gebon.* The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning.
*Orleance.* I, he longs to eate the English.
*Con.* I thinke hee'l eate all he kils.
*Orlean.* O peace, ill will neuer said well.
*Con.* Ile cap that Prouerbe,
With there's flattery in friendship.
*Orle.* O sir, I can answer that,
With giue the Diuell his due.
*Con.* Haue at the eye of that Prouerbe,
With a iogge of the Diuell.
*Orle.* Well, the Duke of *Burbon* is simply
The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.
*Con.* Doing his actiuity, and hee'l still be doing.
*Orle.* He neuer did hurt as I heard off.
*Con.* No I warrant you, nor neuer will.
*Orle.* I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
*Con.* I was told so by one that knowes him better then you.
*Orle.* Whose that?
*Con.* Why he told me so himselfe.
And said he cared not who knew it.
*Orle.* Well, who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred English prisoners?
*Con.* You must go to hazard your selfe,

Before

Before you haue them.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lords, the English lie within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

*Con.* VVho hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord *Granpeere.*

*Con.* A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away,
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.*

*Pist.* Ke ve la?

*King.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

*King.* No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

*Pist.* Trailes thou the puissant Pike?

*King.* Euen so sir. VVhat are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

*King.* O then thou art better then the King.

*Pist.* The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,
A lad of life, an impe of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kis his durty shooe, and from my heart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

*King.* *Harry le Roy.*

*Pist.* *Le Roy*, a Cornish man;
Art thou of Cornish crew?

*King.* No sir, I am a *Welchman.*

*Pist.* A *Welchman*; knowst thou *Flewellen?*

*King.* I sir, he is my kinsman.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*King.* I sir.

*Pist.* Figa for thee then; my name is *Pistoll.*

*King.* It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

*Pist.*



*Pist.* *Pistoll* is my name. *Exit Pistoll.*

*Enter Gower and Flewellen.*

*Gower.* Captaine *Flewellen.*

*Flew.* In the name of Iesu speake lower.
It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the ancient
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the wars of the *Romanes*,
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bibble babble there,
But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.

*Flew.* Godes sollud, if the enemy be an asse & a foole,
And a prating cocks-combe, is it meet that we be also
A foole, and a prating cocks-combe,
In your conscience now?

*Gower.* Ile speake lower.

*Flew.* I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gower.*
*Exit Gower and Flewellen.*

*King.* Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
Yet there's much care in this.

*Enter three Souldiers.*

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul.* I, we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well, I thinke the King could wish himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

*King.* Now masters good morrow, what cheare?

3. *Soul.* Ifaith small cheere some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day to an end.

*King.* Why feare nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *Soul.* I he may be, for he hath no cause as we.

*King.* Nay say not so, he is a man as we are,
The Violet smels to him as vnto vs;
Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

2. *Soul.*

2. *Soul.* But the King hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good; when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say I dyed at such a place. Some swearing;
Some their wiues rawly left;
Some leauing their children poore behinde them.
Now if his cause be bad,
I thinke it will be a greeuous matter to him.
*King.* Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant
As Factor into another Country,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the Master
Was the author of his seruants mis-fortune.
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answer for his seruant,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects;
For they purpose not their deaths,
When they craue their seruices;
Some there are that haue the gift
Of premeditated murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maidens
Now if these out-strip the law,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadle. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans seruice is the Kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moth out of his conscience,
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death;
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.
3. *Soul.* I faith he saies true,
Euery mans fault is on his owne head,





I would not haue the king answer for me,
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.
*King.* Well, I heard the king wold not be ransomd.
2. *Soul.* I he said so, to make vs fight;
But when our throats be cut, he may be ransomd,
And we neuer the wiser.
*King.* If I liue to see that, ile neuer trust his word againe.
2. *Soul.* Masse you'l pay him then,
Tis a great displeasure that an elder
Gun can do against a Cannon,
Or a subiect against a Monarch.
You'l nere take his word againe, you are a nasse, goe.
*King.* Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter;
Were it not at this time I could be angry.
2. *Soul.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.
*King.* How shall I know thee?
2. *Soul.* Here's my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.
*King.* Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.
2. *Soul.* Thou dar'st as well be hangd.
3. *Soul.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels enow in hand,
We haue no need of English broyles.
*King.* Tis no treason to cut French Crownes,
For to morrow the King himselfe will be a clipper.
*Exit the souldiers.*

*Enter to the King, Glocester, Epingham, and Attendants.*

*King.* O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
Take from them now the sence of reckoning,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appale their courage.
O not too day, not too day O God,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compaſſing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it hath beſtow'd more contrite teares,
Then from it iſſued forced drops of blood;
A hundred men haue I in yearely pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen, to pardon blood,
And I haue built two Chanceries, more will I do:
Though all that I can do is all too little.

*Enter Gloſter.*

*Glo.* My Lord.
*King.* My brother Gloſters voice.
*Glo.* My Lord, the army ſtayes vpon your preſence.
*Kin.* Stay Gloſter ſtay, and I will go with thee,
The day, my friends, and all things ſtayes for me.

*Enter Clarence, Gloſter, Exeter, & Salisbury.*

*War.* My Lords, the French are very ſtrong,
*Ex.* There's fiue to one, and yet they are all freſh.
*War.* Of fighting men they haue full forty thouſand.
*Sal.* The oddes is all too great. Farwell kinde Lords:
Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloſter,
My Lord of Warwicke, and to all farewell.
*Cla.* Farewell kinde Lords, fight valiantly to day.
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true ſparkes of honor.

*Enter King.*

*War.* O would we had but ten thouſand men
Now at this inſtant, that doth not worke in England.
*Kin.* Whoſe that, that wiſhes ſo, my couſen Warwick?
Gods will I would not looſe the honour
One man would ſhare from me,
Not for my kingdome.

No



No faith my Coſen, wiſh not one man more,
Rather proclaime it preſently through our camp
That he that hath no ſtomacke to this feaſt
Let him depart, his paſport ſhall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purſe,
We would not dye in that mans company,
That feares his fellowſhip to dye with vs.
This day is called the day of Criſpin:
He that out-liues this day, and ſees olde age,
Shall ſtand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rowſe him at the name of Criſpin.
He that out-liues this day, and comes ſafe home,
Shall yearly on the vigill feaſt his friends,
And ſay, to morrow is S. Criſpins day:
Then ſhall we in their flowing boules
Be newly remembred. *Harry* the King,
*Bedford* and *Exeter*, *Clarence*, and *Gloſter*,
*Warwicke*, and *Yorke*,
Familiar in their mouths as houſhold wordes.
This ſtory ſhall the good man tell his ſon,
And from this day vnto the generall doome,
But we in it ſhall be remembred.
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
For he to day that ſheds his blood by mine
Shall be my brother. Be he nere ſo baſe
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
Then ſhal he ſtrip his ſleeues, & ſhew his ſcars,
And ſay, theſe wounds I had on Criſpins day.
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themſelues accurſt,
They were not there, when any ſpeakes
That fought with vs vpon S. Criſpines day.
*Glo.* My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
*Kin.* Why all things are ready if our mindes be ſo.
*War.* Periſh the man whoſe minde is backward now.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*King.* Thou doſt not wiſh more helpe from England,
Couſen?
*War.* Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battell out.
Why well ſaid. That doth pleaſe me better,
Then to wiſh me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

*Enter the Herauld from the French.*

*Her.* Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for ranſome?
*King.* Who hath ſent thee now?
*Her.* The Conſtable of *France*.
*King.* I prethee beare my former anſwer backe,
Bid them atchieue me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mocke good fellowes thus?
The man that once did ſell the Lyons skin
VVhile the beaſt liued, was kild with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall no doubt
Finde graues within your Realme of *France*:
Though buried in your dunghils, we ſhall be famed,
For there the Sunne ſhall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your clime;
The ſmell whereof, ſhall breed a plague in *France*;
Marke then abundant valour in our Engliſh,
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,
Breakes foorth into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortality:
Let me ſpeake proudly,
There's not a peece of feather in our Campe,
Good argument I hope we ſhall not flye,
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the maſſe, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore ſouldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'l



They'l be in freſher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloaths ore your French ſouldiers eares,
And turne them out of ſeruice. If they do this,
As if it pleaſe God they ſhall,
Then ſhall our ranſome ſoone be leuied;
Saue thou thy labour Herauld,
Come thou no more for ranſome, gentle Herauld.
They ſhall haue nought I ſweare, but theſe my bones:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
VVill yeeld them little, tell the Conſtable.
*Her.* I ſhall deliuer ſo.

*Exit Herald.*

*Yorke.* My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue
The leading of the vaward.
*King.* Take it braue *Yorke*.
Come ſouldiers let's away,
And as thou pleaſeſt God, diſpoſe the day. *Exit.*

*Enter the foure French Lords.*

*Gebon.* O diabello.
*Con.* Mor du ma vie.
*Orle.* O what a day is this!
*Bur.* O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loſt.
*Con.* VVe are enow yet liuing in the field,
To ſmother vp the Engliſh,
If any order might be thought vpon.
*Bur.* A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a baſe leno hold the chamber doore,
VVhy leaſt by a ſlaue no gentler then my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contamuracke.
*Con.* Diſorder that hath ſpoild vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, wee'l offer vp our liues
Vnto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with fame.



Come

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

Come, come along,
Lets dye with honor, our shame doth last too long.
*Exit omnes*

*Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the boy.*

*Pist.* Eyld cur, eyld cur.
*French.* O Monsieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy.
*Pist.* Moy shall not serue, I will haue forty moys.
Boy, aske his name.
*Boy.* Comant ettes v ous apelles?
*Fren.* Monsieur Fer.
*Boy.* He sayes his name is master Fer.
*Pist.* Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,
Boy discusse the same in French.
*Boy.* Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and ferke.
*Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
*Boy.* Feate, vou preat, ill voulles couple votre gorge.
*Pist.* Onye ma foy couple la gorge,
Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious ransome, dye.
One point of a fox.
*Fren.* Qui dit ill monsieur,
Ill dityes si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
*Boy.* La gran ransome, ill voutueres.
*Fren.* O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie
A moy, ey iee donerees pour mon ransome'
Cinquante ocios. Ie suyes vngentelhome de France.
*Pist.* What sayes he boy?
*Boy.* Marry sir he sayes he is a gentleman of a great
House of France, and for his ransome,
He will giue you 500. Crownes.
*Pist.* My fury shall abate,
And I the Crownes will take,
And as I sucke blood, I will some mercie shew.

Folow



Follow me cur.
*Exit omnes*

*Enter the King, his Nobles, and Pistoll.*

*King.* What the French retire?
Yet als not done, the French keepes still the field.
*Ex.* The Duke of Yorke commends him to your Grace.
*Kin.* Liues he good vnkle, twice I saw him downe,
Twice vp againe:
From helmet to the spur, all bleeding ore.
*Exe.* In which array, braue souldier doth he lye,
Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,
Yoake-fellow to his honour-dying wounds,
The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.
Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all wounded ore
Comes to him where in blood he lay all steept,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloudily did yawne vpon his face,
And cryed alowd, tarry deere cousin Suffolke:
My soule shall thine keepe company in heauen:
Tarry deere soule awhile, then flye to rest:
And in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept togither in our Chiualry:
Vpon these words I came and cheer'd them vp,
He tooke me by the hand, saide deere my Lorde,
Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,
So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and so espousd to death
With blood he sealed. An argument
Of neuer-ending loue.
The pretty and sweete manner of it,
Forc'd those waters from me, which I would haue stopte,
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.
*Kin.* I blame you not: for hearing you,
I must conuert to teares.

*Alarum*

*Alarum sounds.*

VVhat new alarum is this?
Bid euery ſouldier kill his priſoner.
*Piſt.* Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.*

*Flew.* Godes plud kill the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be deſired
In the worell now, in your conſcience now.
*Gower.* Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue,
And the cowardly raſcals that ran from the battell,
Themſelues haue done this ſlaughter;
Beſide, they haue carried away and burnt
All that was in the Kings Tent:
VVhereupon the king cauſed euery priſoners
Throat to be cut. Oh he is a worthy King.
*Flew.* I, he was borne at *Monmouth*;
Captaine *Gower*, what call you the place where
*Alexander* the big was borne?
*Gower.* *Alexander* the great.
*Flew.* VVhy I pray, is not big great?
As if I ſay, big, or great, or magnanimous,
I hope tis all one reckoning,
Saue the phraſe is a little varation.
*Gower.* I thinke *Alexander* the great
VVas borne at *Macedon*,
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.
*Flew.* I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed
VVhere *Alexander* was borne:
Looke you Captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the Maps of the worell well,
You ſhall finde little difference betweene
*Macedon* and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is





in *Macedon*, and there is alſo a Riuer
*Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*
Is called Wye.
But tis out of my braine what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis ſo like, as my fingers is to fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you Captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,
You ſhall finde our King is come after *Alexander*,
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his Ales, and his wrath, & his diſpleaſures
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.
*Gow.* I but our King is not like him in that,
For he neuer kild any of his friends.
*Flew.* Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finiſhed:
I ſpeake in the compariſons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Clitus*: ſo our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away the fat Knite
With the great belly doublet:
I am forget his name.
*Gower.* Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.
*Flew.* I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn Falſtaffe indeed,
I can tell you, there's good men borne at *Monmorth*,

*Enter the King and his Lords.*

*King.* I was not angry ſince I came in France,
Vntill this houre.
Take a Trumpet Herauld,
And ride vnto the horſemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our ſight.
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as faſt
As ſtones enforc'd from the old Aſſyrian ſlings.
Beſides, weel cut the throats of thoſe we haue,
And not one aliue ſhall taſte our mercy.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Enter the Herald.*

Gods will what meanes this? knowſt thou not
That we haue fined theſe bones of ours for ranſome?
*Her.* I come great King for charitable fauour,
To ſort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the fielde lye ſpoiled and troden on.
*Kin.* I tell thee truly Herald,
I do not know whether the day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keepe the field.
*Her.* The day is yours.
*Kin.* Praiſed be God therefore:
What Caſtle call you that?
*Her.* We call it Agincourt.
*Kin.* Then call we this the fielde of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Criſpin, Criſpianus.
*Flew.* Your Grandfather of famous memory,
If your Grace be remembred,
Is do good ſeruice in France.
*King.* Tis true *Flewellen.*
*Flew.* Your Maieſty ſayes very true.
And it pleaſe your Maieſty,
The Welſhmen there was do good ſeruice,
In a Garden where Leekes did grow,
And I thinke your Maieſty will take no ſcorne,
To weare a Leeke in your cap vpon S. Dauies day.
*King.* No Flewellen, for I am Welſh as well as you.
*Flew.* All the water in Wye will not waſh your welch
Blood out of you: God keepe it, and preſerue it,
To his graces will and pleaſure.
*King.* Thankes good Countrey-man.
*Flew.* By Ieſu I am your Maieſties Countryman; (man.
I care not who kno it, ſo long as your maieſty is an honeſt
*King.* God keepe me ſo. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the ſcattered French,

*Exit Heralds*

Cal-



Call yonder ſouldier hither.
*Flew.* You fellow, come to the King.
*Kin.* Fellow, why doſt thou weare that gloue in thy hat?
*Soul.* And pleaſe your maieſty, tis a raſcalles that ſwaggard with me the other day: and he hath one of mine, the which if euer I ſee, I haue ſworne to ſtrike him: ſo hath he the like to mee.
*Kin.* How thinke you Flewellen, is it lawfull to keep his Oath?
*Fl.* And it pleaſe your Maieſty tis lawful to keep his vow If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggarly knaue, as treads vpon too blacke ſhooes.
*King.* His enemy may be a Gentleman of worth.
*Flew.* And if he be as good a Gentleman as Lucifer and Belzebub, and the diuell himſelfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vow.
*King.* Well ſirrha keepe your word,
Vnder what Captaine ſerueſt thou?
*Soul.* Vnder Captaine *Gower.*
*Flew.* Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine,
And hath good litterature in the warres.
*Kin.* Go call him hither.
*Soul.* I will my Lord.

*Exit ſouldier.*

*Kin.* Captaine Flewellen, when *Alanſon* and I
Were downe together, I tooke this gloue from's helmet,
Heere Flewellen weare it.
If any challenge it, he is a friend of *Alonſons,*
And an enemy to me.
*Flew.* Your Maieſty doth me as great a fauour,
As can be deſired in the hearts of his ſubiects.
I would ſee that man now that wold challenge this gloue
And it pleaſe God of his grace I would but ſee him,
That is all.
*King. Flewellen* knowſt thou Captaine *Gower*?
*Flew.* Captaine *Gower* is my friend

 And

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

And if it like your maiesty, I know him very well.
*King*. Go call him hither.
*Flew*. I will and it shall please your maiesty.
*Kin*. Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the soldiers:
It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as Gun-powder:
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go-see there be no harme betweene them.

*Enter Captaine Gower, Flewellen, and the Soldier.*

*Flew*. Captaine *Gower*, in the name of Iesu
Come to his maiesty, there is more good towards you
Then you can dreame of.
*Soul*. Do you heare, you sir,
Do you know this gloue?
*Flew*. I know the gloue is a gloue.
*Soul*. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.
*He strikes him.*
*Flew*. Gods plut, and his Captaine *Gower* stand away,
Ile giue treason his due presently.

*Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.*

*King*. How now? Whats the matter?
*Flew*. And it shall please your maiesty,
Heere is the notablest peece of treason come to light
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Heere is a rascall, beggerly rascall is strike the gloue,
Which your maiesty in person
Tooke out of the Helmet of *Alanson*:
And your maiesty will beare me witnesses,

And



And testimonies, and auouchments,
That this is the gloue.
*Soul*. And it please your maiesty,
That was my gloue.
He that I gaue it to in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman with my gloue in's hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my worde.
*Flew*. Your Maiesty heares,
Vnder your Maiestyes man-hoode,
What a beggerly lowsie knaue it is.
*King*. Let me see thy gloue.
Looke you, this is the fellow of it.
It was I indeede you promised to strike.
And thou hast giuen me most bitter words,
How canst thou make vs amends?
*Flew*. Let his necke answer it,
If there be any marshals law in the worell.
*Soul*. My Liege,
All offences come from the heart:
Neuer came any from mine
To offend your Maiesty.
You appeard to me but as a common man:
Witnesse the night, your garments,
Your lowlinesse; and whatsoeuer
You receiued vnder that habite,
I beseech your maiesty, impute it
To your owne fault, and not to mine.
For your selfe came not like your selfe:
Had you beene as you seemed then to mee,
I had made no offence, my gracious Lord,
Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.
*Kin*. Vnckle, fill the gloue with Crownes,
And giue it to the souldier.
Weare it fellow,



And

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the Crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I must needs haue you friends.
*Flew.* By Iesus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his belly.
Harke you souldier, There is a filling for you,
And keepe your selfe out of brawles,
And prabbles, and dissentions,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.
*Soul.* Ile none of your money sir, not I.
*Flew.* Why tis a good filling man:
Why should you be queamish?
Your shooes are not so good.
It will serue you to mend your shooes.
*Kin.* What men of sort are taken vnckle?
*Exe. Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
*John* Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchquall*,
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French, that in the fielde lyes slaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the fielde,
*Charles de le Brute*, high Constanble of France,
*Iaques* of *Chatillian*, Admirall of France,
The master of the Crosse-bowes, *Iohn* Duke *Alonson*,
Lord *Rambieres*, high Master of France.
The braue sir *Gwigzard*, Dolphin. Of *Nobelle Charilias*,
Gran *Prie* and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,
*Gerard* and *Verton*, *Vandemant* and *Lestra*.
*King.* Heeres was a royall fellowship of death,
Where is the number of our English dead?
*Exe. Edward* the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquire,
Aud of all the other, but fiue and twenty.
*King.* O God, thy arme was heere,
And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise:

When



When without stratageme,
And euen in shocke of battell, was euer heard
So great and little losse, on one part and another?
Take it O God, for it is onely thine.
*Exe.* Tis wonderfull.
*Kin.* Come, let vs go on procession through the campe:
Let it be death proclaim'd to any man
To boast heereof, or take the praise from God,
Which is his due.
*Flew.* Is it lawfull, and it please your Maiesty,
To tell how many is kild?
*Kin.* Yes Flewellen,
But with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
*Flew.* Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.
*kin.* Let there be sung Nououes and Te Deum,
The dead with charity enter'd in clay:
Weel then to *Calice*, and to England then,
Where nere from *France*, arriu'd more happier men.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Gower and Flewellen.*

*Gower.* But why do you weare your Leeke to day?
Saint *Danies* is past?
*Flew.* There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore:
The other day looke you, *Pistolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and salt, and biddes mee
Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where I could mooue no dissentions,
But if I can see him, I shall tell him
A little of my desires.
*Gow.* Heere he comes swelling like a Turky-cocke.

*Enter*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Enter Pistoll.*

*Flewellen.* Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkicockes,
God plesse you Ancient Pistoll, you scall,
Beggerly, lowsy knaue, God plesse you.
*Pist.* Ha, art thou Bedlem?
Dost thou thurst base Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.
*Flew.* Ancient Pistoll.
I would desire you because it doth not agree
With your stomackes, and your appetites,
And your digestions, to eate this Leeke.
*Pist.* Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.
*Flew.* There is one Goate for you, ancient Pistol.
*He strikes him.*

*Pist.* Base Troyan, thou shalt dye.
*Flewellen.* I, I know I shall dye:
But in the meane time, I would desire you
To liue and eate this Leeke.
*Gower.* Enough Captaine,
You haue astonisht him, it is enough.
*Flewel.* Astonisht him,
By Iesu, Ile beate his head foure dayes
And foure nights too, but Ile make him
Eate some part of my Leeke.
*Pist.* Well must I bite?
*Flew.* I out of question, or doubt, or ambiguities,
You must bite.

*He makes Ancient Pistoll bite of the Leeke.*
*Pistol.* Good, good.

*Flewel.*

And [illegible] be with you
Ancient Pistoll, [illegible] you,
And heale your broken pate.
Ancient *Pistoll*, if you see Leekes another time,
Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.
*Exit Flewellen.*

*Pist.* All hell shall stirre for this.
Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike loynes?
Well France farewell, newes haue I certainly
That Doll is sicke. One malady of France
The warres affoordeth nought, home will I trug,
Baud will I turne, and vse the slight of hand:
To England will I steale,
And there Ile steale:
And patches will I get vnto these scarres,
And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.
*Exit Pistoll.*

*Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords.*

*And at the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the Duke of Burbon, and others.*



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

So ar[illegible]
*Duke.* Wit[illegible]
Let it not diſpleaſe you,
What rub or barre hath thus far[illegible]
To keepe you from the gentle ſpeech of peace?
*Har.* If Duke of *Burgundy* you would haue peace,
You muſt buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our Articles.
*Fran.* We haue but with a curſorary eye
Ore-view'd them; pleaſeth your Grace,
To let ſome of your Counſell ſit with vs,
We ſhall returne our peremptory anſwer.
*Har.* Go Lords, and ſit with them,
And bring vs anſwer backe.
yet leaue our couſen Katherine heere behind.
*Fran.* Withall our hearts.

*Exit French King and the Lords.*

*Manet, king Henry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.*

*Har.* Now Kate,
You haue a blunt wooer heere left with you.
If I could winne thee at Leape-frog,
Or with vaulting with my armour on my backe
Into my ſaddle,
Without bragge be it ſpoken,
Ide make compare with any.





But leauing that Kate,
If thou takeſt me now,
Thou ſhalt haue me at the worſt,
And in wearing thou ſhalt haue me better and better,
Thou ſhalt haue a face that is not worth ſun-burning.
But doeſt thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint Denis and Saint George,
Shall get a boy, that ſhall go to Conſtantinople,
And take the great Turke by the beard?
Ha, *Kate.*
*Kate.* Is it poſſible dat me ſall
Loue [illegible]enemy de France.
*Harry.* No *Kate*,
It is vnpoſſible you ſhould loue the enemy of France:
For Kate I loue France ſo well,
That Ile not leaue a village,
Ile haue it all mine. Then Kate,
When France is mine,
And I am yours:
Then France is yours,
And you are mine.
*Kate.* I cannot tell what is dat.
*Harry.* No Kate,
Why Ile tell you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married husband.
Let me ſee, Saint Dennis be my ſpeede,
Quan France & mon.
*Kate.* Dat is, when France is yours.
*Harry.* Et vous ettes amoy.
*Kate.* And I am to you.
*Harry.* Douck France ettes a vous.
*Kate.* Den Frauce ſall be mine.
*Harry.* Et ie ſuyues a vous.
*Kate.* And you will be to me.
*Har.* Wilt beleeue me *Kate*? Tis eaſier for me



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

To conquer the kingdome,
Then to ſpeake ſo much more French.
*Kate.* A your Maieſty
Has falſe France enough, to deceiue
De beſt Lady in France.
*Harry.* No faith Kate not I.
But Kate prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,
Doſt thou loue me?
*Kate.* I cannot tell.
*Harry.* No: Can of any your Neighbours tel,
Ile aske them.
Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.
And ſoone when you are in your Cloſſet,
Youle queſtion this Lady of me:
But I pray thee ſweet Kate, vſe me mercifully,
Becauſe I loue thee cruelly.
That I ſhall dye Kate, is ſure:
But for thy loue by the Lord neuer.
What wench.
A ſtraight backe will grow crooked,
A round eye will grow hollow,
A great legge will waxe ſmall,
A curld pate prooue bald:
But a good heart Kate is the Sun and the Moon,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore Kate take me,
Take a ſouldier, take a ſouldier,
Take a king:
Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou haue mee?
*Kate.* Dat is as pleaſe de king my Father.
*Harry.* Nay it will pleaſe him,
Nay it ſhall pleaſe him Kate,
And vpon that condition Kate ile kiſſe thee.
*Ka.* O mon du ie ne voudroy faire quelk choſſe
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fauor.





*Harry.* What ſayes ſhe Lady?
*Lady.* Dat it is not de faſion in France
For de maides, befor da be married to
May foy ie oblye, what is to baſſie?
*Har.* To kiſſe, to kiſſe.
O that tis not the faſhion in France
For the maids to kiſſe before they are married.
*Lady.* Owye ſee votree grace.
*Har.* Well, weel breake that cuſtome.
Therefore Kate patience perforce and yeelde.
Before God Kate you haue witcheraft
In your kiſſes:
And may perſwade with me more
Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned.

*Enter the Kings of France, and the Lordes.*

How now my Lords?
*Fran.* Brother of England,
We haue ordered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in ſedule had.
*Exe.* Onely he hath not ſubſcribed this,
Where your Maieſty demands,
That the King of France hauing any occaſion
To write for matter of grant,
Shall name your Highneſſe in this forme:
And with this addition in French,
*Noſtre treſher filz, Henry Roy d' Angleterre,*
*Eheare de France.* And thus in Latine:
*Preclariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ,*
*Et heres Franciæ.*
*Fran.* Nor this haue we ſo nicely ſtood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the ſame.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[3]) Octavo

*Harry.* Why then let this among the reſt
Haue his full courſe: And withall,
Your daughter *Katherine* in marriage.
*Fran.* This and what elſe
your Maieſty ſhall craue:
God that diſpoſeth all, giue you much ioy.
*Har.* Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come giue me thy hand:
Our matriage will we preſent ſolemnize,
And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Then will I ſweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to me,
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken be.

FINIS.

HENRY the VI borne at Windsor being of the age of eight Monthes, beganne his reigne the 31 of August 1422. and crowned King of England at Westminster the 6 of Nouember. 1429. and of Fraunce the 7 of December 1432. he reigned 38 yeres. 6 monthes, he died by violence, May 21. aged 52. Anno 1471. first buried at Chertsey Abbey, thence remoued to Windsore, wher he was solempley interd.

Are to be sold by Compton Holland ouer against the Exchange. R E. sculpsit

# THE Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, LANCASTER and YORKE.

*With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke* Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, *and King Henrie the sixt.*

Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shakespeare*, Gent.

Printed at LONDON, for T. P.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

This was printed in 1619, as appears from an Edition of Pericles printed by Pavier in that year, the first sheet of which begins with the Signature R. The last sheet of this play is Q. ~~[illegible]~~ Mr Pope erroneously supposed this undated edit. to be printed before 1600. E.M.

Mr Capell who was possessed of a fragment of the edition printed in 1600 by Valentine Simmes for Thos Millington, [his copy reached to G.1.] says, that this edition of Pavier's in 1619 was printed from that of Simmes, and with much exactness.

There is another edition printed in 1600 by W.W. for Thos Millington. See Vol. V.

~~[illegible]~~ See pt. in Vol. V.

~~[illegible]~~ E.M.

# The first part of the Contention of the two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke *Humfrey*.

*Enter at one doore, King Henry the sixt, and Humfrey Duke of Glocester, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Buckingham, Cardinall Bewford, and others.*

*Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marques of Suffolke, and Queen Margaret, and the Earle of Salisbury and Warwicke.*

*Suffolke.*

AS by your high Imperiall Maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator for your Excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the ancient famous Citty Towers,
In presence of the Kings of *France* and *Cyssile*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calabar*, *Britaine*, and *Alonson*.
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and twenty reuerend Byshops,
I did performe my taske, and was espousd,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,
Deliuer vp my title in the Queene
Vnto your gracious Excellence, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,
The fairest Queene that euer King possest.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*King*. *Suffolke* arise.
Welcome Queene *Margaret* to English Henries Court,
The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,
Is this kinde kisse: O gracious God of heauen,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankefulnesse,
For in this beauteous face thou hast bestowd
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.
*Queene*. Th'excessiue loue I beare vnto your Grace,
Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,
Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman:
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,
And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable,
Vnlesse the frowne of mighty Englands king.
*King*. Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce
Louely Queene Margaret sit downe by my side:
And Vnkle Gloster, and you Lordly Peeres,
With one voyce welcome my beloued Queene.
*All*. Long liue Queene Margaret, Englands happinesse.
*Queene*. VVe thanke you all. *Sound trumpets*
*Suffolke*. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Heere are the Articles confirmd, of peace
Betweene our Soueraigne and the *French* king *Charles*,
Till terme of eighteene months be full expir'd.
*Hum*. *Inprimis*, It is agreed betweene the French king *Charles* and *William de la Pole* Marquesse of *Suffolke*, Embassador for *Henry* king of England, that the saide *Henry* shal wed & espouse the Lady *Margaret*, daughter to *Raynard* King of *Naples*, *Cyssels*, and *Ierusalem*, and crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirty day of the next month.
*Item*, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutchesse of *Anioy* and of *Maine*, shall be releasd and deliuered ouer to the King her fa———
*Duke Humfrey lets it fall.*
*King*. How now vnckle, whats the matter that you stay so sodainly.
*Hum*. Pardon my Lord, a sodaine qualme came ore my heart, which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.





My Lord of Yorke, I pray do you reade on.
*Yorke*. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutchesse of *Anioy* and of *Mayne*, shall bee releasd and deliuered ouer to the King her father, and she sent ouer of the king of Englands owne proper cost and charges, without dowry.
*King*. They please vs well, Lord Marquesse kneele downe: we heere create thee first Duke of Suffolke, and girt thee with the sword. Cosin of Yorke, wee heere discharge your Grace from being Regent in the parts of *France*, till terme of 18. months be full expirde.
Thankes vnckle *Winchester*, *Gloster*, *Yorke*, and *Buckingham*, *Somerset*, *Salisbury*, and *Warwicke*.
We thanke you for all this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene,
Come let vs in, and with all speede prouide
To see her Coronation be performd.
*Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke, & Duke Humphrey stayes all the rest.*
*Hum*. Braue Peeres of England, pillers of the State,
To you Duke *Humphrey* must vnfold his greefe,
What did my brother *Henry* toile himselfe,
And waste his subiects for to conquer *France*?
And did my brother *Bedford* spend his time,
To keepe in awe that stout vnruly Realme?
And haue not I and mine vnckle *Bewford* heere,
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?
And is all our labours then spent quite in vaine?
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath giuen away for our King *Henries* Queene,
The Dutchesse of *Anioy* and *Mayne* vnto her father.
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage, cancelling our states,
Reuersing monuments of conquered *France*,
Vndoing all, as none had nere beene done.
*Card*. Why how now cosin Gloster, what needs this?
As if our King were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leaue,
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

The big ſwolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares preſume gainſt that thy Soueraigne likes.
*Hum.* Nay my Lords, tis not my words that troubles you,
But my preſence, proud Prelate as thou art:
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to ſpeake.
Farewell my Lords, and ſay when I am gone,
I propheſied *France* would be loſt ere long.

*Exit Duke Humfrey.*

*Card.* There goes our Protector in a rage.
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the Land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts.
For you well ſee, if he but walke the ſtreetes,
The common people ſwarme about him ſtraight,
Crying Ieſus bleſſe your royall excellence,
With God preſerue the good Duke *Humfrey*,
And many things beſides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth duke *Humfrey*.
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his ſeate.

*Exit Cardinall.*

*Buck.* But let vs watch this haughty Cardinall,
Coſin of Somerſet be rulde by me,
Weele watch duke *Humfrey* and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.
*Somer.* Thankes coſin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue duke *Humfrey* from his ſeate.
*Buck.* Content, come then let vs about it ſtraight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

*Exit Buckingham and Somerſet.*

*Sal.* Pride went before, ambition followes after.
Whilſt theſe do ſeeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords let vs ſeeke for our Countries good:
Oft haue I ſeene this haughty Cardinall
Sweare, and forſweare himſelfe, and braue it out,
More like a Ruffian then a man of the Church.

Coſine



Coſin *Yorke*, the victories thou haſt wonne,
In *Ireland*, *Normandy*, and in *France*,
Hath wonne thee immortall praiſe in England.
And thou braue *Warwicke*, my thrice valiant ſonne,
Thy ſimple plainneſſe and thy houſe-keeping,
Hath won thee credit amongſt the common ſort,
The reuerence of mine age, and *Neuels* name,
Is of no little force if I command,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good duke *Humfrey* may his ſtate poſſeſſe,
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble ſonne.
*War.* For greefe that all is loſt that *Warwicke* won,
*Sonnes. Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,
Why *Warwick* did win them, & muſt that then which we wonne
with our ſwords, be giuen away with words.
*Yorke.* As I haue read, our Kings of England were wont to haue
large dowries with their wiues, but our king *Henry* giues a-
way his owne.
*Salſ.* Come ſonnes away and looke vnto the maine.
*War.* Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is loſt,
Which *Warwicke* by maine force did vvin from France,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I vvill vvin from France, or elſe bee ſlaine.

*Exit Salisbury and Warwicke.*

*Yorke. Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold nevves for me, for I had hope of *France*,
Euen as I haue of fertile England.
A day will come when *Yorke* ſhall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,
And make a ſhew of loue to proud duke *Humfrey*:
And when I ſpy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For thats the golden marke I ſeeke to hit:
Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter* vſurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor weare the diadem vpon his head,
Whoſe Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne:
Then *Yorke* be ſtill a while till time doe ſerue,

Watch

Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleepe,
To pry into the ſecrets of the ſtate,
Till *Henry* ſurfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, and Englands deere bought Queene,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be falne at iarres,
Then will I raiſe aloft the milke-white Roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the ayre ſhall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
To grapple with the houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And force perforce, ile make him yeelde the Crowne,
Whoſe bookiſh rule hath Puld faire England downe.

*Exit Yorke.*

*Enter Duke Humfrey, and Dame Ellanor, Cobham his wife.*

*Elnor.* Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripened Corne,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load,
What ſeeſt thou Duke *Humfrey* King *Henries* Crowne?
Reach at it, and if thine arme bee too ſhort,
Mine ſhall lengthen it. Art thou not a Prince?
Vnckle to the King? and his Protector?
Then what ſhouldſt thou lacke that might content thy minde?

*Hum.* My louely *Nell*, farre be it from my heart,
To thinke of treaſons gainſt my Soueraigne Lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,
And God I pray, it do betide none ill.

*Elnor.* What dreamt my Lord? Good *Humfrey* tell it me,
And ile interpret it: and when thats done,
Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.

*Hum.* This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt
That this my ſtaffe, mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot geſſe:
But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes
God knowes; and on the ends were plac'd
The heads of *Edmund* Duke of *Somerſet*,
And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of *Suffolke*.

*Elnor.* Tuſh



*Elnor.* Tuſh my Lord, this ſignifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a ſticke of Gloſters groue,
Shall for the offence make forfet of his head.
But now my Lord ile tell you what I dreamt,
Methought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Weſtminſter, and ſeated in the chaire
Where Kings and Queenes are crown'd, and at my feete
*Henry* and *Margaret* with a Crowne of Gold,
Stood ready to ſet it on my Princely head.

*Hum.* Fie *Nell*. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not ſecond woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife? belou'd of him?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering treaſon thus?
Away I ſay, and let me heare no more.

*Elnor.* How now my Lord, what angry with your *Nell*
For telling but her dreame? The next I haue
Ile keepe it to my ſelfe, and not be rated thus.

*Hum.* Nay *Nell*, ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no ſuch things.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſſ.* And it pleaſe your Grace, the King and Queen to morrow morning will ride a hawking to S. Albones, & craues your company along with them.

*Hum.* With all my heart; I will attend his Grace.
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs I am ſure.

*Exit Humfrey.*

*Elnor.* Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
As long as Gloſter beares this baſe and humble minde:
Were I a man, and Protector as he is,
I'de reach to'th Crowne, or make ſome hop headleſſe.
And being but a woman, ile not behinde
For playing of my part, in ſpite of all that ſeek to croſſe me thus:
Who is within there?

*Enter ſir Iohn Hum.*

What Sir *Iohn Hum*, what newes with you?



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Sir Iohn.* Ieſus preſerue your Maieſty.

*Elnor.* My Maieſty: why man, I am but Grace.

*Sir Iohn.* I, but by the grace of God, and *Hums* aduice,
Your Graces ſtate ſhall be aduanc'd ere long.

*Elnor.* What, haſt thou conferr'd with *Margery Iourdain*, the cunning witch of *Rye*, with *Roger Bullenbrooke* and the reſt? and will they vndertake to do me good?

*Sir Iohn.* I haue Madam, and they haue promiſed me to raiſe a ſpirit from depth of vnder ground, that ſhall tell your Grace all queſtions you demand.

*Elnor.* Thankes good ſir *Iohn*.
Some two dayes hence I geſſe will fit our time,
Then ſee that they be heere:
For now the King is riding to Saint *Albones*,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him.
When they be gone, then ſafely may they come,
And on the backe ſide of my Orchard heere,
There caſt their Spelles in ſilence of the night,
And ſo reſolue vs of the thing we wiſh;
Till when, drinke that for my ſake, and ſo farewell.
*Exit Elanor.*

*Sir Iohn.* Now ſir *Iohn Hum*, No words but mum.
Seale vp your lips, for you muſt ſilent be:
Theſe gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.
The Dutcheſſe ſhe thinkes now that all is well,
But I haue Gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to ſet her on,
To plot theſe treaſons gainſt the King and Peeres;
And that is the mighty Duke of Suffolke.
For he it is, but I muſt not ſay ſo,
That by my meanes muſt worke the Dutcheſſe fall,
Who now by Coniurations thinkes to riſe.
But whiſt ſir *Iohn*, no more of that I tro,
For feare you loſe your head before you go. *Exit*

*Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the Armourers man.*

1. *Petit.* Come ſirs lets linger here abouts a while,
Vntill





Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
That we may ſhew his Grace our ſeuerall cauſes.

2. *Petit.* I pray God ſaue the Good Duke *Humfries* life,
For but for him a many were vndone,
That cannot get no ſuccour in the Court.
But ſee where he comes with the Queene.

*Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they take him for Duke Humfrey, and giues him their writings.*

1. *Petit.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.

*Queene.* Now good-fellows, whom would you ſpeak withal?

2. *Petit.* If it pleaſe your Maieſtie, with my Lord Protectors Grace.

*Qu.* Are your ſuites to his Grace? Let vs ſee them firſt,
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

*Suffolke.* A Complaint againſt the Cardinals man.
What hath he done?

2. *Petit.* Marry my Lord, he hath ſtole away my wife,
And th'are gone together, and I know not where to finde them.

*Suff.* Hath he ſtole thy wife? that's ſome iniury indeede.
But what ſay you?

*Peter Thumpe.* Marry ſir I come to tell you, that my Mayſter ſaide, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire to the Crown, and that the King was an vſurer.

*Queene.* An vſurper thou wouldſt ſay.

*Peter.* I forſooth, an vſurper.

*Queene.* Didſt thou ſay the King was an vſurper?

*Peter.* No forſooth, I ſaide my maiſter ſaide ſo, th'other day when wee were ſcowring the Duke of Yorkes armour in our Garret.

*Suf.* I marry, this is ſomething like,
Who's within there?

*Enter one or two.*

Sirra, take in this fellow, and keepe him cloſe,



And

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

And ſend out a Purſeuant for his maſter ſtraight,
Weele heere more of this thing before the King.

*Exit with the Armorers man.*

Now Sir, what's yours? Let me ſee it,
What's heere?
A complaint againſt the Duke of Suffolke, for encloſing the commons of long Melford.
How now ſir knaue.

1. *Petit.* I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, I am but a Meſſenger for the whole towne-ſhip.

*He teares the Papers.*

*Suffolke.* So now ſhew your petitions to Duke *Humfrey*.
Villaines get you gone, and come not neere the Court,
Dare theſe peſants write againſt me thus?

*Exit Petitioners.*

*Queene.* My Lord of Suffolke you may ſee by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughty Duke,
That ſeekes to him more then to King *Henry*:
Whoſe eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,
And nere regards the honor of his name,
But ſtill muſt be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That ſcarſe will mooue his cap to ſpeake to vs,
And his proud wife, high-minded *Elanor*,
That ruffles it with ſuch a troope of Ladies,
As ſtrangers in the Court take her for *Queene*:
She beares a Dukes whole reuennewes on her backe.
The other day ſhe vanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worſt gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers landes.
Can any greeſe of minde belike to this?
I tell thee *Pole*, when thou didſt run at Tilt,
And ſtolſt away our Ladies hearts in France,
I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,
Or elſe thou hadſt not brought me out of France.

*Suff.* Madam, content your ſelfe a little while,
As I was cauſe of your comming into England,





So will I in England worke your full content:
And as for proud Duke *Humfrey* and his wife,
I haue ſet lime twigs that will entangle them,
As that your Grace ere long ſhall vnderſtand.
But ſtay Madame, heere comes the King.

*Enter King Henrie, and the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Sommerſet on both ſides of the King, whiſpering with him: Then entereth Duke Humphrey, Dame Elanor, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earle of Salisbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of Wincheſter.*

*King.* My Lords I care not who be Regent in *France*, or *Yorke* or *Somerſet*, all's one to me.

*Yorke.* My Lord, if *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himſelfe,
Let *Somerſet* enioy his place, and go to Fraunce.

*Som.* Then whom your grace thinkes worthy, let him goe,
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

*Warwicke.* Whomſoeuer you account worthy,
*Yorke* is the worthieſt.

*Card.* Peace *Warwicke*, giue thy betters leaue to ſpeake.

*War.* The Cardnal's not my better in the fielde.

*Buck.* All in this place are thy betters farre.

*War.* And *Warwicke* may liue to be beſt of all.

*Queene.* My Lord in mine opinion, it were beſt that *Somerſet* were Regent ouer France.

*Hum.* Madame, our King is olde enough himſelfe,
To giue his anſwer without your conſent.

*Queene.* If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector ouer him ſo long.

*Hum.* Madam, I am but Protector ore the Land,
And when it pleaſe his Grace, I will reſigne my charge.

*Suffolke.* Reſigne it then, for ſince thou waſt a King
(As who is King but thee:) the common ſtate
Doth as we ſee, all wholly go to wracke,
And Millions of treaſure hath beene ſpent.
And as for the Regentſhip of France,

I say *Somerset* is more worthy then *Yorke*.

*Yorke*, Ile tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthy,
Becauſe I cannot flatter as thou canſt.

*War*. And yet the worthy deeds that *Yorke* hath done,
Should make him worthy to be honoured heere.

*Suf*. Peace head-ſtrong *Warwicke*.

*War*. Image of pride, wherefore ſhould I peace?

*Suf*. Becauſe heere is a man accuſde of Treaſon,
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himſelfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

*Enter the Armourer and his man.*

If it pleaſe your Grace, this fellow here, hath accuſed his maſter of high Treaſon, and his wordes were theſe: That the Duke of *Yorke* was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your Grace was an vſurper.

*Yorke*. I beſeech your Grace let him haue what punniſhment the Law will affoord for his villany.

*King*. Come hither fellow, didſt thou ſpeake theſe words?

*Arm*. An't ſhall pleaſe your worſhip, I neuer ſayde any ſuch matter, God is my witneſſe, I am falſely accuſed by this villen heere.

*Peter*. Tis no matter for that, you did ſay ſo.

*Yorke*. I beſeech your Grace, let him haue the Law.

*Armorer*, Alas maſter, hang me if euer I ſpake the words. My accuſer is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he wuuld be euen with mee: I haue good witneſſe of this, and therefore I beſeech your worſhip do not caſt away an honeſt man for a villaines accuſation.

*King*. Vncle Gloſter, what do you thinke of this?

*Hum*. The law my Lord is this by caſe, it reſts ſuſpitious,
That a day of combate be appointed,
And there to try each others right or wrong,
With *Eben* ſtaues and Sandbags, combatting
In Smithfield, before your royall Maieſty. *Exit Humfrey.*

*Armour*. And I accept the combate willingly.

*Peter*



*Peter*. Alaſſe my Lord, I am not able for to fight.

*Suf*. You muſt either fight ſirra, or elſe be hang'd:
Go take them hence againe to priſon. *Exit with them.*

*The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Dutcheſſe of Gloſter, a boxe on the eare.*

*Queene*. Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you not ſee?
*Shee ſtrikes her.*
I cry you mercy Madam, I did miſtake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.

*Elnor*. Did you not proud French-woman?
Could I come neere your dainty viſage with my nayles,
I'de ſet my ten command'ments in your face.

*King*. Be patient gentle Auut,
It was againſt her will.

*Elnor*. Againſt her will. Good King ſhee'll dandle thee,
If thou wilt alwayes thus be rul'd by her,
But let it reſt: as ſure as I do liue,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Elnor* vnreueng'd. *Exit Elnor.*

*King*. Beleeue me my loue, thou wert much too blame:
I would not for a thouſand pounds of Gold,
My Noble Vncle had beene heere in place.

*Enter Duke Humfrey.*

But ſee where he comes: I am glad he met her not.
Vnkle Gloſter, what anſwer makes your Grace,
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,
Whom thinkes your Grace is meeteſt for to ſend.

*Hum*. My gracious Lord, then this is my reſolue,
For that theſe words the Armourer ſhould ſpeake,
Doth breede ſuſpition on the part of Yorke,
Let Somerſet be Regent ore the French,
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himſelfe.

*King*. Then be it ſo, my Lord of Somerſet,
We make your Grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our right gainſt forraine foes,

And

And ſo do good vnto the Realme of France.
Make haſt my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce I thinke is full expir'd.
*Somer.* I humbly thanke your royall Maieſty,
And take my leaue to poſte with ſpeed to France.
*Exit Somerſet.*
*King.* Come Vnkle Gloſter, now let's haue our horſe,
For we will to Saint *Albones* preſently,
Madam your Hawke they ſay is ſwift of flight,
And we will try how ſhe will flye to day. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Elanor, with Sir Iohn Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer, and Margery Iourdaine a Witch.*

*Elnor.* Heere ſir *Iohn*, take this ſcrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the queſtions you ſhall aske,
And I will ſtand vpon this Tower heere,
And heare the ſpirit what it ſayes to you:
And to my queſtions, write the anſwers downe.

*She goes vp to the Tower.*
*Sir Iohn.* Now ſirs begin, and caſt your ſpels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame *Elnor* of the thing ſhe askes.
*Witch.* Then *Roger Bullenbrooke* about thy taske,
And frame a circle heere vpon the earth,
Whilſt I thereon all proſtrate on my face,
Do talke and whiſper with the Diuels below,
And coniure them for to obey my will.
*Shee lyes downe vpon her face.*
*Bullenbrooke makes a Circle.*
*Bullen.* Darke night, dread night, the ſilence of the night,
Wherein the Furies maske in helliſh troupes,
Send vp I charge you from *Soſetus* Lake,
The ſpirit *Aſcalon* to come to mee,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
*Aſcalon*



*Aſcalon, Aſſenda, aſſenda.*
*It Thunders and Lightens, and then the ſpirite riſeth vp.*
*Spirit.* Now *Bullenbrooke* what wouldſt thou haue me doe?
*Bullen.* Firſt of the King, what ſhall become of him?
*Spirit.* The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe,
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.
*Bullen.* What fate awaites the Duke of *Suffolke*.
*Spirit.* By water ſhall he die, and take his end.
*Bullen.* What ſhall betide the Duke of *Somerſet*?
*Spirit.* Let him ſhun Caſtles, ſafer ſhall he be vpon the ſandy plaines, then where Caſtles mounted ſtand:
Now queſtion me no more, for I muſt hence againe.
*He ſinkes downe againe.*
*Bullen.* Then downe I ſay, vnto the damned poole,
Where Pluto in his fiery waggon ſits,
Riding amidſt the ſindg'd and parched ſmoakes,
The rode of *Dytas* by the Riuer Stix:
There howle and burne for euer in thoſe flames,
Riſe *Iourdaine* riſe, and ſtay thy charming Spels.
Zounds, we are betraide.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Buckingham, and others.*
*Yorke.* Come ſirs, lay hands on them, and binde them ſure.
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting treaſons thus with Coniurers,
The King ſhall haue notice of this thing.
*Exit Elnor aboue.*
*Buck.* See heere my Lord, what the diuell hath writ.
*Yorke.* Giue it me my Lord, Ile ſhew it to the King:
Go ſirs, ſee them faſt lockt in priſon.
*Exit with them.*
*Bucking.* My Lord, I pray you let me go poſte vnto the King,
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.
*Yorke.* Content. Away then, about it ſtraight.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Buck.* Farewell my Lord.

*Exit Buckingham.*

*Yorke.* Whose within there?

*Enter one.*

*One.* My Lord.

*Yorke.* Sirrah, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwick to sup with me to night.

*Exit Yorke.*

*One.* I will my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke Humfrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if they came from Hawking.*

*Queene.* My Lord, how did your grace like this last slight?
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

*King.* How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnkle Gloster, how hye your hawke did sore,
And on a sodaine soue'd the Partridge downe.

*Suff.* No maruell if it please your Maiesty,
My Lord Protectors hawkes do towre so well,
They know their master sores a Faulcons pitch.

*Hum.* Faith my Lord, it's but a base minde,
That sores no higher then a bird can sore.

*Card.* I thought your Grace would be aboue the clouds.

*Hum.* I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heauen.

*Card.* Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beate on a Crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to smoothe it thus with King and Commonwealth.

*Hum.* How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, church men so hot? Good vnckle can you do't.

*Suf.* Why not, hauing so good a quarrell, and so bad a cause?

*Hum.* As how, my Lord?

*Suf.* As you, my Lord, and t'like your Lordly Lordes Protectorship.

*Hum.* Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

*Queene*



*Queene.* And thy ambition Gloster.

*King.* Cease gentle Queene, and whette not on these furious Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

*Card.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

*Hum.* Faith holy Vnkle, I would it were come to that.

*Card.* Euen when thou dar'st.

*Hum.* Dare: I tel thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer brook the dare.

*Card.* I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to Iohn of Gaunt.

*Hum.* In bastardy.

*Card:* I scorne thy words.

*Hum:* Make vppe no factious numbers, but euen in thine owne person meete me at the East end of the groue.

*Card:* Here's my hand, I will.

*King:* Why how now Lords?

*Card,* Faith Cosin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soone, we had had more sport to day, Come with thy sword and Buckler.

*Hum:* Gods mother Priest Ile shaue your crowne.

*Card:* Protector, protect thy selfe well.

*King* The winde growes high, so doth your choller Lords.

*Enter one crying a miracle, a miracle.*

How now? Now sirra, what miracle is it?

*One.* And it please your Grace, there is a man that came blind to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at the shrine.

*King* Go fetch him hether, that wee may glorifie the lord with him.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, with Musicke, bearing the man that had bene blind between two in a chaire*

*King:* Thou happy man, giue God eternall praise,
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:
Where wast thou borne?

*Poore man.* At *Barwicke* please your Maiesty in the North.



*Hum.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Hum.* At Barwicke, and come thus farre for helpe.
*Poore man.* I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweete Saint Albones should giue me my sight againe.
*Hum.* What are lame too?
*P.man.* I indeede sir, God helpe me.
*Hum.* How camst thou lame?
*P. man.* With falling off a plum tree.
*Hum.* Wert thou blind & would climb plumtrees?
*P. man.* Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plummes.
*Hum.* But tell me, wert thou borne blinde?
*P.man.* I truly sir.
*Woman.* I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.
*Hum.* What art thou his mother?
*Woman.* His wife sir.
*Hum.* Hadst thou beene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better tolde.
Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.
*P.man.* Yes truly master, as cleare as day.
*Hum.* Sayst thou so: what colour's his cloake?
*P. man,* Red master, as red as blood.
*Hum.* And his cloake?
*P.man.* Why that's greene.
*Hum.* And what colour's his hose?
*P. man.* Yellow master, yellow as gold.
*Hum.* And what colour's my Gowne?
*P.man.* Blacke sir, as blacke as Iet.
*King.* Then belike he knowes what colour iet is on.
*Suf.* And yet I thinke Iet did he neuer see.
*Hum.* But clokes & gowns ere this day many a one.
But tell me sirra, what's my name?
*P.man.* Alas master I know not.
*Hum.* What's his name?
*P.man.* I know not.
*Hum.* Nor his?
*P.man.* No truly sir.
*Hum.* Nor his name?

*P.man*



*P.man.* No indeede master.
*Hum.* Whats thine owne name?
*P.man. Sander,* and it please you maister.
*Hum.* Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene borne blinde, thou mightst aswel haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours wee do weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but so dainly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, S. Albones heere hath done a miracle, & would you not think his cunning to bee great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.
*P. man.* Oh master I would you could.
*Hum.* My Masters of S. Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things call'd whippes?
*Mayor.* Yes my Lord, if it please your Grace,
*Hum.* Then send for one presently.
*Maior.* Sirra, go fetch the Beadle hither straight. *Exit one.*
*Hum.* Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.
Now sirra, if you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,
Leape me ouer this stoole, and runne away.

*Enter a Beadle.*

*P. man.* Alas master I am not able to stand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.
*Hum.* VVell sir, we must haue you finde your legges.
Sirra Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.
*Beadle.* I will my Lord, come on sirra, off with your Doublet quickly.
*Poore man.* Alas master what shall I do, I am not able to stand.

*After the Beadle hath hit him one ierke, he leapes ouer the stoole, and runnes away, and they run after him, crying a Myracle, a Myracle.*

*Hum.* A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, and whipte through euery Market Towne till he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.
*Maior.* It shall be done my Lord. *Exit Mayor.*
*Suf.* My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

He hath made the blinde to ſee, and halt to goe.
*Humph.* I, but you did greater wonders, whē you made whole
Dukedomes flye in a day.
Witneſſe France.
*King.* Haue done I ſay, and let me heare no more of that.
*Enter the Duke of Buckingham.*
What newes brings Duke *Humfrey* of *Buckingham*?
*Buck.* Ill newes for ſome my Lord, and this it is,
That proud dame *Elnor* our Protectors Wife,
Hath plotted Treaſons gainſt the King and Peeres,
By witchcrafts, ſorceries, and coniurings,
Who by ſuch meanes did raiſe a ſpirit vp,
To tell her what hap ſhould betide the State,
But ere they had finiſht their diuelliſh drift,
By *Yorke* and my ſelfe they were all ſurprizde,
And heeres the anſwere the diuell did make to them.
*King.* First of the King, what ſhall become of him?
*Reads.* The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe,
Yet him out-liue, and die a violent death.
Gods will be done in all.
What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By water ſhall he die and take his end.
*Suffolke.* By water muſt the Duke of *Suffolke* die?
It muſt be ſo, or elſe the diuell doth lie.
*King.* Let *Somerſet* ſhun Caſtles,
For ſafer ſhall he be vpon the ſandy plaines,
Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
*Card.* Heeres good ſtuffe, how now my Lord Protector,
This newes I thinke hath turnd your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle ſcarſely keepe your promiſe.
*Humph.* Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my greefe,
And pardon me my gracious Soueraigne,
For heere I ſweare vnto your Maieſty,
That I am guiltleſſe of theſe hainous crimes
Which my ambitious wife hath falſly done,
And for ſhe would betray her ſoueraigne Lord,
I heere renounce her from my bed and boord,

And



And leaue her open for the law to iudge,
Vnleſſe ſhe cleare her ſelfe of this foule deed.
*King.* Come my Lords, this night weele lodge in S. *Albones*,
And to morrow we will ride to London,
And trie the vtmoſt of theſe treaſons forth,
Come vnckle Gloſter along with vs,
My minde doth tell me thou art innocent.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke.*

*Yorke.* My Lords, our ſimple ſupper ended thus,
Let me reueale vnto your honors heere,
The right and title of the houſe of Yorke
To Englands Crowne by lineall deſent.
*War.* Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neuils are thy ſubiects to command.
*Yorke.* Then thus my Lords,
*Edward* the third had ſeuen ſonnes,
The firſt was *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Prince of *Wales*.
The ſecond was *William* of *Hatfield*,
Who dyed young.
The third was *Lyonell*, Duke of *Clarence*.
The fourth was *Iohn of Gaunt*,
The Duke of *Lancaſter*.
The fift was *Edmund of Langley*,
Duke of Yorke.
The ſixt was *William of Windſore*,
Who dyed young.
The ſeauenth and laſt was Sir *Thomas of Woodſtocke*, Duke of *Yorke*.
Now *Edward* the blacke Prince dyed before his Father, leauing behinde him two ſonnes, *Edward* borne at *Angoleſme*, who died young, and *Richard* that was after crowned King, by the name of *Richard* the ſecond, who dyed without an heyre.

*Lyonell*

Lyonell Duke of Clarence dyed, and left him one only daughter, named *Phillip*, who was married to Edmund Mortimer earle of March and Vlſter: and ſo by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, third ſonne to Edward the third. Now ſir, in time of Richards reigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, ſonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaſter fourth ſonne to Edward the third, he claim'd the Crowne, depoſd the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomfret Caſtle harmeleſſe Richard was ſhamefully murthered, and ſo by Richards death came the houſe of Lancaſter vnto the Crowne.

*Sal.* Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard in the reigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owen Glendour had bene King.

*Yorke.* True: but ſo it fortuned then, by meanes of that monſtrous rebell Glendour, the noble Duke of Yorke was putte to death, and ſo euer ſince the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue poſſeſſed the Crowne. But if the iſſue of the elder ſhould ſucceed before the iſſue of the younger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the Kingdome.

*Warwicke.* VVhat proceedings can be more plain, he claimes it from Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth ſonne. So that till Lionels iſſue failes, his ſhould not reigne. It fayles not yet, but flouriſheth in thee and in thy ſonnes, braue ſlips of ſuch a ſtocke. Then noble father, kneele we both together, & in this priuate place, be we the firſt to honour him with birth-right to the Crowne.

*Both.* Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

*Yorke.* I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this ſword be ſheathed euen in the hart blood of the houſe of Lancaſter.

*War.* Then Yorke aduiſe thy ſelfe, and take thy time,
Claime thou the Crowne, and ſet thy ſtandard vp,
And in the ſame aduance the milke-white Roſe,
And then to guard it, will I rowſe the Beare,
Enuiron'd with ten thouſand Ragged ſtaues,
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,
Mauger



Mauger the proudeſt Lord of *Henries* blood,
That dares deny the right and claime of *Yorke*,
For why, my minde preſageth I ſhall liue
To ſee the noble Duke of *Yorke* to be a King.

*Yorke.* Thanks noble *Warwicke*, and *Yorke* doth hope to ſee,
The Earle of *Warwicke* liue, to bee the greateſt man in England,
but the King. Come lets goe.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King Henry and the Queene, Duke Humfrey, the Duke of Suffolke, and the Duke of Buckingham, the Cardinall, and Dame Elnor Cobham, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke.*

*King.* Stand forth Dame *Elnor Cobham* Dutches of *Gloſter*, and heare the ſentence pronounced againſt thee for theſe treaſons, that thou haſt committed gainſt Vs, our State and Peeres.

Firſt for thy hainous crime, thou ſhalt two dayes in London do pennance barefoot in the ſtreetes, with a white ſheete about thy body, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou ſhalt be baniſhed for euer into the Iſle of Man, there to end thy wretched daies; and this is our ſentence irreuocable. Away with her.

*Elnor.* Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

*Exit ſome with Elnor.*

*King.* Greeue not noble Vnckle, but be thou glad,
In that theſe treaſons thus are come to light,
Leaſt God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
For her offences that thou heldſt ſo deare.

*Humph.* Oh gracious *Henry*, giue me leaue a while,
To leaue your Grace, and to depart away,
For ſorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to ſwell,
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

*King.* With all my hart good vnckle, whē you pleaſe
Yet ere thou goeſt, *Humfrey*, reſigne thy ſtaffe,
For *Henry* will be no more protected,
The Lord ſhall be my guide both for my land and me.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Hum.* My ſtaffe, I noble Henry, my life and all,
My ſtaffe, I yeelde as willing to be thine,
As ere thy Noble father made it mine:
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiouſly receiue it,
And long hereafter, when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.
*King.* Vnkle Gloſter, ſtand vp and go in peace,
No leſſe belou'd of vs, then when
Thou wert Protector ouer this my land. *Exit Gloſter.*
*Queene.* Take vp the ſtaffe, for heere it ought to ſtand,
Where ſhould it be, but in King Henries hand?
*Yorke.* Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are ready when your Grace doth pleaſe.
*King.* Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his ſtaffe with a ſandbag faſtened to it, and at the other doore his man with a drum and ſandbag, and Prentiſes drinking to him.*

1 *Neighbor.* Here neighbour Horner, I drinke to you in a cup of Sacke; and feare not neighbor, you ſhall do well enough.
2 *Neigh.* And here neighbor, here's a cup of Charneco.
3 *Neigh.* Here's a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke and be merry, and feare not your man.
*Arm.* Let it come, yfaith Ile pledge you all,
And a figge for Peter.
1 *Pren.* Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not affraid.
2 *Pren.* Here Peter, here's a pinte of Claret wine for thee.
3 *Pren.* And here's a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy maſter, fight for credit of the Prentiſes.
*Peter.* I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more:
Heere Robin, and if I dye, heere I giue thee my hammer,
And Will thou ſhalt haue my aperne: and heere Tom,

Take



Take all the money that I haue.
O Lord bleſſe me I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my maſter, he hath learn'd ſo much fence already.
*Salis.* Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirra, what's thy name?
*Pet.* Peter forſooth.
*Salſ.* Peter: what more?
*Pet.* Thumpe.
*Salſ.* Thumpe, then ſee that thou thumpe thy maiſter.
*Arm.* Here's to thee Neighbour, fill all the pots againe, for before wee fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde; for I am come hither as it were of my mans inſtigation, to proue my ſelfe an honeſt man, and Peter a knaue: and ſo haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuis of South-hampton fell vppon Aſcapart.
*Pet.* Law you now, I told you hee's in his fence already.
*Alarmes, Peter hits him on the head and fels him.*
*Arm.* Hold Peter, I confeſſe, Treaſon, treaſon. *He dies.*
*Pet.* O God I giue thee praiſe. *He kneels downe*
*Pren.* Ho well done Peter. God ſaue the King.
*King.* Go take hence that Traitor from our ſight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iuſtice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Duke Humfrey and his men, in mourning cloakes.*

*Hum.* Sirra, what's a clocke?
*Seruing.* Almoſt ten my Lord.
*Hum.* Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore Lady ſhould come by this way,
In ſhamefull penance wandering in the ſtreets.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy ſhame,
That erſt did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,



When

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.

*Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe Candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe & pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir Iohn Standly, and Officers, with Bils and Holbards.*

*Seruing.* My gracious Lord, see wher my Lady comes,
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?
*Humph.* I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon heere,
But let them do their office as they should.
*Elnor.* Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah *Gloster*, now thou dost penance too,
See how the giddy people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp study rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.
*Hum.* Ah *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, forget this extreme griefe,
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.
*Elnor.* Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I start, the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduised how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame, with papers on my backe,
Ah Gloster, can I endure this and liue?
Sometime ile say I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he ruled, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his fore-lorne Dutchesse
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,
To euery idle rascall follower.
*Humfrey.* My louely *Nell*, what wouldst thou haue me do?





Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I should incurre the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shaddowed so.
*Elnor.* Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ore thy head,
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in all
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,
And impious *Yorke*, and *Bewford* that false Priest,
Haue all lymde bushes to betray thy wings,
And flye thou how thou canst, they will entangle thee.

*Enter a Herald of Armes.*

*Herald.* I summon your Grace vnto his Highnes Parlament,
holden at S. *Edmonds-Bury*, the first of the next Month.
*Hum.* A Parliament, and our consent neuer craude
Therein before. This is—— ——
Well, we will be there. *Exit Herald.*
Master Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my
Lady, then the course of law extends.
*Sher.* Please it your Grace, my office here doth end,
And I must deliuer her to Sir *Iohn Stanly*.
To be conducted into the Isle of Man.
*Humfrey.* Must you sir *Iohn* conduct my Lady?
*Standly.* I my gracious Lord, for so it is decreed,
And I am so commanded by the King.
*Humph.* I pray you sir *Iohn*, vse her nere the worse,
In that I intreate you to vse her well.
The world may smile againe, and I may liue
To do you fauour, if you do it her,
And so sir *Iohn* farewell.
*Elnor.* What gone my Lord, and bid not me farewel
*Humph.* Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake

*Exit Humfrey and his men.*

*Elnor.* Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,
And doth Duke *Humfrey* now forsake me too?
Then let me haste from out faire Englands bounds,
Come *Standly* come, and let vs haste away.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Standly.* Madam let's go vnto ſome houſe neereby,
Where you may ſhift your ſelfe before we go.
*Elnor* Ah good ſir Iohn, my ſhame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with caſting off my ſheete:
But come let vs go, maſter Sheriffe farewell,
Thou haſt but done thy office as thou ſhouldſt.

*Exit omnes*

Enter to the Parliament.

*Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of Winchester, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.*

*King.* I wonder our Vnkle Gloſter ſtayes ſo long.
*Queene.* Can you not ſee? or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious Duke doth vſe himſelfe?
The time hath beene, but now the time is paſt,
That none ſo humble as Duke Humfrey was:
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
Yet he will neither moue nor ſpeake to vs.
See you not how the Commons follow him
In troopes, crying, God ſaue the good Duke Humfrey,
Honouring him as if he were their King?
Gloſter is no little man in England,
And if he liſt to ſtirre commotions,
Tis likely that the people will follow him.
My Lord, if you imagine there is no ſuch thing,
Then let it paſſe, and call't a Womans feare.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Diſproue my allegations if you can,
And by your ſpeeches, if you can reproue me,
I will ſubſcribe and ſay, I wrong'd the Duke.
*Suf.* Well hath your Grace foreſeene into that Duke,
And if I had beene licenc'd firſt to ſpeake,
I thinke I ſhould haue told your Graces tale.
Smooth runnes the brooke, vvhereas the ſtreame is deepeſt.

No,



No, no, my Soueraigne, Gloſter is a man
Vnſounded yet, and full of deepe deceite.

*Enter the Duke of Somerſet.*

*King.* Welcome Lord Somerſet, what newes from France?
*Somer.* Cold newes my Lord, and this it is.
That all your holds and Townes within thoſe Territories
Is ouercome my Lord; all is loſt.
*King.* Cold newes indeede Lord Somerſet,
but Gods will bee done.
*Yorke.* Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile England.

*Enter Duke Humfrey.*

*Hum.* Pardon my Liege, that I haue ſtaide ſo long.
*Suf.* Nay Gloſter know, that thou art come too ſoone,
Vnleſſe thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arreſt thee on high Treaſon heere.
*Hum.* Why Suffolkes Duke thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my countenance for thine arreſt
Whereof I am guilty, who are my accuſers?
*Yorke.* Tis thoght my lord your grace took bribes from Frãce,
And ſtopt the ſoldiers of their pay,
Through which his Maieſty hath loſt all France.
*Hum.* Is it but thought ſo? And who are they that thinke ſo?
So God me helpe, as I haue watcht the night,
Euer intending good for England ſtill,
That peny that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought againſt me at the iudgement day.
I neuer rob'd the ſoldiers of their pay,
Many a pound of mine owne proper coſt
Haue I ſent ouer for the ſoldiers wants,
Becauſe I would not racke the needie Commons.
*Car.* In your Protectorſhip you did deuiſe
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes
England hath beene defam'd by tyrannie.
*Hum.* Why tis well knowne, that whilſt I was Protector
Pitty was all the fault that was in me:
A murtherer or foule felonious Theefe,

That

That robs and murders ſilly paſſengers,
I torturd aboue the rate of common law.
*Suff.* Tuſh my Lord, theſe be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arreſt thee on high treaſon heere,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill ſuch time as thou canſt cleare thy ſelfe.
*King.* Good vnckle obey to his arreſt,
I haue no doubt but thou ſhalt cleare thy ſelfe,
My conſcience tels me thou art innocent.
*Hum.* Ah gracious *Henry*, theſe dayes are dangerous
And would my death might end theſe miſeries,
And ſtay their moodes for good King *Henries* ſake.
But I am made the Prologue to their play.
And thouſands more muſt follow after me.
That dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.
*Suffolkes* hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,
*Bewfords* fiery eyes ſhewes his enuious minde,
*Buckinghams* proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoghts,
And dogged *Yorke* that leuels at the Moone,
Whoſe ouerweening arme I haue held backe.
All you haue ioyn'd to betray me thus:
And you my gracious Lady and ſoueraigne Miſtreſſe,
Cauſleſſe haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I ſhall not want falſe witneſſes enough,
That ſo amongſt you, you may haue my life.
The Prouerbe no doubt will be perform'd,
A ſtaffe is quickly found to beate a dog.
*Suff.* Doth he not twit our ſoueraigne Lady here,
As if that ſhe with ignominious wrong,
Had ſuborn'd or hired ſome to ſweare againſt his life.
*Qu.* But I can giue the loſer leaue to ſpeake.
*Hum.* Far truer ſpoke then meant, I loſe indeed,
Beſhrew the winners hearts, they play me falſe.
*Buck.* Heele wreſt the fence, and keepe vs here al day.
My Lord of Wincheſter, ſee him ſent away.
*Car.* Who's within there? Take in Duke Humfrey.

And



And ſee him garded ſure within my houſe.
*Hum.* Oh, thus King *Henry* caſts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his body vp,
And puts his watchfull ſhepheard from his ſide,
Whilſt wolues ſtand ſnarring who ſhall bite him firſt,
Farwell my ſoueraigne, long maiſt thou enioy
Thy fathers happy daies, free from annoy.
*Exit Humfrey with the Cardinals men.*
*King.* My Lords, what to your wiſdoms ſhal ſeem beſt
Do and vndo as if our ſelfe were heere.
*Qu.* What, wil your highneſſe leaue the Parlament?
*King.* I *Margaret*, My heart is kild with griefe,
Wheere I may ſit and ſigh in endleſſe mone,
For who's a Traitor, Gloſter he is none.
*Exit King, Salisbury and Warwicke.*
*Qu.* Then ſit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
*Suffolke*, *Buckingham*, *Yorke* and *Somerſet*.
Let vs conſult of proud Duke *Humfries* fall,
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For ſafety of our King and Common-wealth.
*Suf.* And ſo thinke I Madam, for as you know,
If our King *Henry* had ſhooke hands with death,
Duke Humfrey then would looke to be our King:
And it may be by pollicie he workes,
To bring to paſſe the thing which now we doubt,
The Foxe barkes not when he would ſteale the Lamb,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We ſhould not queſtion if that he ſhould liue.
*Yorke* No, let him die, in that he is a Fox,
Leaſt that in liuing he offend vs more.
*Car.* Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do riſe in armes for him.
*Yorke.* Then do it ſodainly my Lords.
*Suff.* Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.
*Car.* Agreed, for hee's already kept within my houſe.
*Enter a Meſſenger.*
*Qu.* How now ſirrha, what newes?



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Meſſen.* Madame, I bring you newes from *Ireland*,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in armes,
With troupes of Iriſh Kernes, that vncontrolde
Doth plant themſelues within the Engliſh pale.
And burnes and ſpoiles the Country as they go.
*Qu.* What redreſſe ſhall we haue for this, My Lords?
*Yorke.* I were good that my Lord of *Somerſet*
That fortunate Champion were ſent ouer,
To keepe in awe the ſtubborne Iriſhmen,
He did ſo much good when he was in France.
*Somer.* Had *Yorke* bene there with all his farre fetcht
Pollicies, he might haue loſt as much as I.
*Yorke.* I, for Yorke would haue loſt his life, before
That France ſhould haue reuolted from Englands rule.
*Somer.* I ſo thou mightſt, and yet haue gouern'd worſe then I.
*Yorke.* What, worſe then naught? then a ſhame take all.
*Somer.* Shame on thy ſelfe, that wiſheth ſhame.
*Queen.* Somerſet forbeare, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to croſſe the ſeas,
With troopes of armed men, to quell the pride
Of thoſe ambitious Iriſh that rebell.
*Yorke.* Well Madame, ſith your Grace is ſo content,
Let me haue ſome bandes of choſen ſoldiers,
And Yorke ſhall trie his fortunes 'gainſt thoſe Kernes.
*Queen.* Yorke thou ſhalt. My Lord of *Buckingham*,
Let it be it your charge to muſter vp ſuch ſoldiers
As ſhall ſuffice him in theſe needfull warres.
*Buck.* Madame I will, and leuie ſuch a band
As ſoone ſhall ouercome thoſe Iriſh Rebels.
But Yorke, where ſhall thoſe Soldiors ſtay for thee?
*Yorke.* At Briſtow, I'le expect them ten daies hence.
*Buck.* Then thither ſhall they come, and ſo farwell.
*Exit Buck.*

*Yorke.* Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.
*Queen.* Suffolke, remember what you haue to do.
And you Lord Cardinall, concerning Duke *Humfrey*.
T'were good that you did ſee to it in time,

Come



Come let vs go, that it may be perform'd.
*Exit omnes, Manet Yorke.*
*Yorke.* Now Yorke bethinke thy ſelfe, and rouze thee vp,
Take time whilſt it is offered thee ſo faire,
Leaſt when thou wouldſt, thou canſt it not attaine,
T'was men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilſt I am buſie in Ireland,
I haue ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong Kentiſhman,
*John Cade* of *Aſhford*,
Vnder the title of *John Mortimer*,
(For he is like him euery kinde of way)
To raiſe commotion, and by that meanes
I ſhall perceiue how the common people
Do affect the claime and houſe of Yorke,
Then if he haue ſucceſſe in his affaires,
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
To reape the harueſt which that coyſtrill ſowed,
Now if he ſhould be taken and condemn'd,
Hee'l nere confeſſe that I did ſet him on,
And therefore ere I go ile ſend him word,
To put in practiſe and to gather head,
That ſo ſoone as I am gone he may begin
To riſe in armes with troopes of country ſwaines,
To helpe him to performe this enterprize.
And then Duke *Humfrey*, he well made away,
None then can ſtop the light to Englands Crowne,
But Yorke can tame, and headlong pull them downe.
*Exit Yorke.*

*Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke Humfrey is diſcouered in his bed, and two men lying on his breſt, and ſmothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.*
*Suff.* How now ſirs, what haue you diſpatcht him?
*One.* I my Lord, hee's dead I warrant you.
*Suff.* Then ſee the cloathes laid ſmoothe about him ſtill,
That when the King comes, he may perceiue
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

2. All things is handſome now my Lord.
*Suf.* Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gon,
And you ſhall haue your firme reward anon.
*Exit murtherers.*
*Enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke of Somerſet, and the Cardinall.*
*King.* My Lord of Suffolke go call our Vnkle Gloſter,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleere himſelfe.
*Suffolke.* I will my Lord. *Exit Suffolke.*
*K.* And good my Lords proceed no further 'gainſt our vnckle,
Then by iuſt proofe you can affirme:
For as the ſucking childe or harmleſſe Lambe,
So is he innocent of treaſon to our State.
*Enter Suffolke.*
How now Suffolke, where's our Vnckle?
*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my Lord of Gloſters dead.
*The King fals in a ſound.*
*Queene.* Aye me, the King is dead: helpe, helpe, my Lords.
*Suf.* Comfort my Lord, gracious *Henry* comfort.
*King.* What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to ſing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voyce,
Can ſatisfie my greefes, or eaſe my heart?
Thou balefull meſſenger out of my ſight,
For euen in thine eye-bals murther ſits:
Yet do not goe. Come Baſiliske
And kill the gazer with thy lookes.
*Queen.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had cauſd Duke *Humfries* death?
The Duke and I too you know were enemies,
And y'had beſt ſay that I did murther him.
*King.* Ah woe is me for wretched Gloſters death.
*Qu.* Be woe for me more wretched then he was:
What doſt thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome Leaper, looke on me.
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the ſea,





And thrice by aukward winds driuen back frõ Englãds bounds?
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds ſaid, Seeke not a ſcorpions neſt.
*Enter the Earles of Warwicke & Salisbury.*
*War.* My Lord, The Commons like an hungry hiue of Bees,
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they ſting,
For good Duke *Humfries* death, whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall heere.
*King.* That he is dead good Warwicke, is too true,
But how he dyed God knowes, not *Henry*.
*War.* Enter his priuy chamber my Lord, and view the body,
Good father ſtay you with the rude multitude, till I returne.
*Salisb.* I will ſonne. *Exit Salisbury.*
*Warwicke drawes the Curtaines, and ſhewes Duke Humfrey in his bed.*
*King.* Ah Vnkle Gloſter, heauen receiue thy ſoule,
Farewell poore *Henries* ioy, now thou art gone.
*War.* Now by his ſoule that tooke our ſhape vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers dreadfull curſe,
I am reſolu'd that violent hands were laide
Vpon the life of this thrice famous Duke.
*Suf.* A dreadfull oath, ſworne with a ſolemne tongue,
What inſtance giues Lord *Warwicke* for theſe words?
*War.* Oft haue I ſeene a timely parted Ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, pale and bloodleſſe;
But loe the blood is ſetled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd.
His well proportion'd beard made rough and ſterne,
His fingers ſpred abroad as one that graſpt for life,
Yet was by ſtrength ſurpriſd, the leaſt of theſe are probable.
It cannot chooſe but he was murthered.
*Qu.* Suffolke, and the Cardinall had him in charge,
And they I truſt ſir, are no murtherers.
*War.* I, but tis well knowne they were not his friends,
And tis well ſeene he found ſome enemies.
*Card.* But haue ye no greater proofes then theſe?
*War.* Who ſees a heyfer dead and bleeding freſh,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

And ſees hard by a butcher with an Axe,
But will ſuſpect twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the puttockes neſt,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the Kyte ſore with vnbloody beake?
Euen ſo ſuſpitious is this Tragedy.
*Qu.* Are you the Kyte *Bewford*, where's his talents?
Is *Suffolke* the butcher, where's his knife?
*Suffolke.* I wear no knife to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
Yet here's a vengefull ſword ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with murthers Crimſon badge,
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am guilty in Duke *Humfries* death.

*Exit Cardinal*

*War.* What dares not *Warwicke*, if falſe *Suffolke* dare him?
*Qu.* He dares not calme his contumelious ſpirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty hundred times.
*War.* Madam be ſtill, with reuerence may I ſay it,
That euery word you ſpeake in his defence,
Is ſlander to your royall Maieſty.
*Suf.* Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord ſo much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some ſterne vntutor'd Churle, and Noble ſtocke
Was graft with Crab-tree ſlip, whoſe fruite thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.
*War.* But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the deathſman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames;
And that my ſoueraignes preſence makes mee mute,
I would falſe murtherous coward on thy knees,
Make thee craue pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay it was thy mother that thou meantſt:
That thou thy ſelfe was borne in baſtardy,
And after all this fearefull homage done,

Giue



Giue thee thy hire, and ſend thee downe to hell,
Pernitious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men.
*Suf.* Thou ſhouldſt be waking whilſt I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dare go with mee.
*War.* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

*Warwicke puls him out.*

*Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter againe, the Duke of Suffolke and Warwicke, with their weapons drawne.*

*King.* Why how now Lords?
*Suff.* The traiterous *Warwicke*, with the men of *Berry*,
Set all vpon me mightie Soueraigne.

*The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter from them, the Earle of Salisburie.*

*Salisb.* My Lord, the Commons ſends you word by me,
That vnleſſe falſe Suffolke here be done to death,
Or baniſhed faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highneſſe perſon:
They ſay by him the good Duke Humfrey dyed,
They ſay by him they feare the ruine of the Realme,
And therefore if you loue your ſubiects weale,
They wiſh you to baniſh him from forth the land.
*Suf.* Indeed tis like the Commons, rude vnpoliſht hindes
Would ſend ſuch meſſage to their Soueraigne:
But you my Lord were glad to be imploy'd,
To try how quaint an Orator you were:
But all the honour Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embaſſador,
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to the King.

*The Commons cryes, an anſwere from the King my Lord of Salsbury.*

*King.* Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their kinde care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My ſelfe had done it. Therefore heere I ſweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place
Where I haue rule, but three dayes more, he dies. *Exit Salsbury*

*Qu.*

*Qu.* Oh *Henry*, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes baniſh-
ment.

*King.* Vngentle Queene to call him gentle *Suffolke*,
Speake not for him, for in England he ſhall not reſt,
If I ſay, I may relent, but if I ſweare, it is irreuocable.
Come good *Warwicke*, and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

*Exit King and Warwicke, Manet Qu. and Suffolke.*

*Queene.* Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
There's two of you, the diuell make the third,
Fie womaniſh man, canſt thou not curſe thy enemies?

*Suff.* A plague vpon them, wherefore ſhould I curſe them?
Could curſes kill as do the Mandrakes grones,
I would inuent as many bitter termes,
Deliuered ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice ſo many ſignes of deadly hate,
As leane fac'd enuy in her loathſome caue.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one diſtraught,
And euery ioynt ſhould ſeeme to curſe and ban,
And now me-thinkes my burthened heart would breake,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drinke,
Gall worſe then gall, the daintieſt thing they taſte,
Their ſweeteſt ſhade a groue of Cypreſſe trees.
Their ſofteſt touch as ſmart as lyzards ſtings.
Their muſicke frightfull, like the ſerpents hiſſe.
And boding ſcritch-owles make the conſort full.
All the foule terrors in darke ſeated hell.

*Qu.* Enough ſweete *Suffolke*, thou torments thy ſelfe.

*Suff.* You bad me ban, and will you bid me ceaſe?
Now by this ground that I am baniſht from,
Well could I curſe away a winters night,
And ſtanding naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let graſſe grow,
And thinke it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

*Queene.*



*Queene.* No more. Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,
Or liue where thou wilt within this worlds globe,
Ile haue an Iriſh that ſhalt finde thee out,
And long thou ſhalt not ſtay, but ile haue thee repeald,
Or venter to be baniſhed my ſelfe.
Oh let this kiſſe be printed in thy hand,
That when thou ſeeſt it, thou maiſt thinke on me.
Away I ſay, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing whilſt thou ſtandeſt heere.

*Suffolke.* Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, but three times thrice by thee.

*Enter Vawſe.*

*Queene.* How now, whither goes *Vawſe* ſo faſt?

*Vawſe.* To ſignifie vnto his Maieſty,
That Cardinall *Bewford* is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were mad,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke *Humfries* Ghoſt,
And whiſpers to his Pillow as to him,
And ſometimes he cals to ſpeake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his Grace,
That euen now he cald aloud for him.

*Queene.* Go then good *Vawſe* and certifie the King.

*Exit Vawſe.*

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men muſt die,
And woe am I for *Bewfords* heauy end.
But why mourne I for him, whilſt thou art heere?
Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou ſure muſt die.

*Suff.* And if I go I cannot liue: but heere to die,
VVhat were it elſe, but like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breathe my ſoule into the ayre,
as milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
That dies with mothers dug betweene his lips,
VVhere from my ſight I ſhould be raging madde,
and call for thee to cloſe mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to ſtop my dying ſoule,
That I might breathe it ſo into thy body,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

And then it liu'd in ſweete Elyziam,
By thee to die, were but to dye in ieaſt,
From thee to dye, were torment more then death,
Oh, let me ſtay, befall what may befall.
*Queene.* Oh mightſt thou ſtay with ſafety of thy life,
Then ſhouldſt thou ſtay, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.
*Suff.* I goe.
*Queene.* And take my heart with thee.
*She kiſſeth him.*
*Suff.* A iewell lockt into the wofulſt caske,
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,
Thus like a ſplitted Barke, ſo ſunder we,
This way fall I to death. *Exit Suffolke.*
*Queene.* This way for me. *Exit Queene.*

*Enter King and Salisbury, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is diſcouered in his bed, raging and ſtaring as if he were mad.*

*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
I'le giue thee as much gold as will purchaſe ſuch another Iſland.
*King.* Oh, ſee my Lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Chriſt muſt ſaue thy ſoule.
*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?
What would you haue me to do then?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the poyſon which the Pothicary ſent me.
Oh, ſee where Duke *Humfries* ghoſt doth ſtand,
And ſtares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,
So now hee's gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.
*Sal.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.
*King.* Lord Cardinall, if thou dieſt aſſured of heauenly bliſſe,
Hold vp thy hand and make ſome ſigne to vs. *Car. dies.*
Oh ſee he dyes, and makes no ſigne at all,
Oh God forgiue his ſoule.
*Sal.* So bad an end did neuer none behold,
But as his death, ſo was his life in all.

*King.*



*King.* Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge vs all.
Go take him hence, and ſee his funerals perform'd.
*Exit omnes.*

*Alarmes within, and the Chambers bee diſcharged, like as it were a fight at ſea. And then enter the Captaine of the ſhip, and the Maſter, and the Maſters mate, and the Duke of Suffolke diſguiſed, and others with him, & Water Whickmore.*

*Cap.* Bring forward theſe priſoners that ſcorn'd to yeeld,
Vnlade their goods with ſpeed, and ſincke their ſhip,
Here Maſter, this priſoner I giue to you.
This other, the Maſters mate ſhall haue,
And *Water Whickmore* thou ſhalt haue this man,
And let them pay their ranſome ere they paſſe.
*Suffolke. Water!* *He ſtarteth.*
*Water.* How now, what doſt feare me?
Thou ſhalt haue better cauſe anon.
*Suff.* It is thy name affrights me, not thy ſelfe.
I do remember well, a cunning wizzard told me,
That by Water I ſhould dye:
Yet let not that make thee bloody minded,
Thy name being rightly ſounded,
Is *Gualter*, not *Walter*.
*Walter.* Gualter or Water, al's one to me,
I am the man muſt bring thee to thy death.
*Suff.* I am a Gentleman, looke on my Ring,
Ranſome me at what thou wilt, it ſhall be paid.
*Walter.* I loſt mine eye in boording of the ſhip,
And therefore ere I Merchant-like ſell blood for gold,
Then caſt me headlong downe into the ſea.
2. *Priſon.* But what ſhall our ranſomes be?
*Mai.* A hundred pounds a peece eyther pay that or dye.
2. *Priſon.* Then ſaue our liues, it ſhall be paide.
*Water.* Come ſirra, thy life ſhall be the ranſome I wil haue.
*Suff.* Stay villaine, thy priſoner is a Prince,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

he Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*

*Cap.* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

*Suff.* I ſir, but theſe rags are no part of the Duke,
oue ſometime went diſguiſde, and why not I?

*Cap.* I, but *Ioue* was neuer ſlaine as thou ſhalt be.

*Suff.* Baſe Iady groome, King *Henr.es* blood,
he honourable blood of *Lancaſter*,
annot be ſhed by ſuch a lowly ſwaine,
am ſent ambaſſador for the Queene to France,
charge thee waſſe me croſſe the channell ſafe.

*Cap.* Ile waſſe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,
And on our long boates ſide, chop off his head.

*Suff.* Thou dar'ſt not for thine owne.

*Cap.* Yes *Pole.*

*Suffolke. Pole.*

*Cap.* I *Pole*, puddle, kennell, ſinke and durt,
Ile ſtop that yawning mouth of thine,
Thoſe lips of thine that ſo oft haue kiſt the
Queene, ſhall ſweepe the ground, and thou that
Smild'ſt at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

*Suffolke.* This villaine being but Captaine of a Pinnis,
Threatens more plagues then mighty *Abradas*,
The great *Macedonian* Pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorſe in me.

*Cap.* I but my deeds ſhall ſtay thy fury ſoone.

*Suffolke.* Haſt not thou waited at my Trencher,
When we haue feaſted with Queene *Margaret*?
Haſt not thou kiſt thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
and bare-head plodded by my footcloth Mule,
and thought thee happy when I ſmilde on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence,
Then ſhall I charme thee, hold thy lauiſh tongue.

*Cap.* Away with him *Water*, I ſay, and off with his head.

1. *Priſon.* Good my Lord, entreate him mildly for your life.

*Suff.* Firſt let this necke ſtoupe to the axes edge,
Before this knee do bow to any, / *Saue*

Saue



Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:
Suffolkes imperiall tongue cannot plead
To ſuch a Iadie groome.

*Water.* Come, come, why do we let him ſpeake?
I long to haue his head for ranſome of mine eye.

*Suff.* A Swordar and Bandetto ſlaue
Murthered ſweete Tully.
Brutus baſtard hand ſtabd Iulius Cæſar,
And Suffolke dyes by Pirates on the ſeas.

*Exit Suffolke and Water.*

*Cap.* Off with his head, and ſend it to the Queene,
And ranſomleſſe this priſoner ſhall go free,
To ſee it ſafe deliuered vnto her.
Come lets go. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter two of the Rebels with long ſtaues.*

*George.* Come away Nicke, and put a long ſtaffe in thy pike, & prouide thy ſelfe, for I can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two dayes.

*Nicke.* Then they had more neede to go to bed now,
But ſirra George, what's the matter?

*George.* Why ſirra, Iack Cade the Dier of Aſhford heere,
He meanes to turne this land, and ſet a new nap on't.

*Nicke.* I marry he had need ſo, for tis growne thred-bare,
Twas neuer merry world with vs, ſince theſe Gentlemen came vp.

*George.* I warrant thee thou ſhalt neuer ſee a Lord weare a leather apron now a-daies.

*Nicke.* But ſirra, who comes elſe beſide Iacke Cade?

*George.* Why there's Dicke the butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan laſt Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that ſhould haue your Parnill, & a great ſort more is come from Rocheſter, and from Maidſtone & Canterbury, and all the townes hereabouts, and we muſt be all Lords or Squires, aſſoone as Iacke Cade is King.

*Nicke.* Harke, harke, I heare the Drum, they be comming.

*Enter Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom, Harry, and the reſt with long ſtaues.*



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Cade.* Proclaime ſilence.
*All.* Silence.
*Cade.* I Iohn Cade, ſo named for my valiancy.
*Dicke.* Or rather for ſtealing of a cade of ſprats.
*Cade.* My father, was a Mortimer.
*Dicke.* He was an honeſt man, and a good bricke-layer.
*Cade.* My mother came of the Lacies.
*Nicke.* She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, & ſold many laces.
*Robin.* And now being not able to occupy her furr'd packe,
She waſheth buckes vp and downe the countrey.
*Cade.* Therefore I am honourably borne.
*Harry.* I the field is honourable, for hee was borne vnder a hedge, becauſe his father had no other houſe but the cage.
*Cade.* I am able to endure much.
*George.* That's true, I know he can endure any thing,
For I haue ſeene him whipt two market dayes together.
*Cadr.* I feare neither ſword nor fire.
*Will.* He neede not feare the ſword, for his coate is of proofe.
*Dicke.* But methinkes he ſhould feare the fire, being ſo often burnt in the hand, for ſtealing of ſheepe.
*Cade.* Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, & vowes reformation: you ſhall haue ſeuen halfepeny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot ſhall haue ten hoopes, and it ſhalbe felony to drinke ſmall beere, if I be King, as King I will be.
*All.* God ſaue your Maieſty.
*Cade.* I thanke you good people, you ſhall all eate and drinke of my ſcore, and go all in my liuery; and wee'll haue no writing but the ſcore and the Tally, and there ſhall be no lawes but ſuch as come from my mouth.
*Dicke.* Wee ſhall haue ſore lawes then, for he was thruſt into the mouth the other day.
*Geo.* I and ſtinking law too, for his breath ſtinkes ſo, that one cannot abide it.

*Enter Will with the Clarke of Chattam.*

*Will.* Oh Captaine, a prize.
*Cade.* Who's that *Will*?
*Will.* The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and caſt account,



account, I tooke him ſetting of boyes copies, and he has a book in his pocket with red letters.
*Cade.* Zounds he's a Coniurer, bring him hither.
Now ſir, what's your name?
*Clarke.* Emanuell ſir, and it ſhall pleaſe ye.
*Dicke.* It will go hard with you I tell ye,
For they vſe to write that ore the top of Letters.
*Cade.* What do ye vſe to write your name? Or do you as ancient forefathers haue done, vſe the ſcore and the Tally?
*Clarke.* Nay truly ſir, I praiſe God I haue bene ſo wel-broght vp, that I can write mine owne name.
*Cade.* Oh he has confeſt, go hang him with his pen and inkehorne about his necke. *Exit one with the Clarke.*

*Enter Tom.*

*Tom.* Captaine, Newes, newes, ſir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are coming with the Kings power, & mean to kil vs all.
*Cade.* Let them come, he's but a Knight is he?
*Tom.* No, no, he's but a Knight.
*Cade.* Why then to equall him, Ile make my ſelfe Knight.
Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,
Riſe vp ſir Iohn Mortemer.
Is there any more of them that be Knights?
*Tom.* I his brother.
*Cade.* Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher.

*He knights him.*

Riſe vp ſir Dicke Butcher. Now ſound vp the drum.

*Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.*

*Cade.* As for theſe ſilken coated ſlaues, I paſſe not a pin,
Tis to you good people that I ſpeake.
*Staf.* Why Country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?
Why his Father was a brick-layer.
*Cade.* Well, and Adam was a Gardiner, what then? not
But I come of the Mortemers.
*Staf.* I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

*Cade.*

*Cade.* The Duke of Yorke, nay I learnt it my ſelfe,
For looke you, *Roger Mortimer* the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

*Staf.* Well, that's true: But what then?

*Cade.* And by her he had two children at a birth.

*Staf.* That's falſe.

*Cade.* I, but I ſay tis true.

*All.* Why then tis true.

*Cade.* And one of them was ſtolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his ſonne,
Deny it and you can.

*Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know was true;
For his father built a chimney in my fathers houſe,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to teſtifye it.

*Cade.* But doeſt thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers ſake, in whoſe time boyes playde at ſpan-counter with French Crownes, I am content that he ſhall be King as long as he liues: marry alwaies prouided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

*Staf.* O monſtrous ſimplicity.

*Cade.* And tell him, wee'll haue the Lord *Sayes* head, and the Duke of Somerſets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of *Anioy* and *Mayne*, and ſelling the Townes in France: by which means England hath bene maim'd euer ſince, and gone as it were with a crutch, but that my puiſſance held it vp. And beſides, they can ſpeake French, and therefore they are Traitors.

*Staf.* As how I prethee?

*Cade.* Why the Frenchmen are our enemies, be they not?
And then can he that ſpeakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good ſubiect? Anſwere me to that.

*Staf.* Well ſirra, wilt thou yeeld thy ſelfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he wil pardon thee and theſe, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

*Cade.* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then Ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

*Staf.* Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,
That thoſe that will forſake the Rebell Cade,





Shall haue free pardon from his Maieſty.

*Exit Stafford and his men.*

*Cade.* Come ſirs, S. George for vs and Kent. *Exit omnes.*

*Alarmes to the battell, where ſir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are both ſlaine. Then enters Iacke Cade againe, and the reſt.*

*Cade.* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou haſt fought to day moſt valiantly, and knockt them down as if thou hadſt bin in thy ſlaughter-houſe, and thus I will reward thee: The Lent ſhall bee as long againe as it was, and thou ſhalt haue licenſe to kil for fourſcore and one a weeke. Drum ſtrike vp, for now weel march to London, and to morrow I mean to ſit in the Kings ſeat at Weſtminſter. *Exit omnes*

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene with the Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say, with others.*

*King.* Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is ſlaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London.
Go backe to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their Generall.
Yet ſtay, Ile reade the Letter once againe;
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath ſolemnly vow'd to haue thy head.

*Say.* I, but I hope your highneſſe ſhall haue his.

*King.* How now Madam, ſtill lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death? I feare my Loue if I had bin dead, thou woldſt not haue mourn'd ſo much for me.

*Qu.* No my loue, I ſhould not mourne, but dye for thee.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſ.* Oh flye my Lord, the Rebels are entred Southwarke,
And haue almoſt wonne the Bridge,
Calling your Grace an vſurper:
And that monſtrous Rebell Cade, hath ſworne
To crowne himſelfe King in Weſtminſter,
Therefore flye my Lord, and poſt to Killingworth.

*King.* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather
An army vp, and meete with the Rebels.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

Come Madame, let vs haſte to Killingworth.
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebell Cade do finde thee out.
*Say.* My innocence my Lord ſhall pleade for me,
And therefore with your highneſſe leaue, Ile ſtay behind.
*King.* Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say:
Come Madam, let vs go. *Exit omnes*

*Enter the Sord Skayles vpon the Tower walles walking.*

*L. Skayles.* How now, is Iacke Cade ſlaine?
1. *Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be ſlaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them.
The Lord Mayor craueth aide of your honor from the Tower,
To defend the City from the Rebels.
*Lord Ska.* Such aide as I can ſpare, you ſhall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my ſelfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither will I ſend you Mathew Goffe:
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your liues,
And ſo farewell, for I muſt hence againe.
*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Iacke Cade, and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſword vpon London ſtone.*

*Cade.* Now is Mortemer Lord of this City,
And now ſitting vpon London ſtone, We command,
That the firſt yeare of our reigne,
The piſſing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
And now henceforward, it ſhall bee treaſon
For any that calles me any otherwiſe then
Lord Mortemer.

*Enter a ſouldier.*

*Soul.* Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.
*Cade.* Zounds knocke him downe. *They kil him*
*Dicke.* My Lord,

Ther's



Ther's an Army gathered together into Smithfield.
*Cade.* Come then, let's go fight with them,
But firſt go on and ſet London-bridge a fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come let's away. *Exit omnes*

*Alarmes, and then Mathew Goffe is ſlaine, and all the reſt with him. Then enter Iacke Cade againe and his company.*

*Cade.* So ſirs, now go and pull downe the Sauoy,
Others to the Innes of Court, downe with them all.
*Dick.* I haue a ſute vnto your Lordſhip.
*Cade.* Be it a Lordſhip Dicke, and thou ſhalt haue it
For that word.
*Dicke.* That we may go burne all the Records,
And that all writing may be put downe,
And nothing vſed but the ſcore and Tally.
*Cade.* Dicke it ſhall be ſo, and henceforward all things ſhall be in common,
And in Cheapſide ſhall my palphrey go to graſſe.
Why iſt not a miſerable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe parchment ſhould be made, & then with a little blotting ouer with inke, a man ſhould vndo himſelfe.
Some ſaies tis the bees that ſting, but I ſay tis their waxe, for I am ſure I neuer ſeal'd to any thing but once, and I was neuer mine owne man ſince.
*Nick.* But when ſhall we take vp thoſe commodities
Which you told vs of.
*Cade.* Marry he that will luſtily ſtand to it, ſhall take vp theſe commodities following: Item, a gown, a kirtle, a petticoat, and a ſmocke. *Enter George.*
*Geor.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which ſold the Townes in France.
*Cade.* Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou Buckrum Lord, What anſwer canſt thou make vnto my mightineſſe, for deliuering vp the Townes in France to Mounſier bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

And more then ſo, thou haſt moſt traitorouſly erected a Grammar ſchoole, to infect the youth of the Realme, and againſt the Kings Crowne and dignity, thou haſt built vp a paper Mill; nay it will bee ſaide to thy face, that thou keep'ſt men in thy houſe that daily reads of bookes with red letters, & talks of a Nowne and a Verbe, and ſuch abhominable words as no Chriſtian eare is able to endure it.

And beſides all this, thou haſt appointed certaine Iuſtices of the Peace, in euery ſhire, to hang honeſt men that ſteal for their liuing, and becauſe they could not reade, thou haſt hung them vp: onely for which cauſe, they were moſt worthy to liue. Thou rideſt on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

*Say.* Yes, what of that?

*Cade.* Marry I ſay, thou oughteſt not to let thy horſe weare a cloake, when an honeſter man then thy ſelfe, goes in his hoſe & doublet.

*Say.* You men of Kent.

*All.* Kent, what of Kent?

*Say.* Nothing, but *Bona terra.*

*Cade. Bonum terum,* zounds what's that?

*Dicke.* He ſpeakes French.

*Will.* No tis Dutch.

*Nicke.* No tis Outalian, I know it well enough.

*Say.* Kent (in the Commentaries Cæſar wrote)
Term'd it the ciuilſt place of all this Land:
Then Noble Country-men heare me but ſpeake,
I ſold not France, nor loſt I Normandie.

*Cade.* But wherefore doſt thou ſhake thy head ſo?

*Say.* It is the palſie, and not feare that makes me.

*Cade.* Nay, thou noddſt thy head at vs, as who wouldſt ſay,
Thou wilt be euen with me if thou getſt away:
But ile make thee ſure enough now I haue thee.
Go take him to the ſtandard in Cheape-ſide, and choppe off his head, and then go to Mile-end greene to ſir Iames Cromer his ſon in Law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles preſently. Away with him.

*Exit one or two with the Lord Say.*

There



There ſhall not a Nobleman weare a head on his ſhoulders,
But he ſhall pay me tribute for it.
Nor there ſhall not a maide be married, but he ſhall ſee to mee for her.
Mayden-head or elſe, Ile haue it my ſelfe:
Marry I will that married men ſhall hold of me in *capite,*
And that their wiues ſhall be as free as heart can think, or toong can tell.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* O Captaine, London-bridge is a fire.

*Cad.* Runne to Billingſgate, and fetch Pitch and Flaxe, and quench it.

*Enter Dicke and a Sargeant.*

*Sargeant.* Iuſtice, iuſtice, I pray you ſir, let me haue iuſtice of this fellow heere.

*Cade.* Why what has he done?

*Serg.* Alas ſir he has rauiſht my wife.

*Dick.* Why my Lord he would haue reſted me,
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper houſe.

*Cade.* Dicke follow thy ſute in her common place.
Your horſon villaine, you are a Sergeant, you'l
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence:
And reſt a man when he is at dinner,
And haue him to priſon ere the meate be out on's mouth.
Go Dicke take him hence, and cut out his tongue for cogging,
Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Braue him with his owne mace.

*Exit with the Sargeant.*

*Enter two with the Lord Sayes head, and ſir Iames Cromers, vpon two poles.*

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes end, let them kiſſe together.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Clifford, the Earle of Cumberland.*

*Clif.* Why Countrey-men, and warlike friends of Kent,
What meanes theſe mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muſter thus your ſelues,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
To riſe againſt your Soueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon ſent to you,
If you forſake this monſtrous Rebell heere?
If honor be the marke whereat you ayme,
Then haſt to France that our fore-fathers won,
And win againe that thing which now is loſt,
And leaue to ſeeke your Countries ouerthrow.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford.

*They forſake Cade*

*Cade.* Why how now, wil you forſake your general,
And ancient freedome which you haue poſſeſt?
To bend your ſleckes vnder their ſeruile yokes,
Who if you ſtir, will ſtraight way hang you vp.
But follow me, and you ſhall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

*All.* A Cade, a Cade.

*They run to Cade againe.*

*Clif.* Braue warlike friends, heare me but ſpeake,
Refuſe not good whilſt it is offered you:
The King is mercifull, then yeelde to him,
And I my ſelfe will go along with you
To Winſore Caſtle, whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you ſhall haue no hurt.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford, God ſaue the King.

*Cade.* How like a feather is this raſcall company
Blowne euery way?
But that they may ſee there wants no valiancy in me,
My ſtaffe ſhall make way through the midſt of you,
And ſo a poxe take you all.

*He runs through them with his ſtaffe, and then flies away.*

*Buc.* Go ſome and make after him, and proclaime,
That thoſe that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thouſand Crownes for his labour.
Come march away. *Exit om.*

*Enter*



*Enter King Henry, and the Queene, and Somerſet.*

*King.* Lord Sommerſet, what newes heare you of the Rebell Cade?

*Som.* This my gracious Lord, that the Lord Say is done to death, and the City is almoſt ſackt.

*King.* Gods will be done, for as he hath decreed, ſo muſt it be:
And be as he pleaſe, to ſtop the pride of thoſe rebellious men.

*Qu.* Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,
The Rebell Cade had bene ſuppreſt ere this,
And all the reſt that do take part with him.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham and Clifford, with the Rebels, with halters about their neckes.*

*Cliff.* Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King:
Loe heere my Lord, theſe Rebels are ſubdude,
And offer their liues before your highneſſe feete.

*King.* But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine heere.

*Clif.* No my gracious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are ſent forth, that he that can but bring his head ſhall haue a thouſand crownes. But may it pleaſe your Maieſty to pardon theſe their faults, that by theſe traitors means were thus miſled.

*King.* Stand vp you ſimple men, and giue God praiſe,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as ſubiects, and you ſhall not want,
Whilſt Henry liues, and weares the Engliſh Crowne.

*All.* God ſaue the King, God ſaue the King.

*King.* Come let vs haſt to London now with ſpeede,
That ſolemne proceſſions may be ſung,
In laud and honor of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happy victorie. *Exit omnes*

*Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, M. Alexander Eyden and his men, and Iacke Cade lies down picking of hearbes and eating them.*

*Eyden.* Good Lord how pleaſant is this country life,
This little land my father left me heere,
With my contented minde, ſerues me as well,
As all the pleaſures in the Court can yeeld,

Nor

Nor would I change this pleaſure for the Court.

*Cade.* Zounds, heere's the Lord of the ſoyle: Stand villaine, thou wilt betray me to the King, and get a thouſand Crownes for my head: but ere thou goeſt, ile make thee eate yron like an Eſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin.

*Eyden.* Why ſawcy companion, why ſhould I betray thee? Iſt not enough that thou haſt broke my hedges, And enter'd into my ground, without the leaue of me the owner But thou wilt braue me too.

*Cade.* Braue thee and beard thee too, by the beſt blood of the Realme. Looke on me well, I haue eate no meat this fiue daies, yet if do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a dore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate graſſe more.

*Eyden.* Nay, it ſhall neuer be ſaid whilſt the world ſtands, That *Alexander Eyden* an Eſquire of Kent, Tooke oddes to combate with a famiſht man. Looke on me, my limbes are equall vnto thine, And euery way as bigge: then hand to hand Ile combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons, And ſtand you all aſide.

*Cade.* Now ſword, if thou doſt not hew this burly-bon'd churl into chines of beefe, I would thou mightſt fall into ſome Smiths hand, and be turn'd to hobnailes.

*Eyden.* Come on thy way.

*They fight, and Cade fals downe.*

*Cade.* Oh Villaine, thou haſt ſlaine the flower of Kent for chiualry, but it is famine and not thee that has done it. For come ten thouſand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue dayes, and ile fight with you all. And ſo a poxe rot thee, for Iacke Cade muſt dye. *He dyes.*

*Eyden.* Iacke Cade: And was this that monſtrous rebel which I haue ſlaine?
Oh ſword, ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber
Shalt thou hang as a monument to after age,
For this great ſeruice thou haſt done to me.
Ile drag him hence, and with my ſword
Cut off his head, and beare it to the King. *Exit.*

*Enter*



*Enter the Duke of Yorke with Drum and Soldiours.*

*Yorke.* In armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.
Ah *Sancta Maieſta*, who would not buy thee deare?

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham,*

But ſoft, who comes heere, Buckingham, what newes with him?

*Buck.* Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee ſo.

*Yorke.* Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I ſweare:
What, comes thou in loue, or as a Meſſenger?

*Buck.* I come as a Meſſenger frõ our dread Lord & ſoueraigne,
Henry. To know the reaſon of theſe armes in peace?
Or that thou being a ſubiect as I am,
Shouldſt thus approch ſo neare with colours ſpread,
Whereas the perſon of the King doth keepe?

*Yorke.* A ſubiect as he is!
Oh how I hate theſe ſpitefull abiect tearmes,
But Yorke diſſemble, till thou meete thy ſonnes,
Who now in Armes expect their fathers ſight,
And not farre hence I know they cannot be.
*Humfrey* Duke of *Buckingham*, pardon me,
That I anſwer'd not at firſt, my minde was troubled,
I came to remoue that monſtrous rebell *Cade*,
And heaue proud Somerſet from out the Court,
That baſely yeelded vp the Townes in France.

*Buck.* Why that was preſumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no otherwiſe then ſo,
The King doth pardon thee, and granſt to thy requeſt,
And Somerſet is ſent vnto the Tower.

*Yorke.* Vpon thine honour is it ſo?

*Buck.* *Yorke*, he is vpon mine honour.

*Yorke.* Then before thy face, I heere diſmiſſe my troopes,
Sirs, meete me to morrow in Saint *Georges* fields,
And there you ſhall receiue your pay of me.

*Exit Soldiors.*

*Buck.* Come *Yorke*, thou ſhalt go ſpeake vnto the King,
But ſee, his grace is comming to meete with vs.



*Enter*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Enter King Henry.*

*King.* How now *Buckingham*, is *Yorke* friends with vs,
That thus thou bringſt him hand in hand with thee?
*Buck.* He is my Lord, and hath diſcharg'd his troopes,
Which came with him, but as your Grace did ſay,
To heaue the Duke of Somerſet from hence,
And to ſubdue the Rebels that were vp.
*King.* Then welcome couſin *Yorke*, giue me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great ſeruice done to vs,
Againſt thoſe traiterous Iriſh that rebeld.

*Enter Maſter Eyden with Iacke Cades head.*

*Eyden.* Long liue King *Henry* in triumphant peace,
Loe heere my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I heere preſent the traiterous head of *Cade*,
That hand to hand in ſingle fight I ſlue.
*King.* Firſt thanks to heauen, and next to thee my friend,
That haſt ſubdude that wicked traitor thus.
Oh let me ſee that head that in his life
Did worke me and my land ſuch cruell ſpight,
A viſage ſterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,
Preſageth warlike humors in his life.
Heere take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created Knight.
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me what's thy name?
*Eyden.* Alexander Eyden, if it pleaſe your Grace,
A poore Eſquire of Kent.
*King.* Then riſe vp *Alexander Eyden*, Knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thouſand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beſide the firme reward that was proclaim'd,
For thoſe that could performe this worthy acte,
And thou ſhalt waite vpon the perſon of the King.
*Eyden.* I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iuſt and loyall to my King.

*Exit.*

*Enter*



*Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerſet.*

*King.* O Buckingham, ſee where Somerſet comes,
Bid him go hide himſelfe till *Yorke* be gone.
*Queen.* He ſhall not hide himſelfe for feare of *Yorke*,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.
*Yorke.* Who's that, proud Somerſet at liberty?
Baſe fearefull *Henry* that thus diſhonor'ſt me,
By heauen, thou ſhalt not gouerne ouer me:
I cannot brooke that Traitors preſence here,
Nor will I ſubiect be to ſuch a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Reſigne thy Crowne proud Lancaſter to me,
That thou vſurped haſt ſo long by force,
For now is *Yorke* reſolu'd to claime his owne,
And riſe aloft into faire Englands Throne.
*Somer.* Proud traitor, I areſt thee on high treaſon,
Againſt thy ſoueraigne Lord, yeeld thee falſe *Yorke*,
For heere I ſweare thou ſhalt vnto the Tower,
For theſe proud words which thou haſt giuen the King.
*King.* Thou art deceiu'd, my ſonnes ſhall be my baile,
And ſend thee there in deſpight of him.
Hoe, where are you boyes?
*Queene.* Call *Clifford* hither preſently.

*Enter the Duke of Yorkes ſonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and crooke-backe Richard at the one doore, with Drum and Soldiers: & at the other doore, enter Clifford and his ſonne, with Drumme and Soldiours, and Clifford kneeles to Henry, and ſpeakes.*

*Cliff.* Long liue my noble Lord, and ſoueraigne King.
*Yorke.* We thanke thee Clifford.
Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didſt miſtake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.
*Cliff.* Why, I did no way miſtake, this is my King.
What is he mad? To bedlam with him.
*King.* I, a bedlam franticke humor driues him thus
To leuie armes againſt his lawfull King.
*Clif.* Why doth not your grace ſend him to the Tower?



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Queene.* He is arrested, but will not obey,
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.
*Yorke.* How say you boyes, will you not?
*Edward.* Yes noble father, if our words will serue,
*Richard.* And if our words will not, our swords shall.
*Yorke.* Call hither to the stake my two rough Beares.
*King.* Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arme himselfe.
*Yorke.* Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou hast,
Both thou and they shall curse this fatall houre.

*Enter at one doore, the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke, with Drum and Soldiours. And at the other doore, the Duke of Buckingham, with Drum and Soldiours.*

*Cliff.* Are these thy Beares? wee'l baite them soone,
Despight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.
*War.* You had best go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.
*Clif.* I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
*War.* Now by my fathers age, olde Neuils crest,
The rampant Beare chaind to the ragged staffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top the Cedar showes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.
*Clif.* And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnder foote with all contempt,
Despight the beare-ward that protects him so.
*Yong Clif.* And so renowned Soueraigne to armes,
To quell these Traitors and their complices.
*Richard.* Fie, Charity for shame, speake it not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.
*Yong Clif.* Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.
*Rich.* No, for if not in heauen, you'l surely sup in hell.

*Exit omnes.* *Alarmes*



*Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of Somerset and Richard fighting, and Richard kils him vnder the signe of the Castle in S. Albones.*

*Rich.* So, Lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood,
What's heere, the signe of the Castle?
Then the Propheſie is come to passe,
For Somerset was fore-warnd of Castles,
The which he alwayes did obserue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,
The Castle in S. *Albones*,
Somerset hath made the Wizzard famous by his death. *Exit.*

*Alarmes againe, and enter the Earle of Warwicke alone.*

*Warwick.* Clifford of Cumberland, tis Warwicke cals,
And if thou dost not hide thee from the beare,
Now whilst the angry Trumpets sound alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fill the empty aire:
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

*Clifford speakes within.*

*Clif.* Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtelax, throgh the fainting troops to finde thee out.
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

*Enter Yorke.*

*War.* How now my Lord, what a foote?
Who kild your horse?
*Yorke.* The deadly hand of Clifford, Noble Lord,
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,
The bonieſt gray that ere was bred in North.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to fight with him.*

Hold *Warwicke*, and ſeeke thee out ſome other chaſe,
My ſelfe will hunt this Deare to death.

*War.* Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,
Clifford farwell, as I intend to proſper well to day,
It grieues my ſoule to leaue thee vnaſſailde.

*Exit Warwicke.*

*Yorke.* Now Clifford, ſince we are ſingled heere alone,
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath ſworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the houſe of *Lancaſter*.

*Cliffrd.* And heere I ſtand, and pitch my foote to thine,
Vowing neuer to ſtir, till thou or I be ſlaine.
For neuer ſhall my heart be ſafe at reſt,
Till I haue ſpoild the hatefull houſe of *Yorke*.

*Alarmes, and they fight, and Yorke kils Clifford.*

*Yorke.* Now *Lancaſter* ſit ſure, thy ſinewes ſhrinke,
Come fearefull *Henry* grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of *Yorke*.

*Exit Yorke.*

*Alarmes, then enter young Clifford alone.*

*Yong Clifford.* Father of Cumberland,
VVhere I may ſeeke my aged Father forth ?
Oh diſmall ſight, ſee where he breathleſſe lies,
All ſmeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberlands true houſe,
Sweete father, to thy murdred ghoſt I ſweare
Immortall hate vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
Nor neuer ſhall I ſleepe ſecure one night,
Till I haue furiouſly reuendge thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

*He takes him vp on his backe.*

And thus as old *Ankiſes* ſonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him againſt the bloody Greekes,
Euen ſo will I. But ſtay, heer's one of them,
To whom my ſoule hath ſworne immortall hate.

*Enter*

*Yorke and Lancaſter.*

*Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe his father, fightes with him, and Richard flies away againe.*

Out crook'd-backe villaine, get thee from my ſight,
But I will after thee, and once againe
(When I haue borne my father to his Tent)
Ile try my fortune better with thee yet.

*Exit yong Clifford with his Father.*

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke of Buckingham wounded to his Tent.*

*Alarmes ſtill, and then enter the King and Queene.*

*Queene.* Away my Lord, and flye to London ſtraight,
Make haſt, for vengeance comes along with them:
Come, ſtand not to expoſtulate, let's go.

*King.* Come then faire Queene, to London let vs haſt,
And ſummon vp a Parliament with ſpeede,
To ſtop the fury of theſe dyre euents.

*Exit King and Queene.*

*Alarmes, and then a flouriſh, and enter the Duke of Yorke, Edward, and Richard.*

*Yorke.* How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,
And our great honour, that ſo long we loſt,
Whilſt faint-heart Henry did vſurpe our rights.
But did you ſee old Salsbury, ſince we
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?
I would not for the loſſe of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.

*Rich.* My Lord, I ſaw him in the thickeſt throng,
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thrice I ſaw him beaten from his horſe,
And thrice this hand did ſet him vp againe,
And ſtill he fought with courage gainſt his foes,
The boldeſt ſpirited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

*Enter*

*The contention of the two famous Houſes,*

*Enter Salisbary and Warwicke.*

*Edward.* See noble Father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the houſe of *Yorke.*
*Sal.* Well haſt thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of *Yorkes* encreaſing houſe,
The ſmall remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou haſt preſeru'd my life.
*Yorke.* VVhat ſay you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I heere to hold a Parliament.
VVhat ſaies Lord *Warwicke*, ſhall we after them?
*War.* After them, nay before them if we can:
Now by my faith Lords, t'was a glorious day,
Saint *Albones* battaile wonne by famous *Yorke*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more ſuch dayes as theſe, to vs befall.

*Exit omnes.*

FINIS.

# The Second Part.

## Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the *good King Henrie the* Sixt.

*¶ Enter Richard Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Warwicke, the Duke of Norfolke, Marqueſſe Mountague, Edward Earle of March, then Crooke backe Richard, and the young Earle of Rutland, with drum and ſouldiers, with white Roſes in their hats.*

*Warwicke.*

I Wonder how the King eſcap'd our hands.
*Yorke.* Whilſt we purſu'd the horſemen of the North,
He ſlily ſtole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
Charg'd our maine battels front, and there with him
Lord *Stafford* and Lord *Clifford* all abreſt
Brake in, and were by th'hands of common ſouldiers ſlaine.
*Edward.* Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either ſlaine or wounded dangerouſly,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow:
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.
*Mont.* And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltſhires blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioyn'd.
*Rich.* Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
*Yorke.* What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somerſet?
*Norf.* Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.
*Rich.* Thus do I hope to ſhape King *Henries* head.
*War.* And ſo do I victorious Prince of Yorke,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,
Which now the houſe of Lancaſter vſurpes,
I vow by heauen, theſe eyes ſhall neuer cloſe.
This is the Palace of that fearefull King,
And that the regall chaire: Poſſeſſe it Yorke,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* heyres.
*York.* Aſſiſt me then ſweet *Warwicke*, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
*Norf.* Weell all aſſiſt thee, and he that flyes ſhall die.
*York.* Thankes gentle Norfolke. Stay by me my Lords,
And ſoldiers ſtay you heere, and lodge this night.
*War.* And when the King comes offer him no violence,
Vnleſſe he ſeeke to put vs out by force,
*Rich.* Arm'd as we be let's ſtay within this houſe.
*War.* The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Vnleſſe *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be King,
And baſhfull *Henry* be depoſde, whoſe cowardiſe
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
*Yorke.* Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take poſſeſſion of my right.
*War.* Neither the King, nor him that loues him beſt,
The proudeſt bird that holds vp Lancaſter,
Dare ſtirre a wing, if *Warwicke* ſhake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Reſolue thee *Richard*, claime the Engliſh Crowne.
*Enter king Henry the ſixt, with the D. of Exceſter, the Earle of Northumberland, the Earle of Weſtmerland, and Clifford the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roſes in their hats.*

*King.*



*King.* Looke Lordings where the ſturdy Rebell ſits,
Euen in the chaire of State: belike he meanes
(Back'd by the power of *Warwicke* that falſe Peere)
To aſpire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he ſlew thy father,
And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his ſonnes, his fauourites, and his friends.
*North.* And if I be not, heauens be reueng'd on me.
*Clif.* The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in ſteele.
*Weſt.* What? ſhall we ſuffer this? Let's pull him downe.
My heart for anger breakes, I cannot ſpeake.
*King.* Be patient gentle Earle of *Weſtmerland*.
*Clif.* Patience is for Pultrounes, ſuch as he;
He durſt not ſit there had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, heere in the Parliament,
Let vs aſſaile the family of Yorke.
*North.* Well haſt thou ſpoken Coſen, be it ſo.
*King.* O know you not the Citty fauours them,
And they haue troopes of ſouldiers at their becke.
*Exet.* But when the Duke is ſlaine, they'l quickly flye.
*King.* Far be it from the thoughts of Henries heart,
To make a ſhambles of the Parlament houſe:
Coſen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,
Shal be the warres that Henry meanes to vſe.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke, deſcend my Throne,
I am thy ſoueraigne.
*Yorke.* Thou art deceiu'd, I am thine.
*Exet.* For ſhame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.
*Yorke.* 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdome is.
*Exet.* Thy father was a Traitor to the Crowne.
*War.* Exeter thou art a Traitor to the Crowne,
In following this vſurping Henry.
*Clif.* Whom ſhould he follow but his naturall King.
*War.* True Clifford, and thats Richard Duke of Yorke.
*King.* And ſhall I ſtand while thou ſitſt in my Throne?
*Yorke.* Content thy ſelfe, it muſt and ſhall be ſo.
*War.* Be Duke of Lancaſter, let him be King.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*West.* Why? he is both King and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Earle of *Westmerland* shall maintaine.
*War.* And *Warwicke* shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chac'd you from the field
And slew your father, and with colours spred
Marcht through the Citty to the Pallas gates.
*North.* No *Warwicke*, I remember't to my greefe:
And by his soule, thou and thy house shall rew it.
*West.* *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of blood were in my fathers veines.
*Clif.* Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,
I send thee *Warwicke* such a messenger,
As shall reuenge his death before I stirre.
*War.* Poore *Clifford*, how I scorne thy worthlesse threats.
*Yorke.* Will ye we shew our Title to the Crowne,
Or else our swords shall pleade it in the field?
*King.* What Title hast thou Traitor to the Crowne?
Thy Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke:
Thy Grand-father *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March.
I am the sonne of *Henry* the fift, who tam'd the French,
And made the Dolphin stoope, and seiz'd vpon
Their Townes and Prouinces.
*War.* Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.
*King.* The Lord Protector lost it, and not I,
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
*Rich.* Y'are old enough now, and yet methinkes you lose:
Father, teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers head.
*Edw.* Do so sweet father, set it on your head.
*Mont.* Good brother, as thou lou'st and honour'st armes,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.
*Rich.* Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
*Yorke.* Peace sonnes.
*North.* Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to speake.
*King.* Ah *Plantagenet*, why seek'st thou to depose me?
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth?
And from two brothers lineally descend?

Suppose



Suppose by right and equity thou be King:
Think'st thou, that I will leaue my Kingly seate,
Wherein my Father, and my Grandsire sate?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my Realme,
I and our Colours often borne in France,
And now in England (to our hearts great sorrow)
Shall be my winding sheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Titles better farre than his.
*War.* Proue it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.
*King.* Why *Henry* the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.
*Yorke.* Twas by rebellion gainst his Soueraigne.
*King.* I know not what to say, my Titles weake,
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?
*War.* What then?
*King.* Then am I lawfull King. For *Richard*
The second, in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.
*Yorke.* I tell thee he rose against him being his Soueraigne,
And made him to resigne the Crowne perforce.
*War.* Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrain'd,
Think'e you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
*Exet.* No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heyre must succeede and reigne.
*King.* Art thou against vs Duke of Exeter?
*Exet.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
*King.* All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.
*North.* *Plantagenet*, for all the claime thou laist,
Think not King *Henry* shall be thus deposde.
*War.* Deposd he shall be in despight of thee.
*Nor.* Tush *Warwicke*, thou art deceiu'd:
Tis not thy Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke,
And Kent, that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.
*Clif.* King *Henry* be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.
May that ground gape and swallow me aliue,

 Where

Where I do kneele to him that ſlew my Father.
*King.* O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my ſoule.
*Yorke.* Henry of Lancaſter reſigne thy Crowne.
What mutter you? Or what conſpire you Lords?
*War.* Do right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the houſe with armed men,
*Enter Soldiers.*
And ouer the Chaire of ſtate where now he ſits,
Write vp his Title with thy vſurping blood.
*King.* O *Warwicke*, heare me ſpeake:
Let me but reigne in quiet while I liue.
*Yorke.* Confirme the crowne to me, and to mine heires,
And thou ſhalt reigne in quiet whilſt thou liu'ſt.
*King.* Conuey the ſouldiers hence, and then I will.
*War.* Captaine conduct them into *Tuthill* fields.
*Clif.* What wrong is this vnto the Prince your ſon?
*War.* VVhat good is this for England and himſelfe?
*North.* Baſe, fearfull, and deſpairing Henry.
*Clif.* How haſt thou wronged both thy ſelfe and vs?
*Weſt.* I cannot ſtay to heare theſe Articles.
*Clif.* Nor I, Come coſen lets go tell the Queene. *Exit.*
*North.* Be thou a prey vnto the houſe of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkindly deede. *Exit*
*Clif.* In dreadfull war mayſt thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandond and deſpiſd. *Exit.*
*Exet.* They ſeeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeelde my Lord.
*King.* Ah Exeter?
*War.* VVhy ſhould you ſigh my Lord?
*King.* Not for my ſelfe Lord *Warwicke*, but my ſonne,
VVhom I vnnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But be it as it may. I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heyres, conditionally,
That heere thou take an oath,
To ceaſe theſe ciuill broyles, and whilſt I liue
To honor me as thy King and Soueraigne.
*York.* That oath I willingly take, and will performe.

*War.*



*War.* Long liue King *Henry*. Plantagenet embrace him.
*King.* And long liue thou, and all thy forward ſonnes.
*Yorke.* Now Yorke and Lancaſter are reconcilde.
*Exet.* Accurſt be he that ſeekes to make them foes.
*Sound Trumpets.*
*Yorke.* My Lord, Ile take my leaue,
For Ile to *Wakefield*, to my Caſtle.
*Exit Yorke with his ſonnes.*
*War.* And ile keepe London with my ſouldiors. *Exit.*
*Norf.* And ile to Norfolke with my followers. *Exit.*
*Mont.* and I to the ſea from whence I came. *Exit.*

*Enter the Queene and the Prince.*
*Exet.* My Lord, heere comes the Queene, Ile ſteale away.
*King.* And ſo will I.
*Queene.* Nay ſtay, or elſe Ile follow thee.
*King.* Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile ſtay.
*Queen.* What patience can there be? ah timerous man,
Thou haſt vndone thy ſelfe, thy ſonne, and me,
and giuen our rights vnto the houſe of *Yorke*.
art thou a King, and wilt be for'ſt to yeeld?
Had I bene there, the ſouldiers ſhould haue toſt
Me on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the Land: Sterne *Fawconbridge*
Commands the narrow ſeas: and thinkſt thou then
To ſleepe ſecure? I heere diuorce me *Henry*
From thy bed, vntill that acte of Parliament
Be recald, wherein thou yeeldeſt to the houſe of *Yorke*.
The Northerne Lords that haue forſworne thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread,
and ſpread they ſhall vnto thy deepe diſgrace.
Come ſonne, lets away, and leaue him heere alone.
*King.* Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me ſpeake.
*Qu.* Thou haſt ſpoke too much already, therefore be ſtill.
*King.* Gentle ſonne *Edward*, wilt thou ſtay with me?
*Queen.* I, to be murdered by his enemies. *Exit.*



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Prin.* When I returne with victory from the field,
Ile ſee your Grace, till then Ile follow her. *Exit.*
*King*, Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the Prince her ſon
Makes her in furie thus to forget her ſelfe.
Reuenged may ſhe be on that accurſed Duke.
Come Coſen of Exeter, ſtay thou heere,
For Clifford and thoſe Northerne Lords be gone,
I feare towards Wakefield, to diſturbe the Duke.

*Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.*

*Edw.* Brother, and coſen *Montague*, giue me leaue to ſpeake.
*Rich.* Nay, I can better play the Orator.
*Mont.* But I haue reaſons ſtrong and forceable.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke.*

*Yorke.* How now ſonnes what at a iarre amongſt your ſelues?
*Rich.* No Father, but a ſweete contention, about that which concernes your ſelfe and vs, The Crowne of England father.
*Yorke.* The Crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,
And I haue ſworne that he ſhall reigne in quiet till his death.
*Ed.* But I would breake an hundred oaths to reigne one yeare.
*Rich.* And if it pleaſe your Grace to giue me leaue,
Ile ſhew your Grace the way to ſaue your oath,
And diſpoſſeſſe King *Henry* from the Crowne.
*Yorke.* I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuice.
*Rich.* Then thus my Lord.
An Oath is of no moment,
Being not ſworne before a lawfull Magiſtrate.
*Henry* is none, but doth vſurpe your right,
And yet your Grace ſtands bound to him by Oath.
Then noble father reſolue your ſelfe,
And once more claime the Crowne.
*Yorke.* I, ſaiſt thou ſo boy? why then it ſhall be ſo.
I am reſolu'd to win the Crowne, or dye.
*Edward*, thou ſhalt to *Edmund Brooke* Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe.
Thou Coſen *Montague* ſhalt to Norfolke ſtraight,





And bid the Duke to muſter vp his ſoldiours,
And come to me to *Wakefield* preſently,
And *Richard*, thou to London ſtraight ſhalt poſte,
And bid *Richard Neuill* Earle of *Warwicke*,
To leaue the Citty, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at S. *Albones* ten dayes hence.
My ſelfe heere in *Sandall* Caſtle will prouide
Both men and mony to further our attempts.
Now, what newes? *Enter a Meſſenger.*
*Meſ.* My Lord, the Queene with thirty thouſand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
*Northumberland*, and *Weſtmerland*,
With others of the houſe of Lancaſter,
Are marching towards *Wakefield*,
To beſiedge you in your Caſtle heere.
*Enter Sir Iohn, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.*
*Yorke.* A Gods name let them come.
Couſin *Montague*, poſte you hence.
And boyes ſtay you with me.
Sir *Iohn* and ſir *Hugh Mortimer* mine Vncles,
Y'are welcome to *Sandall* in an happy houre,
The army of the Queene meanes to beſiedge vs.
*Sir Iohn.* She ſhall not need my Lord,
Wee'l meete her in the field.
*Yorke.* What, with fiue thouſand ſoludiors, Vncle?
*Rich.* I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A woman's Generall, what ſhould you feare?
*York.* Indeed, many braue battels haue I wonne
In *Normandy*, when as the enemie
Hath bin ten to one, and why ſhould I now doubt
Of the like ſucceſſe? I am reſolu'd. Come lets goe.
*Edw.* Let's march away, I heare their drums. *Exit.*

*Alarmes, and then enter the young Earle of Rutland and his Tutor.*

*Tutor.* Oh flye my Lord, lets leaue the Caſtle,
And flye to *Wakefield* ſtraight.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Enter Clifford,*

*Rut.* O Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

*Clif.* Chaplaine away, thy Prieſthood ſaues thy life,
As for the brat of that accurſed Duke,
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall dye.

*Tutor.* Oh Clifford, ſpare this tender Lord, leaſt
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: oh ſaue his life.

*Clif.* Soldiors away, and drag him hence perforce:
Away with the villaine. *Exit Chaplaine.*
How now, what dead already? or is it feare that
Makes him cloſe his eyes? Ile open them.

*Rut.* So lookes the pent vp Lion on the Lambe,
And ſo he walkes inſulting ore his prey,
And ſo he turnes againe to rend his limbes in ſunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy ſword, and
Not with ſuch a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a ſubiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuendge on men, and let me liue.

*Clif.* In vaine thou ſpeakeſt poore boy: my fathers
Blood hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.

*Rut.* Then let my fathers blood ope it againe, he is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me.
Or ſhould I dig vp thy fore-fathers graues,
And hang their rotten Coffins vp in chaines,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart,
The ſight of any of the houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a fury to torment my ſoule.
Therefore till I roote out that curſed line,
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

*Rut.* Oh let me pray, before I take my death.
To thee I pray: Sweet Clifford pitty me.

*Clif.* I, ſuch pitty as my rapiers point affords.

*Rut.* I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.*



*Rut.* But t'was ere I was borne.
Thou haſt one ſonne, for his ſake pitty me,
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith God is iuſt,
He be as miſerably ſlaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in priſon all my daies,
and when I giue occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.

*Clif.* No cauſe? Thy father ſlew my father, therefore die.
*Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy ſonnes blood cleauing to my blade,
Shall ruſt vpon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

*Alarmes, enter the Duke of Yorke ſolus.*

*Yorke.* Ah *Yorke*, poſte to thy Caſtle, ſaue thy life,
The goale is loſt, thou houſe of Lancaſter,
Thrice happy chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies, and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my ſonnes:
But this I know, they haue demeand themſelues,
Like men borne to renowe by life or death:
Three times this day came *Richard* to my ſight,
and cried courage, Father: victory or death.
and twice ſo oft came *Edward* to my view,
With purple Faulchion painted to the hilts,
In bloud of thoſe whom he had ſlaughtered.
Oh harke, I heare the drums. No way to flie?
No way to ſaue my life? and heere I ſtay:
And heere my life muſt end.

*Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, and Soldiours.*

Come bloudy *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe fury to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your ſhot.

*Northum.* Yeeld to our mercies, proud *Plantagenet*.

*Clif.* I, to ſuch mercy as his ruthfull arme



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

With downe right payment lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
*Yorke.* My aſhes like the *Phœnix* may bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I caſt mine eyes to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why ſtay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
*Clif.* So cowards fight when they can flie no longer,
So Doues do pecke the Rauens piercing tallents,
So deſperate theeues, all hopeleſſe of their liues,
Breathe out inuectiues 'gainſt the Officers.
*Yorke.* Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde ore-runne my former time,
And byte thy tongue that ſlanderſt him with cowardiſe,
Whoſe very looke hath made thee quake ere this.
*Clif.* I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twice two for one.
*Queene.* Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him deafe, ſpeake thou *Northumberland.*
*Nor.* Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him ſo much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour where it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his foote away?
Tis warres prize to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.
*Fight and take him.*
*Clif.* I, I, ſo ſtriues the Woodcoke with the gin.
*North.* So doth the Cunny ſtruggle with the net.
*Yorke.* So triumphs theeues vpon their conquer'd booty,
So true men yeeld, by robbbers ouer-matcht.
*North.* What will your grace haue done with him?
*Queene.* Braue warriours, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand vpon this mole-hill heere,
That aimde at Mountaines with out-ſtretched arme,





And parted but the ſhadow with his hand.
Was it you that reueld in our Parliament,
And made a prechment of your high deſcent?
Where are your meſſe of ſonnes to backe you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the luſty *George*?
Or wher's that valiant crookt-backt prodegy?
*Dickey* your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
Or mongſt the reſt, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*, I dipt this napkin in the blood,
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,
Made iſſue from the boſome of thy boy.
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to dry thy cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*: but that I hate thee much,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I prethee grieue to make me merry, Yorke:
Stampe, raue and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
VVhat, hath thy fiery heart ſo parch thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?
Thou wouldſt be feede I ſee, to make me ſport.
*Yorke* cannot ſpeake, vnleſſe he weare a crowne.
A crowne for Yorke, and Lords bow low to him.
So, hold you his hands, whilſt I do ſet it on.
I, now lookes he like a King.
This is he that tooke King *Henries* chaire,
And this is he was his adopted heyre.
But how is it that great Plantagenet,
Is crownd ſo ſoone, and broke his holy oath,
As I bethinke me, you ſhould not be King,
Till our Henry had ſhooke hands with death,
and will you impale your head with *Henries* glory,
and rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life, againſt your holy oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
and whilſt we breathe, take time to do him dead.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Clif.* That's my office for my fathers death.
*Queene.* Yet ſtay, and lets heare the Oriſons he makes.
*Yorke.* She wolfe of France, but worſe then wolues of France;
Whoſe tongue's more poiſon'd then the Adders tooth,
How ill beſeeming is it in thy ſexe,
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull,
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is viſard-like vnchanging,
Made impudent by vſe of euill deeds;
I would aſſay, proud Queene to make thee bluſh,
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
T'were ſhame enough to ſhame thee, were thou not ſhameleſſe.
Thy father beares the type of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Ciſiles*, and *Ieruſalem*,
Yet not ſo wealthy as an engliſh yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnleſſe the Adage muſt be verifide;
That beggers mounted, run their horſe to death.
Tis beauty, that oft makes women proud;
But God he wots, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
Tis gouernment that makes them moſt admir'd,
The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them ſeeme diuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers heart wrapt in a womans hide;
How couldſt thou draine the life blood of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible.
Thou indurate, ſterne, rough, remorceleſſe.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy will.
Wouldſt haue me weepe? why ſo, thou haſt thy wiſh.
For raging windes blow vp a ſtorme of teares,

and



And when the rage alaes, the raine begins.
Theſe teares are my ſweet *Rutlands* obſequies,
And euery drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the falſe French-woman.
*North.* Beſhrew me but his paſſions moue me ſo,
as hardly I can checke mine eyes from teares.
*Yorke.* That face of his, the hungry Cannibals
Could not haue toucht, would not haue ſtain'd with bloud;
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.
See ruthleſſe *Queene*, a hapleſſe fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in blood of my ſweete boy,
And loe, with teares I waſh the blood away.
Keepe thou the napkin, and go boaſt of that,
And if thou tell the ſtory well,
Vpon my ſoule the hearers will ſhed teares,
I, euen my foes will ſhed faſt falling teares,
and ſay, alaſſe, it was a pitteous deed.
Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curſe,
and in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
as now I reape at thy too cruell hands.
Hard harted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My ſoule to heauen, my blood vpon your heads.
*North.* Had he bin ſlaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuſe but weepe with him, to ſee
How inward anger gripes his hart.
*Qu.* What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly dry your melting teares.
*Cliff.* There's for my oath, there's for my fathers death.
*Queen.* And there's to right our gentle harted kinde.
*Yorke.* Open thy gates of mercy gracious God,
My ſoule flies foorth to meete with thee.
*Queene.* Off with his head, and ſet it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke the Towne of *Yorke*.

*Exeunt omnes.*



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Enter Edward and Richard, with Drum and Soldiours.*

*Edw.* After this dangerous fight and hapleſſe warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?

*Rich.* I cannot ioy vntill I be reſolu'd,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I ſee him beare himſelfe,
As doth a Lyon midſt a heard of Neat,
So fled the enemies from our valiant Father,
Methinkes tis pride enough to be his ſonne.

*Three ſunnes appeare in the Ayre.*

*Edw.* Loe, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious ſunne,
Dazle mine eyes, or do I ſee three ſuns?

*Rich.* Three glorious ſunnes, not ſeparated by a racking cloud
But ſeuered in a pale cleere ſhining sky.
See, ſee, they ioyne, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vowd ſome league inuiolate.
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one ſunne,
In this the heauens doth figure ſome euent.

*Edw.* I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the ſonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Already each one ſhining by his meed,
May ioyne in one, and ouer-peere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire ſhining ſuns.
But what art thou that look'ſt ſo heauily?

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſ.* Oh, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was ſlaine.

*Edw.* Oh ſpeake no more, for I can heare no more.

*Rich.* Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

*Meſ.* VVhen as the noble Duke was put to flight,
and then purſude by *Clifford* and the Queene,
and many ſouldiors moe, who all at once
Let driue at him, and forc'ſt the Duke to yeeld,





And then they ſet him on a mole-hill there,
And crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpite,
VVho then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthleſſe Queene perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the blood of ſweet young *Rutland*,
By rough Clifford ſlaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his breſt they thruſt their bloody ſwords,
VVho like a Lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of Yorke they ſet his head,
And there it doth remaine the pitteous ſpectacle
That ere mine eyes beheld.

*Edw.* Sweet Duke of Yorke, our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:
Now my ſoules Palace is become a priſon.
Oh would ſhe breake from compaſſe of my breſt,
For neuer ſhall I haue more ioy.

*Rich.* I cannot weepe, for all my breaſts moyſture
Scarſe ſerues to quench my furnace burning hate:
I cannot ioy till this white Roſe be dy'de,
Euen in the heart blood of the houſe of Lancaſter.
*Richard*, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or dye my ſelfe in ſeeking of reuenge.

*Edw.* His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy deſcent by gazing gainſt the Sunne,
For Chaire, and Dukedome; Throne and Kingdome ſay,
For either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum, ancient, and ſouldiers.*

*War.* How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?

*Rich.* Ah *Warwicke*, ſhould we report the balefull newes,
And at each words deliuerance, ſtab Ponyards in our fleſh
Till all were told, the words would adde
More anguiſh then the wounds.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

Ah valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is ſlaine.
*Edw.* Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his ſoules redemption,
Is by the ſterne Lord Clifford, done to death.
*War.* Ten dayes ago I drown'd thoſe newes in teares,
And now to adde more meaſure to your woes:
I come to tell you newes ſince then befalne.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his lateſt gaſpe,
Tydings as ſwiftly as the poſt could runne,
Was brought me of your loſſe, and his departure.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muſtred my ſoldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And very well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to S. Albons to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along.
For by my ſcouts I was aduertiſed,
That ſhe was comming, with a full intent
To daſh your late decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henries heires, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battailes ioyn'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldneſſe of the King,
(He look'd full gently on his warlike Queene)
That rob'd my ſouldiers of their heated ſpleene.
Or whether 'twas report of his ſucceſſe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigour,
Who thunders to his Captaines blood and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our ſouldiers, like the Night-Owles lazy flight,
Or like an ydle Threſher with a flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they ſmote their friends.
I cheer'd them vp with iuſtice of the cauſe,
With promiſe of hye pay, and great rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day.





So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Norfolke, and my ſelfe,
In haſt, poſte haſt, are come to ioyne with you.
For in the marches heere we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.
*Edw.* Thankes gentle *Warwicke*.
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
*War.* Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power.
But as for your brother, he was lately ſent
From your kinde Aunt, Dutcheſſe of Burgundie,
With aide of ſouldiers 'gainſt this needfull warre.
*Rich.* Twas ods belike, when valiant *Warwicke* fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praiſes in purſuite,
But nere till now thy ſcandall of retire.
*War.* Nor now my ſcandall Richard doſt thou heare:
For thou ſhalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his fiſt,
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is fam'd for mildeneſſe, peace, and prayer.
*Rich.* I know it well Lord *Warwicke*, blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me ſpeake.
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of ſteele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beads?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?
If for the laſt, ſay I, and to it Lords.
*War.* Why therefore *Warwicke* came to finde you out:
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds,
Haue wrought the eaſie melting King like waxe.
He ſware conſent to your ſucceſſion,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate his oath, or what beſides
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
Their power I geſſe them fifty thouſand ſtrong.
Now if the helpe of Norfolke and my ſelfe,
Can but amount to eight and forty thouſand,
With all the friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among the louing Welſhmen canſt procure,
Why via, to London will we march amaine,
And once againe beſtride our foming Steeds,
And once againe cry, Charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.
*Rich.* I now methinkes I heare great *Warwicke* ſpeake:
Nere may he liue to ſee a Sunſhine day,
That cries retire, when *Warwicke* bids him ſtay.
*Edw.* Lord *Warwicke*, on thy ſhoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, muſt Edward fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.
*War.* No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree is, Englands royall King;
And King of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd,
In euery burrough as we paſſe along:
And he that caſts not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the offence make forfeite of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect theſe reſolutions.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſ.* The Duke of Norfolke ſends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puiſſant power,
And craues your company for ſpeedy counſell.
*War.* Why then it ſorts braue Lords.
Let's march away. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*



*Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the Northerne Earles, with drumme and Souldiours.*

*Queen.* Welcome my Lord to this braue Towne of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemy,
That ſought to be impaled with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect pleaſe your eye my Lord?
*King.* Euen as the rockes pleaſe them that fear their wracke.
With-hold reuenge deere God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my vow.
*Clif.* My gracious Lord, this too much lenity
And harmefull pitty muſt be layde aſide,
To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle lookes?
Not to the beaſt that would vſurpe his den.
Whoſe hand is that the ſauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that ſpoyles his young before his face.
Who ſcapes the lurking Serpents mortall ſting?
Not he that ſets his foote vpon her backe.
The ſmalleſt worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in reſcue of their brood.
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou ſmiling, while hee knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his ſonne a King,
And raiſe his iſſue like a louing Sire.
Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly ſonne,
Didſt giue conſent to diſinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a moſt vnnaturall Father.
Vnreaſonable creatures feede their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeene them euen with thoſe ſame wings,
Which they haue ſometime vſde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climbes vnto their Neſt,
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For ſhame my Lord, make them your preſident.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

Were it not pitty that this goodly boy,
Should loſe his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long heereafter, ſay vnto his Childe,
What my great Grandfather and Grandſire got,
My careleſſe father fondly gaue away?
Looke on the boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiſeth ſucceſſefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

*King.* Full well hath Clifford playd the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didſt thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things ill got had euer bad ſucceſſe,
And happy euer was it for that ſonne,
VVhoſe father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my ſonne my vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my father had left me no more:
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As askes a thouſand times more care to keepe,
Then may the preſent profite counteruaile.
Ah coſin Yorke, would thy beſt friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head ſtands there.

*Queene.* My Lord, this harmfull pitty makes your followers faint.
You promiſ'd Knight-hood to your Princely ſonne,
Vnſheath your ſword, and ſtraight way dub him Knight,
Kneele downe Edward.

*King.* Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a Knight,
And learne this leſſon, Draw thy ſword in right.

*Prince.* My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
and in that quarrell, vſe it to the death.

*North.* VVhy that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſſ.* Royall Commanders, be in readineſſe,
For with a band of fifty thouſand men,

Comes



Comes *Warwicke*, backing of the Duke of Yorke.
And in the Townes whereas they paſſe along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flyes to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

*Clif.* I would your highneſſe would depart the field,
The Queene hath beſt ſucceſſe when you are abſent.

*Queen.* Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

*King.* VVhy that's my fortune, therefore Ile ſtay ſtill.

*Clif.* Be it with reſolution then to fight.

*Prin.* Good Father cheere theſe noble Lords,
Vnſheath your ſword, ſweet Father cry S. *George.*

*Clif.* Pitch we our battell heere, for hence we wil not moue.

*Enter the houſe of Yorke.*

*Edw.* Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne?
And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?

*Queen.* Go rate thy Minions proud inſulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malapert
Before thy King, and lawfull Soueraigne?

*Edw.* I am his King, and he ſhould bend his knee,
I was adopted heyre by his conſent.

*George,* Since when, he hath broke his oath,
For as we heare, you that are King
(Though he do weare the Crowne)
Haue cauſd him by new acte of Parliament,
To blot our brother out, and put his owne ſonne in.

*Clif.* And reaſon George:
Who ſhould ſucceede the father, but the ſon?

*Rich.* Are you there butcher?

*Clif.* I Crooke-back, heere I ſtand to anſwer thee,
Or any of your ſort.

*Rich.* Twas you that kild yong Rutland, was it not?

*Clif.* Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not ſatisfied.

*Rich.* For Gods ſake Lords giue ſignall to the fight.

*War.* VVhat ſaiſt thou *Henry*? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

*Queen.* VVhat, long tongu'd *Warwicke*, dare you ſpeake?
VVhen you and I met at Saint Albons laſt,

Your

Your legges did better ſeruice then your hands,
*War.* I, then twas my turne to flye, but now t'is thine.
*Clif.* you ſaid as much before, and yet you fled.
*War.* Twas not your valour Clifford droue me thence.
*Nor.* No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, ỳ could make yee ſtay.
*Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland*, we hold
Thee reuerently.
Breake off the parley, for ſcarſe I can refraine
The execution of my big ſwolne heart,
Againſt that Clifford there, that cruell child-killer.
*Clif.* Why I kild thy Father, calſt thou him a childe?
*Rich.* I like a villaine, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother Rutland,
But ere Sun-ſet Ile make thee curſſe the deed.
*King.* Haue done with words great Lords,
And heare me ſpeake.
*Queene.* Defie them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.
*King.* I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,
I being a King, am priuiledg'd to ſpeake.
*Clif.* My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with words, therefore be ſtill.
*Rich.* Then executioner vnſheath thy ſword,
By him that made vs all, I am reſolu'd
That *Cliffords* man-hood hangs vpon his tongue.
*Edw.* What ſayſt thou Henry, ſhall I haue my right or no?
A thouſand men haue broke their faſt to day,
That nere ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the Crowne.
*War.* If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head.
For *Yorke* in iuſtice, puts his Armour on.
*Prin.* If all be right that *Warwicke* ſayes is right,
There is no wrong, but all things muſt be right.
*Rich.* Whoſoeuer got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For well I wot thou haſt thy mothers tongue.
*Queen.* But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,
But like a fowle-miſhapen ſtigmaticke,
Markt by the Deſtinies to be auoided,
As venom'd Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

*Rich.*



*Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with engliſh gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a King,
As if a channell ſhould be cald the ſea;
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing from whence thou art deriu'de,
To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heyres?
*Edw.* A wiſpe of ſtraw were worth a thouſand crownes,
To make that ſhameleſſe callet know her ſelfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin ſtoope:
And had he matcht according to his ſtate,
He might haue kept that glory till this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'ſt thy poore ſire with his bridall day:
Then that ſun-ſhine bred a ſhowre for him,
Which waſht his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt ſeditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd theſe tumults, but thy pride?
Hadſt thou bene meeke, our title yet had ſlept,
And we in pitty of the gentle King,
Had ſlipt our claime vntill another age.
*George.* But when we ſaw our ſummer brought thee gaine,
And that the harueſt brought vs no increaſe,
We ſet the axe to thy vſurping roote,
And though the edge haue ſomething hit our ſelues,
Yet know thou we will neuer ceaſe to ſtrike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.
*Edw.* And in this reſolution, I defie thee,
Nor willing any longer conference,
Since thou denieſt the gentle King to ſpeake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloudy colours waue,
And either victory, or elſe a graue.
*Queene.* Stay *Edward*, ſtay.
*Edw.* Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer ſtay,
Thy words will coſt ten thouſand liues to day.

*Exeunt omnes.*



*Alarmes.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Alarmes. Enter Warwicke.*

*War.* Sore ſpent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a little while to breathe,
For ſtrokes receiude, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And force perforce, needs muſt I reſt my ſelfe.

*Enter Edward.*

*Edw.* Smile gentle heauens, or ſtrike vngentle death,
That we may die vnleſſe we gaine the day:
What fatall ſtarre malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmeleſſe line of Yorkes true houſe?

*Enter George.*

*George.* Come brother come, lets to the field againe,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troopes,
Leaſt they retire now we haue left the field.
*War.* How now my Lords, what hap? what hope of good?

*Enter Richard running.*

*Rich.* Ah *Warwicke*, why haſt thou withdrawne thy ſelfe?
Thy noble father in the thickeſt throngs,
Cride ſtill for *Warwicke*, his thrice valiant ſonne,
Vntill with thouſand ſwords he was beſet,
And many wounds made in his aged breſt,
And as he tottring ſate vpon his ſteede,
He waft his hand to me, and cride aloud,
*Richard*, commend me to my valiant ſonne,
And ſtill he cride, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,
And with thoſe words he tumbled off his horſe,
And ſo the noble *Salsbury* gaue vp the ghoſt.
*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horſe, becauſe I will not flie:
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to paſſe from forth this bloudy field,

Till



Till I am full reuenged for his death.
*Edw.* Lord *Warwicke*, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioyne my ſoule to thee,
Thou ſetter vp and puller downe of Kings,
Vouchſafe a gentle victory to vs,
Or let vs die before we loſe the day.
*George.* Then let vs haſte to cheere the ſouldiors harts,
And call them pillars that will ſtand to vs,
And highly promiſe to remunerate
Their truſty ſeruice, in theſe dangerous warres.
*Rich.* Come, come away, and ſtand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues, vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To ſee theſe dire miſhaps continue ſo.
*Warwicke*, farewell.
*War.* Away, away, once more ſweet Lords farewell.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one doore, and Clifford at the other.*

*Rich.* A *Clifford*, a *Clifford.*
*Clif.* A *Richard*, a *Richard.*
*Rich.* Now Clifford, for Yorke and young *Rutlands* death,
This thirſty ſword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limbes, and ſlice thy curſed heart,
For to reuenge the murders thou haſt made.
*Clif.* Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that ſtab'd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that ſlew thy brother *Rutland*,
And heere's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres theſe hands that ſlew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy ſelfe,
And ſo haue at thee.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Alarmes. They fight, and then enters Warwicke and reſcues Richard, and then exeunt omnes.*

*Alarmes ſtill, and then enter Henry ſolus.*

*Hen.* Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And ſet ſome endes to theſe inceſſant griefes.
How like a maſtleſſe ſhip vpon the ſeas,
This wofull battaile doth continue ſtill,
Now leaning this way, now to that ſide driue,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might ſtay theſe ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raign'd, nor nere bene King.
*Margaret* and *Clifford*, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had beſt ſucceſſe when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, ſo all were well,
Or would my crowne ſuffice, I were content
To yeeld it them, and liue a priuate life.

*Enter a Soldiour with a dead man in his armes.*

*Soul.* Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man that I haue ſlaine in fight to day,
May be poſſeſſed of ſome ſtore of crownes,
And I will ſearch to finde them if I can.
But ſtay; methinkes it is my fathers face:
Oh I, tis he whom I haue ſlaine in fight.
From London was I preſt out by the King,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke*,
And in this conflict I haue ſlaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

*Enter another ſoldiour with a dead man.*

2. *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtſt with me ſo ſtoutly,
Now let me ſee what ſtore of gold thou haſt.
But ſtay, methinks this is no famous face:
Oh no, it is my ſonne that I haue ſlaine in fight,

Oh



Oh monſtrous times, begetting ſuch euents,
How cruell, bloudy, and ironous,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget.
Poore boy, thy father gaue thee life too late,
And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too ſoone.
*King.* Woe aboue woe, griefe more then common griefe,
Whil'ſt Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore Lambes do ſeele the rigour of their wraths:
The red Roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our ſtriuing houſes.
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh,
For if you ſtriue, ten thouſand liues muſt periſh.
1. *Soul.* How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me, and nere be ſatisfide?
2. *Soul.* How will my wife for ſlaughter of my ſonne,
Take on with me and nere be ſatisfide?
*King.* How will the people now miſdeeme their King,
Oh would my death their mindes could ſatisfie.
1. *Soul.* Was euer ſonne ſo rude, his fathers blood to ſpill?
2. *Soul.* Was euer father ſo vnnaturall, his ſonne to kill?
*King.* Was euer King thus greeued and vexed ſtill?
1. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence from this accurſed place,
For woe is me to ſee my fathers face.

*Exit with his father.*

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murdered where I ſhould not kill.

*Exit with his ſonne.*

*King.* Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here ſits a King, as woe begon as thee.

*Alarmes, and enter the Queene.*

*Queene.* Away my Lord, to *Barwicke* preſently,
The day is loſt, our friends are murdered,
No helpe is left for vs, therefore away.

*Enter Prince Edward.*

*Prince.* Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

Take horſe ſweet father, let vs ſaue our ſelues.

*Enter Exeter.*

*Exet.* Away my Lord, for vengeance comes along with him:
Nay ſtand not to expoſtulate, make haſte,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.

*K. Hen.* Nay ſtay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

*Enter Clifford wounded, with an Arrow in his necke.*

*Clif.* Heere burnes my Candle out,
That whilſt it laſted, gaue King *Henry* light.
Ah Lancaſter, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my ſoule.
My loue and feare glude many friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrengthened miſproud *Yorke*,
The common people ſwarme like ſummer flies,
And whether flies the Gnats, but to the ſunne?
And who ſhines now, but *Henries* enemy?
Oh *Phœbus*, hadſt thou neuer giuen conſent,
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fiery ſteedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer ſcorcht the earth.
And *Henry*, hadſt thou liu'd as Kings ſhould do,
And as thy father and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
I and ten thouſand in this wofull Land,
Had left no mourning widdowes for our deaths,
And thou this day hadſt kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cheriſh weeds, but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold, but lenity?
Bootleſſe are plaints, and cureleſſe are my wounds,
No way to flie, no ſtrength to hold out flight,
The foe is mercileſſe and will not pitty me,
And at their hands I haue deſerude no pitty.
The ayre is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint,
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke* and the reſt,





I ſtab'd your fathers, now come ſplit my breaſt.

*Enter Edward, Richard, Warwicke, and Souldiors.*

*Edw.* Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward
Courſe, and we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Some troopes purſue the bloudy minded Queene,
That now towards *Barwick* doth poſte amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled away with them?

*War.* No, tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape,
For though before his face I ſpeake the words,
Your brother *Richard* markt him for the graue.
And where ſo ere he be, I warrant him dead.

*Clifford grones, and then dies.*

*Edw.* Harke, what ſoule is this that takes his heauy leaue?

*Rich.* A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure.

*Edw.* See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vſed.

*Rich.* Reuerſe that doome of mercy, for tis Clifford,
Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And ſtab'd our Princely father, Duke of *Yorke*.

*War.* From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the
Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there:
Inſtead of that, let his ſupply the roome.
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatall Scritchowle to our houſe,
That nothing ſung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeake.

*War.* I thinke his vnderſtanding is bereft.
Say Clifford, doſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-ſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees nor heares vs what we ſay.

*Rich.* Oh would he did, and ſo perhaps he doth,
And tis his pollicy that in the time of death,
He might auoid ſuch bitter ſtormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.

*George.* Richard, if thou thinkeſt ſo, vex him with eager words.

*Rich.* Clifford, aske mercy and obtaine no grace.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
*War.* Clifford, deuiſe excuſes for thy fault.
*George.* Whil'ſt we deuiſe fell tortures for thy fault.
*Rich.* Thou pittiedſt *Yorke*, and I am ſonne to *Yorke*.
*Edw.* Thou pittiedſt *Rutland*, and I will pitty thee.
*George.* Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?
*War.* They mocke thee *Clifford*, ſweare as thou waſt wont.
*Rich.* What, not an oath? Nay then I know hee's dead:
Tis hard when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this I know hee's dead, and by my ſoule,
Would this right hand buy but an houres life,
(That I in all contempt might raile at him)
Ide cut it off, and with the iſſuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine, whoſe inſtanched thirſt,
*Yorke* and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfie.
*War.* I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers ſtands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned Englands lawfull King.
From thence ſhall *Warwicke* croſſe the ſeas to France,
And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queene.
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe landes together,
And hauing France thy friend, thou needs not dread
The ſcattered foe that hopes to riſe againe.
And though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buſie to offend thine eares.
Firſt, Ile ſee the Coronation done,
And afterward Ile croſſe the ſeas to France,
To effect this marriage, if it pleaſe my Lord.
*Edw.* Euen as thou wilt good *Warwicke* let it be.
But firſt before we goe, *George* kneele downe,
We here create thee Duke of *Clarence*,
And girt thee with the ſword.
Our younger brother *Richard*, Duke of *Gloſter*.
*Warwicke* as my ſelfe ſhall do and vndo as himſelfe pleaſeth beſt.
*Rich.* Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloſter*,
For *Gloſters* Dukedome is too ominous.

*War.*



*War.* Tuſh, that's a childiſh obſeruation.
*Richard*, be Duke of *Gloſter*: Now to London,
To ſee theſe honours in poſſeſſion. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter two Keepers with Bow and Arrowes.*

*Keeper.* Come, lets take our ſtands vpon this hill,
And by and by the Deere will come this way.
But ſtay, heere comes a man, lets liſten him a while.

*Enter King Henry diſguiſed.*

*Hen.* From Scotland am I ſtolne euen of pure loue,
And thus diſguiſde to greete my natiue Land.
No *Henry*, no, it is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuters ſues to thee for right.
For how canſt thou helpe them, and not thy ſelfe?
*Keeper.* I marry ſir, heere's a Deere, his skinne is a
Keepers fee. Sirra ſtand cloſe, for as I thinke,
This is the King, King *Edward* hath depoſde.
*Hen.* My Queene and Sonne, poore ſoules are gone to *France*,
And as I heare, the great commanding *Warwicke*,
To intreate a marriage with the Lady *Bona*.
If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,
Your labour is but ſpent in vaine,
For *Lewis* is a Prince ſoone won with words,
And *Warwicke* is a ſubtle Oratour.
He laughes, and ſaies his *Edward* is inſtalde.
She weepes, and ſaies her *Henry* is depoſde.
He on his right hand asking a wife for *Edward*,
She on his left ſide, crauing aide for *Henry*.
*Keeper.* What art thou that talkes of Kings and Queens?
*Hen.* More then I ſeeme, for leſſe I ſhould not be.
A man at leaſt, and more I cannot be,
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?
*Keeper.* I, but thou talkes, as if thou wert a King thy ſelfe.
*Hen.* Why ſo I am in minde, though not in ſhew.
*Keeper.* And if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Hen.* My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head,
My crowne is cald Content, a crowne that
Kings do sildome times enioy.
*Keeper.* And if thou be a King crownd with content,
Your crowne content and you, must be content
To go with vs vnto the Officer, for as we thinke,
You are our quondam King. King *Edward* hath deposde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name and the Kings,
To go along with vs vnto the Officers.
*Hen.* Gods name be fulfild, your Kings name be
Obeyde, and be you kings, command and Ile obey.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter King Edward, Clarence, and Gloster, Montague, Hastings, and the Lady Grey.*

*K.Edw.* Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloster*,
This Ladies husband here, Sir *Richard Grey*,
At the battaile of S. *Albones* did lose his life,
His lands then were seiz'd on by the conqueror.
Her sute is now to repossesse those lands,
And sith in quarrell of the house of *Yorke*,
The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honour we cannot denie her sute.
*Glo.* Your highnesse shall do well to grant it then.
*K.Edw.* I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.
*Glo.* I, is the winde in that doore?
*Clarence.* I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble sute.
*Glo.* He knowes the game, how well he keepes the wind.
*K.Edw.* Widow, come some other time to know our mind.
*La.* May it please your Grace, I cannot brooke delaies,
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.
*K.Ed.* Lords giue vs leaue, we meane to try this widowes wit.
*Cla.* I, good leaue haue you.
*Glo.* For you will haue leaue, till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.
*K.Ed.* Come hither widow, how many children hast thou?

*Cla.*



*Cla.* I thinke he meanes to beg a childe on her.
*Glo.* Nay whip me then, hee'l rather giue her two.
*La.* Three, my most gracious Lord.
*Glo.* You shall haue foure if you will be rulde by him.
*K.Ed.* Wer't not pitty they should lose their fathers lands?
*La.* Be pittifull then dread Lord, and grant it them.
*K.Edw.* Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.
*La.* So shall you binde me to your highnesse seruice.
*K.Edw.* What seruice wilt thou do me, if I grant it them?
*La.* Euen what your highnesse shall command.
*Glo.* Nay then widow Ile warrant you all your
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he
Commands. Fight close, or in good faith
You catch a clap.
*Cla.* Nay I feare her not vnlesse she fall.
*Glo.* Marry godsforbot man, for hee'l take vantage then.
*La.* Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?
*K.Edw.* An easie taske, tis but to loue a King.
*La.* That's soone performd, because I am a subiect.
*K.Ed.* Why then thy husbands lands I freely giue thee.
*La.* I take my leaue with many thousand thanks.
*Cla.* The match is made, she seales it with a curtsie.
*K.Edw.* Stay widdow stay, what loue dost thou thinke
I sue so much to get?
*La.* My humble seruice, such as subiects owes, and the lawes
commands.
*K.Edw.* No by my rroth, I meant no such loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.
*La.* To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.
*K.Ed.* Why then thou canst not get thy husbands lands.
*La.* Then mine honesty shall be my dower,
For by that losse I will not purchase them.
*K.Edw.* Herein thou wrongst thy children mightily.
*La.* Herein your highnesse wrongs both them and
Me, but mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.
Please it your highnesse to dismisse me, either with I or no.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*K.Edw.* I, if thou ſay I to my requeſt,
No, if thou ſay no to my demand.
*Lady.* Then no my Lord, my ſute is at an end.
*Glo.* The widdow likes him not, ſhe bends the brow.
*Cla.* Why he is the bluntest wooer in Chriſtendome.
*K.Edw.* Her lookes are all repleate with maieſty,
One way or other ſhe is for a King,
And ſhe ſhall be my loue or elſe my Queene.
Say that King *Edward* tooke thee for his Queene.
*Lady.* Tis better ſaid then done, my gracious Lord,
I am a ſubiect fit to ieſt withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
*King Edw.* Sweete widdow, by my ſtate I ſweare, I ſpeake
No more then what my heart intends,
And that is to enioy thee for my Loue.
*Lady.* And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
*K.Edw.* You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.
*La.* Your grace would be loath my ſons ſhold call you father.
*K.Edw.* No more then when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widdow, and thou haſt ſome children,
And by Gods mother, I being but a batchellor,
Haue other ſome. Why tis a happy thing
To be the Father of many children.
Argue no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.
*Glo.* The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift.
*Cla.* When he was made a ſhriuer, 'twas for ſhift.
*K.Edw.* Brothers, you muſe what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it ſtrange
If I ſhould marry her.
*Cla.* Marry her my Lord, to whom?
*K.Edw.* Why *Clarence* to my ſelfe.
*Glo.* That would be ten dayes wonder at the leaſt.
*Cla.* Why that's a day longer then a wonder laſts.
*Glo.* And ſo much more are the wonders in extremes.
*K.Edw.* Well, ieaſt on brothers, I can tell you, her

Sute



Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſſ.* And it pleaſe your grace, *Henry* your foe is
Taken, and brought as priſoner to your Pallace gates.
*K.Edw.* Away with him, and ſend him to the Tower,
And lets go queſtion with the man abont
His apprehenſion. Lords along, and vſe
This Lady honourably.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Manet Gloſter, and ſpeakes.*

*Glo.* I, *Edward* will vſe women honorably,
Would he were waſted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loynes no iſſue might ſucceed,
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for.
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
Firſt is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henry*,
And his ſonne, and all they looke for iſſue
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my ſelfe.
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe,
What other pleaſure is there in the world beſide?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull my ſelfe within a Ladies lap,
And witch ſweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monſtrous man, to harbour ſuch a thought!
Why loue did ſcorne me in my mothers wombe.
And for I ſhould not deale in her affaires,
She did corrupt fraile nature in the fleſh,
And plac'd an enuious mountaine on my backe,
Where ſits deformity to mocke my body,
To dry mine arme vp like a withered ſhrimpe,
To make my legs of an vnequall ſize,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Eaſier for me to compaſſe twenty crownes.
Tut I can ſmile, and murder when I ſmile,
I cry content, to that which greeues me moſt.
I can adde colours to the Camelion,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

And for a need change ſhapes with *Protheus*,
And ſet the aſpiring *Catalin* to ſchoole.
Can I do this, and cannot get the Crowne?
Tuſh, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe. *Exit.*

*Enter King Lewis, and the Lady Bona, Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, with others.*

*Lewis.* Welcome Queene *Margaret*, to the Court of France,
It fits not *Lewis* to ſit while thou doſt ſtand,
Sit by my ſide, and heere I vow to thee,
Thou ſhalt haue aide to repoſſeſſe thy right,
and beate proud Edward from his vſurped ſeate,
and place King *Henry* in his former rule.
*Queen.* I humbly thanke your royall Maieſty,
And pray the God of heauen to bleſſe thy ſtate,
Great King of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

*Enter Warwicke.*

*Lewis.* How now, who is this?
*Queen.* Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* cheefeſt friend.
*Lewis.* Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to *France*?
*War.* From worthy *Edward*, King of England,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindneſſe and vnfained loue,
Firſt to do greetings to thy royall perſon,
And then to craue a league of amity,
And laſtly to confirme that amity
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire ſiſter,
To Englands King in lawfull marriage.
*Qu.* And if this go forward, all our hope is done.
*War.* And gracious Madame, in our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kiſſe your hand, and with my tongue,
To tell the paſſions of my Soueraignes heart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plac'd thy glorious image and thy vertues.

*Queene.*



*Queene.* King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heare me ſpeake,
Before you anſwere Warwicke or his words,
For he it is hath done vs all theſe wrongs.
*War.* Iniurious *Margaret*.
*Prince Edw.* And why not Queene?
*War.* Becauſe thy father *Henry* did vſurpe,
And thou no more art Prince then ſhe is Queene.
*Ox.* Then *Warwicke* diſanuls great *Iohn of Gaunt*,
That did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spaine*,
And after *Iohn of Gaunt*, wiſe *Henry* the fourth,
Whoſe wiſedome was a mirrour to the world.
and after this wiſe Prince *Henry* the fift,
Who with his proweſſe conquered all *France*,
From theſe our *Henry* is lineally deſcent.
*War.* Oxford, how haps that in this ſmoothe diſcourſe,
You told not how *Henry* the ſixt had loſt
All that *Henry* the fift had gotten.
Methinkes theſe Peeres of *France* ſhould ſmile at that,
But for the reſt, you tell a pedigree
Of threeſcore and two yeares, a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a kingdomes worth.
*Oxf.* Why Warwicke, canſt thou deny thy King,
Whom thou obeyedſt thirty and eight yeares,
and bewray thy treaſons with a bluſh?
*War.* Can Oxford that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falſhood with a pedigree?
For ſhame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* king.
*Oxf.* Call him my king, by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord *Awbray Vere* was done to death,
And more then ſo, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the doore of death?
No *Warwicke*, no, whil'ſt life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
*War.* And I the houſe of *Yorke*.
*K. Lewis.* Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and
Oxford, vouchſafe to forbeare a while,

Till

Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.
Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
Is *Edward* lawfull King, or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.
*War*. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credite.
*Lewis*. VVhat, is he gracious in the peoples eyes?
*War*. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.
*Lewis*. VVhat, is his loue to our Siſter *Bona*?
*War*. Such it ſeemes,
As may beſeeme a Monarch like himſelfe.
My ſelfe haue often heard him ſay and ſweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaues and fruite maintain'd with beauties ſunne,
Exempt from enuy, but not from diſdaine,
Vnleſſe the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.
*Lew*. Then ſiſter let vs heare your firme reſolue.
*Bona*. Your grant or deniall ſhall be mine,
But ere this day I muſt confeſſe, when I
Haue heard your Kings deſerts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to deſire.
*Lew*. Then draw neere Queene *Margaret*, and be a witneſſe,
That *Bona* ſhall be wife to the Engliſh King.
*Prince Edw*. To *Edward*, but not the Engliſh King.
*War*. *Henry* now liues in Scotland at his eaſe,
VVhere hauing nothing, nothing can he loſe,
And as for you your ſelfe, our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to maintaine your ſtate,
And better 'twere to trouble him then France.

*Sound for a Poſte within.*

*Lewis*. Heere comes ſome Poſte *Warwicke*, to thee or vs.
*Poſte*. My Lord ambaſſador, this Letter is for you,
Sent from your brother, Marqueſſe *Montague*.
This from our King, vnto your Maieſty.
And theſe to you Madam, from whom I know not.
*Oxf*. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Miſtreſſe,

Smiles



Smiles at her newes, when *Warwicke* frets at his.
*P. Ed*. And marke how *Lewis* ſtampes as he were netled.
*Lew*. Now *Margaret* & *Warwicke*, what are your newes?
*Queen*. Mine is ſuch, as fils my heart with ioy.
*War*. Mine, full of ſorrow and hearts diſcontent.
*Lew*. What, hath your King married the Lady Gray.
And now to excuſe himſelfe, ſends vs a poſte of papers?
How dares he preſume to vſe vs thus?
*Qu*. This prooueth *Edwards* loue, and *Warwickes* honeſty.
*War*. King Lewis, I heere proteſt in ſight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly bliſſe,
That I am cleere from this miſdeed of Edwards.
No more my King, for he diſhonors me,
And moſt himſelfe, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the houſe of Yorke,
My father came to an vntimely death?
Did I let paſſe the abuſe done to thy Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
And thruſt King *Henry* from his natiue home?
And (moſt vngratefull) doth he vſe me thus?
My gracious Queene, pardon what is paſt,
And henceforth I am thy true ſeruitor:
I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.
*Q*. Yes *Warwick*, Ile quite forget thy former faults,
If now thou wilt become King *Henries* friend.
*War*. So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh vs
With ſome few bands of choſen ſoldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coaſt,
And force the Tyrant from his ſeate by warre,
Tis not his new made bride ſhall ſuccour him.
*Lew*. Then at the laſt I firmly am reſolu'd
You ſhall haue aide: and Engliſh meſſenger, returne
In poſt, and tell falſe Edward thy ſuppoſed King,
That Lewis of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Bona.* Tell him in hope hee'l be a widdower ſhortly,
Ile weare the willow garland for his ſake,
*Queene.* Tell him my mourning weeds be laide aſide,
And I am ready to put armour on.
*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Meſ.*
*Lewis.* But now tell me *Warwicke*, what aſſurance
I ſhall haue of thy true loyalty?
*War.* This ſhall aſſure my conſtant loyalty,
If that our Queene and this young Prince agree,
Ile ioyne mine eldeſt daughter and my ioy
To him forthwith in holy wedlocke bands.
*Queene.* With all my hart, that match I like full well,
Loue her ſonne *Edward*, ſhe is faire and young,
And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.
*Lewis.* It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie ſoldiors for to goe with you.
And you Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admirall,
Shall waft them ſafely to the Engliſh coaſt,
And chaſe proud *Edward* from his ſlumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of *France.*
*War.* I came from *Edward* as Embaſſador,
But I returne his ſworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre ſhall anſwere his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale but me?
Then none but I ſhall turne his ieſt to ſorrow.
I was the cheefe that raiſde him to the Crowne,
And Ile be cheefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pitty *Henries* miſery,
But ſeeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

*Enter King Edward, the Queene, Clarence, Gloſter, Montague, Haſtings, and Penbrooke, with ſoldiors.*

*Edw.* Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloſter,
What



What thinke you of our marriage with the Lady *Grey*?
*Cla.* My Lord, we thinke as *Warwicke* and *Lewis*
That are ſo ſlacke in iudgement, that they will take
No offence at this ſudden marriage.
*Edw.* Suppoſe they do, they are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*,
And I am both your King and *Warwicks*.
And will be obeyed.
*Glo.* And ſhall, becauſe our King, but yet ſuch
Sudden marriages ſildome proueth well.
*Edw.* Yea brother *Richard*, are you againſt vs too?
*Glo.* Not I my Lord, no, God forefend, that I
Should once gainſay your highneſſe pleaſure,
I, and twere pitty to ſunder them that yoke ſo well together.
*Edw.* Setting your skornes and your diſlikes aſide,
Shew me ſome reaſons why the Lady *Grey*,
May not be my Loue, and Englands Queene?
Speake freely *Clarence*, *Gloceſter*,
*Montague*, and *Haſtings*.
*Cla.* My Lord, then this is mine opinion,
That *Warwicke* being diſhonored in his Embaſſage,
Doth ſeeke reuenge to quit his iniuries.
*Glo.* And *Lewis* in regard of his ſiſters wrongs,
Doth ioyne with *Warwicke* to ſupplant your ſtate.
*Ed.* Suppoſe that Lewis and Warwicke be appeaſde,
By ſuch meanes as I can beſt deuiſe.
*Mont.* But yet to haue ioynd with France in this
Alliance, would more haue ſtrengthened this our
Common-wealth, gainſt forraine ſtormes,
Then any home-bred marriage.
*Haſt.* Let England be true within it ſelfe,
We need not France, nor any alliance with them.
*Cla.* For this one ſpeech, Lord Haſtings well deſerues,
To haue the daughter and heyre of the Lord *Hungerford*.
*Edw.* And what then? it was our will it ſhould be ſo,
*Cla.* I, and for ſuch a thing too the Lord *Scales*
Did well deſerue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

Brothers to go ſeeke elſe-where, but in your madneſſe
You bury brother-hood.

*Edw.* Alas poore Clarence, is it for a wife
That thou art male-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.

*Cla.* Nay, you playde the broker ſo ill for your ſelfe,
That ye ſhall giue me leaue to make my choiſe
As I thinke good: and to that intent
I ſhortly meane to leaue you.

*Edw.* Leaue me, or tarry, I am full reſolu'd,
Edward will not be ty'd to his brothers willes.

*Qu.* My Lords, do me but right,
And you muſt confeſſe, before it pleaſd his highneſſe
To aduance my ſtate to Title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble from my birth.

*Edw.* Forbeare my Loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they muſt obey, nay ſhall obey,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

*Mont.* My Lord, here is the Meſſenger return'd from France.

*Enter Meſſenger.*

*Ed.* Now ſirra, what letters? Or what newes?

*Meſ.* No Letters my Lord,
And ſuch Newes, as without your highneſſe pardon,
I dare not relate.

*Ed.* We pardon thee, and (as neere as thou canſt) tell me,
What ſaide Lewis to our Letters?

*Meſ.* At my departure theſe were his very wordes.
Go tell falſe Edward thy ſuppoſed King,
That Lewis of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

*Ed.* Is *Lewis* ſo braue? Belike, he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what ſayde Lady *Bona* to theſe wrongs?

*Meſ.* Tell him, quoth ſhe, in hope heel proue a widdower
Shortly, Ile weare a willow Garland for his ſake.

*Ed.* She had the wrong,
Indeed ſhe could ſay little leſſe. But what ſaid *Henries* Queene,





For as I heare, ſhe was then in place?

*Meſ.* Tell him quoth ſhe, my mourning weeds be done,
And I am ready to put armour on.

*Ed.* Then belike ſhe meanes to play the Amazon.
But what ſaide *Warwicke* to theſe iniuries?

*Meſ.* He more incenſed then the reſt my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

*Ed.* Ha, durſt the Traitor breath out ſuch proud words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worſt.
But what is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?

*Meſ.* I my good Lord, they are ſo linkt in friendſhip,
That young Prince Edward marries *Warwickes* daughter.

*Cla.* The elder, belike *Clarence* ſhall haue the yonger.
All you that loue me and *Warwicke* follow me.

*Exit Clarence and Somerſet.*

*Ed.* *Clarence* and *Somerſet* fled to *Warwicke*,
What ſay you brother *Richard*, will you ſtand to vs?

*Glo.* I my Lord, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
For why hath Nature made me halt downe right,
But that I ſhould be valiant and ſtand to it:
For if I would, I cannot runne away,

*Edw.* Penbrooke, go raiſe an army preſently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night
I meane to reſt, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meete proud *Warwicke*, ere he land
Thoſe ſtragling troopes which he hath got in France.
But ere I go, *Montague* and *Haſtings*,
You aboue all the reſt are neere allyed
In blood to *Warwicke*: therefore tell me,
If you fauour him more then me, or not.
Speake truly, for I had rather haue you open enemies,
Then hollow friends.

*Mont.* So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.

*Haſt.* And *Haſtings*, as he fauours Edwards cauſe,

*Edw.* It ſhall ſuffice, Come then let's march away.

*Exeunt omnes.*



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Enter Warwicke and Oxford with Soldiors.*

*War.* Truſt me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarme to vs,
But ſee where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake ſuddenly my Lords, are we all friends?

*Cla.* Feare not that my Lord.

*War.* Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerſet*, I hold it cowardiſe,
To reſt miſtruſtfull, where a noble heart
Hath pawnd an open hand in ſigne of loue,
Elſe might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome ſweet *Clarence*, my daughter ſhall be thine.
And now what reſts but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being carleſly encampt,
His ſoldiors lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure,
Our ſcouts haue found the aduenture very eaſie,
Then cry king *Henry* with reſolued mindes,
And breake we preſently into his Tent.

*Cla.* Why then lets on our way in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and S. George.

*War.* This is his tent, and ſee where his guard doth ſtand,
Courage my ſouldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.

*All.* A *Warwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

*Alarmes, and Gloſter and Haſtings flies.*

*Oxf.* Who goes there?

*War.* *Richard* and *Haſtings*, let them go, heere is the Duke.

*Edw.* The Duke, why *Warwicke* when we parted
Laſt, thou calledſt me King.

*War.* I, but the caſe is altred now.
When you diſgrac'ſt me in my Embaſſage,
Then I diſgrac'ſt you from being King,





And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*,
Alaſſe, how ſhould you gouerne any kingdome,
That knowes not how to vſe Embaſſadors,
Nor how to vſe your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to ſhroud your ſelfe from enemies.

*Edw.* Well *Warwicke*, let fortune do her worſt,
*Edward* in minde will beare himſelfe a King.

*War.* Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,
But *Henry* now ſhall weare the Engliſh Crowne.
Go conuay him to our brother Archbiſhop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbroke* and his followers,
Ile come and tell thee what the Lady *Bona* ſaies,
And ſo for a while farwell good Duke of *Yorke*.

*Exit ſome with Edward.*

*Cla.* What followes now? all hitherto goes well,
But we muſt diſpatch ſome letters into France,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with ſpeed to ioyne with vs.

*War.* I that's the firſt thing that we haue to do,
And free King *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in his Regall Throne.
Come lets haſte away, and hauing paſt theſe cares,
Ile poſte to *Yorke*, and ſee how *Edward* fares. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Gloſter, Haſtings, and Sir William Stanley.*

*Glo.* Lord *Haſtings*, and Sir *William Stanly*,
Know that the cauſe I ſent for you is this,
I looke my brother with a ſlender traine,
Should come a hunting in this Forreſt heere.
The Biſhop of *Yorke* befriends him much,
And lets him vſe his pleaſure in the chaſe,
Now I haue priuily ſent him word,
How I am come with you to reſcue him,
and ſee where the huntſman and he doth come.

*Enter Edward and a Huntſman.*

*Huntſ.* This way my Lord the Deere is gone.

*Edw.* No this way huntſman,
See where the Keepers ſtand. Now brother and the reſt,
What, are you prouided to depart?
*Glo.* I, I, the horſe ſtands at the Parke corner;
Come, to Lin, and ſo take ſhipping into Flanders:
*Ed.* Come then. *Haſtings* and *Stanley*,
I will requite your loues. Byſhop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwickes* frowne,
And pray that I may repoſſeſſe the Crowne.
Now huntſman, what will you do?
*Huntſ.* Marry my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Go with you, as tarry heere to be hangd.
*Edw.* Come then lets away with ſpeed. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Queene, and the Lord Riuers.*

*Riuers.* Tell me good Madame,
Why is your Grace ſo paſſionate of late?
*Qu.* Why brother *Riuers*, heare ye not the newes
Of that ſucceſſe King *Edward* had of late?
*Riuers.* What? loſſe of ſome pitcht battaile againſt *Warwick*,
Tuſh, feare not faire Queene, but caſt thoſe cares aſide.
King Edwards noble minde, his honours doth diſplay;
And *Warwicke* may loſe, though then he got the day.
*Qu.* If that were all, my greefes were at an end,
But greater troubles will I feare befall.
*Ri.* What, is he taken priſoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall perſon then?
*Queen.* I ther's my greefe, King Edward is ſurpriz'd,
And led away as priſoner vnto Yorke.
*Riu.* The newes is paſſing ſtrange I muſt confeſſe;
Yet comfort your ſelfe, for Edward hath more friends,
Then Lancaſter at this time muſt perceyue,
That ſome will ſet him in his Throne againe.
*Qu.* God grant they may; but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the Sanctuary,
There to preſerue the fruite within my wombe,

King



King *Edwards* ſeed, true heire to Englands crowne. *Exit.*

*Enter Edward and Richard, and Haſtings, with a troope of Hollanders.*

*Edw.* Thus far from *Belgia* haue we paſt the ſeas,
And marcht from *Raunſpur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But ſoft the gates are ſhut, I like not this.
*Rich.* Sound vp the drum, and call them to the wals.

*Enter the Lord Maior of Yorke, vpon the wals.*

*Maior.* My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And that's the cauſe we ſtand vpon our guard,
And ſhut the gates for to preſerue the Towne.
*Henry* now is king, and we are ſworne to him.
*Edw.* Why my Lord Maior, if *Henry* be your king,
*Edward* I am ſure at leaſt, is Duke of *Yorke*.
*Maior.* Truth my Lord, we know you for no leſſe.
*Edw.* I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
*Rich.* But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head,
Hee'l quickly make the body follow after.
*Haſt.* Why my Lord Maior, what ſtand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king Henries friends.
*Maior.* Say you ſo, then Ile open them preſently.
*Exit Maior.*
*Rich.* By my faith, a wiſe ſtout captaine, and ſoone perſwaded

*The Maior opens the doore, and brings the keies in his hand.*

*Edw.* So my Lord Maior, theſe gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keyes:
What, feare not man, for *Edward* will defend
The towne and you, deſpight of all your foes.

*Enter Sir Iohn Mountgomery, with drum and ſoldiors.*

How now *Richard*, who is this?
*Rich.* Brother, this is Sir *Iohn Montgommery*,
A truſtie friend, vnleſſe I be deceiude.
*Edw.* Welcome Sir *Iohn*. Wherefore come you in armes?



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Sir Iohn.* To helpe King *Edward* in this time of ſtormes,
As euery loyall ſubiect ought to do.
*Edw.* Thankes braue *Montgomery*,
But I onely claime my Dukedome,
Vntill it pleaſe God to ſend the reſt.
*Sir Iohn.* Then fare you well. Drum ſtrike vp and let vs
March away, I came to ſerue a King, and not a Duke.
*Edw.* Nay ſtay ſir *Iohn*, and let vs firſt debate,
With what ſecurity we may do this thing.
*Sir Iohn.* What ſtand you on debating, to be briefe,
Except you preſently proclaime your ſelfe our King,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe
That come to ſuccour you, why ſhould we fight,
When you pretend no title?
*Rich.* Fie brother, ſtand you vpon tearmes?
Reſolue your ſelfe, and let vs claime the crowne.
*Edw.* I am reſolude once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or elſe to loſe my life,
*Sir Iohn.* I, now my Soueraigne ſpeaketh himſelfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* ſhall be proclaimd.
*Edward* the fourth, by the grace of God, king of *England and France*, and Lord of *Ireland*; and whoſoeuer gainſaies King *Edwards* right, by this I challenge him to ſingle fight. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
*All.* Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
*Edw.* We thanke you all. Lord Maior leade on the way.
For this night wee'l harbour here in *Yorke*,
And then as early as the morning ſunne,
Lifts vp his beames aboue this horiſon,
Wee'l march to London, to meete with *Warwicke*,
And pull falſe *Henry* from the Regall throne.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Warwicke and Clarence with the Crowne, and then King Henry, Oxford, Somerſet, and the young Earle of Richmond.*

*King.*



*King.* Thus from the priſon to this princely ſeate,
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe.
*Clarence* and *Warwicke*, do you keepe the crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will ſpend the remnant of my daies,
To ſinnes rebuke, and my Creators praiſe.
*War.* What anſweres Clarence to his Soueraignes will?
*Cla.* Clarence agrees to what king *Henry* likes.
*King.* My Lord of Somerſet, what pretty boy
Is that you ſeeme to be ſo carefull of?
*Som.* If it pleaſe your grace, it is young *Henry*,
Earle of *Richmond*.
*King.* *Henry of Richmond*, Come hither pretty Lad.
If heauenly powers do aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretty boy,
Shalt proue this Countries bliſſe.
Thy head is made to weare a princely crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleate with Maieſty,
Make much of him my Lords,
For this is he ſhall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

*Enter one with a Letter to Warwicke.*

*War.* What counſell Lords, *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With haſtie Germanes and blunt Hollanders,
Is paſt in ſafety through the narrow ſeas,
And with his troopes do march amaine towards London,
And many giddy headed people follow him.
*Oxf.* Tis beſt to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire do kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
*War.* In Warwickſhire I haue true hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muſter vp, and thou ſonne *Clarence*,
Shalt in Eſſex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.

 And

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

And thou brother *Montague*, in Leiſterſhire,
Buckingham and Northamptonſhire ſhalt finde,
Men well inclinde to do what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy Countries muſter vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne with his louing Cittizens,
Shall reſt in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue, and ſtand not to reply,
Farewell my Soueraigne.
*King.* Farwell my *Hector*, my *Troies* true hope.
*War.* Farwel ſweet Lords, lets meete at Couentry.
*All.* Agreed. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Edward and his traine.*

*Edw.* Seize on the ſhamefac'ſt *Henry*,
And once againe conuey him to the Tower,
Away with him, I will not heare him ſpeake.
And now towards Couentry let vs bend our courſe,
To meete with *Warwicke* and his confederates.
*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Warwicke on the wals.*

*War.* Where is the poſte that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, my honeſt fellow?
*Oxf. poſte.* By this at *Daintry* marching hitherward.
*War.* Where is our brother *Montague*?
Where is the Poſte that came from *Montague*?
*Poſte.* I left him at *Donſmore* with his troopes.
*War.* Say *Summerfield*, where is my louing ſonne?
And by thy gueſſe, how farre is *Clarence* hence?
*Summer.* At *Southam* my Lord I left him with
His force, and do expect him two houres hence.
*War.* Then *Oxford* is at hand, I heare his Drum.

*Enter Edward and his power.*

*Glo.* See brother, where the ſurlie *Warwicke* mans the wall.
*War.* O vnbid ſpight, is ſpotfull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,

That



That we could haue no newes of their repaire?
*Edw.* Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be ſorry for thy faults,
And call *Edward* king, and he will pardon thee.
*War.* Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confeſſe who ſet thee vp and puld thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent?
And thou ſhalt ſtill remaine the Duke of Yorke.
*Glo.* I had thought at leaſt he would haue ſaid the king.
Or did he make the leaſt againſt his will.
*War.* 'Twas Warwicke gaue the kingdome to thy brother.
*Edw.* Why then tis mine, if but by *Warwicks* gift.
*War.* I, but thou art no *Atlas* for ſo a great a weight,
And weakling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
*Henry* is my king, *Warwicke* his ſubiect.
*Edw.* I prethee gallant *Warwicke* tell me this,
What is the body when the head is off?
*Glo.* Alaſſe, that *Warwicke* had no more foreſight,
But whilſt he ſought to ſteale the ſingle ten,
The king was finely fingred from the decke.
You left poore *Henry* in the Biſhops pallace,
And ten to one you'l meete him in the Tower.
*Edw.* Tis euen ſo, and yet you are old *Warwicke* ſtill.
*War.* O cheerefull colours, ſee where *Oxford* comes.

*Enter Oxford, with drum and ſouldiors.*

*Ox. Oxford, Oxford*, for *Lancaſter*. *Exit.*
*Ed.* The gates are open, ſee, they enter in,
Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the ſtreetes.
*Glo.* No, ſo ſome other might ſet vpon our backes,
Wee'l ſtay till all be entered, and then follow them.

*Enter Somerſet, with Drum and ſoldiors.*

*Som. Somerſet, Somerſet*, for *Lancaſter*.
*Exit.*

*Glo.* Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerſet*,
Haue ſolde their liues vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
And thou ſhalt be the third, if my ſword hold.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

*Enter Montague, with Drum and Soldiors.*

*Mont.* Montague, Montague, for *Lancaſter*. *Exit.*

*Edw.* Traiterous *Montague*, thou and thy brother
Shall deerely abide this rebellious acte.

*Enter Clarence with Drum and Soldiors.*

*War.* And loe where *George* of *Clarence* ſweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.

*Cla.* Clarence, Clarence, for *Lancaſter*.

*Edw.* *Et tu Brute*, wilt thou ſtab *Cæſar* too?
A parlie ſirra, to *George of Clarence*.

*Sound a parlie, and Richard and Clarence whiſpers together, and then Clarence takes his red Roſe out of his Hat, & throwes it at Warwick.*

*War.* Come *Clarence*, come, thou wilt if *Warwicke* call.

*Cla.* Father of Warwicke, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamy at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers houſe,
(Who gaue his blood to lime the ſtones together)
And ſet vp Lancaſter. Thinkeſt thou,
That Clarence is ſo harſh vnnaturall,
To lift his ſword againſt his brothers life,
And ſo proud hearted Warwicke I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my bluſhing cheekes,
Pardon me *Edward*, for I haue done amiſſe,
And *Richard* do not frowne vpon me.
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconſtant.

*Edw.* Welcome *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſeru'd our hate.

*Glo.* Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherly.

*War.* Oh paſſing traitor, periur'd and vniuſt.

*Edw.* Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou leaue
The towne and fight? or ſhall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?

*War.* Why I am not coopt vp heere for defence,
I will away to *Barnet* preſently,

And



And bid thee battaile, *Edward* if thou dar'ſt.

*Edw.* Yes *Warwicke* he dares, and leades the way,
Lords to the field, Saint *George* and victory.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Alarmes, and then enter Warwicke wounded.*

*War.* Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *Yorke* or *Warwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled body ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my body to the earth.
And by my fall the conqueſt to my foes,
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whoſe armes gaue ſhelter to the princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the rampant Lyon ſlept,
Whoſe top branch ouer-peerd *Ioues* ſpreading tree,
The wrinckles in my browes now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to kingly ſepulchers.
For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his brow?
Loe now my glory ſmeard in duſt and blood,
My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,
Euen now forſake me, and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

*Enter Oxford and Somerſet.*

*Oxf.* Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, cheere vp thy ſelfe and liue,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from *France*,
And at *South-hampton* landed all her traine,
And mightſt thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

*War.* Why then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt yeeld to ods,
For many wounds receiu'd, and many more repaide,
Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And ſpite of ſpites needs muſt I yeeld to death.

*Som.* Thy brother *Montague* hath breath'd his laſt,

And

And at the pangs of death I heard him cry
And ſay, Commend me to my valiant brother:
And more he would haue ſpoke, and more he ſaide,
Which ſounded like a clamour in a vault,
That could not be diſtinguiſht for the ſound,
And ſo the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghoſt.
*War.* What is pompe, rule, reigne, but earth and duſt?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we muſt.
Sweet reſt his ſoule, flye Lords, and ſaue your ſelues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell to meete in heauen.
*He dyes.*
*Oxf.* Come Noble Somerſet, let's take our horſe,
And cauſe retreate be ſounded through the Campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,
May be forewarn'd, and ſaue themſelues by flight.
That done, with them weell poſte vnto the Queene,
And once more try our fortune in the field.
*Exit ambo.*

*Enter Edward, Clarence, and Gloſter, with Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Thus ſtill our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girt our temples with triumphant ioyes.
The big-bon'd traitor *Warwicke* hath breath'd his laſt,
And heauen this day hath ſmil'd vpon vs all.
But in this cleare and brightſome day,
I ſee a blacke ſuſpitious clowd appeare,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Before he gaine his eaſefull weſterne beames;
I meane thoſe pow'rs which the Queene hath got in France
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
*Glo.* Oxford and Somerſet are fled to her,
And 'tis likely, if ſhe haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
*Edw.* We are aduertiſde by our louing friends,
That they do hold their courſe towardes Tewksbury:
Thither will we, for willingneſſe rids way:





And in euery Country as we paſſe along,
Our ſtrengths ſhall be augmented.
Come lets go, for if we ſlacke this bright ſummers day,
Sharpe winters ſhowers will marre our hope for haie.
*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford and Somerſet, with Drum and Soldiors.*

*Queene.* Welcome to England, my louing friends of France,
And welcome *Somerſet*, and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we ſpread our ſailes abroad,
and though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
and *Warwicke* as our maine Maſt ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raiſe you that ſturdie poſte,
That beares the ſailes to bring vs vnto reſt,
and *Ned* and I as willing Pilots ſhould,
For once with carefull mindes guide on the ſterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heeretofore hath ſwallowed vp our friends.
*Prince.* And if there be (as God forbid there ſhould)
amongſt vs a timerous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battailes ioyne,
Leaſt he in time of need entice another,
and ſo withdraw the ſoldiours hearts from vs.
I will not ſtand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my ſword preaſe in the thickeſt throngs,
and ſingle *Edward* from his ſtrongeſt guard,
and hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my body as witneſſe of my thoughts,
*Oxf.* Women and children of ſo high reſolue,
And warriors faint, why twere perpetuall ſhame.
Oh braue young Prince, thy noble grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee,
Long maiſt thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.
*Som.* And he that turnes and flies when ſuch do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

Be hiſt, and wondered at if he ariſe.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſſ.* My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.
*Oxf.* I thought it was his policy to take vs vnprouided.
But here will we ſtand and fight it to the death.

*Enter K. Edward, Clarence, Gloſter, Haſtings, and ſouldiers.*

*Edw.* See brothers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
Which by Gods aſſiſtance, and your proweſſe,
Shall with our ſwords ere night be cleane cut downe.
*Queen.* Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay
My teares gainſay. For as you ſee, I drinke
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this:
*Henry* our King is priſoner in the Tower,
His land, and all our friends, are quite diſtreſt,
And yonder ſtands the Wolfe that makes all this;
Then on Gods name Lords together cry, Saint George.
*All.* Saint George for Lancaſter.

*Alarmes to the battell, Yorke flies, then the chambers be diſcharged. Then enter the King, Clarence, Gloſter, and the reſt, making a great ſhout, and cry, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene, Prince, Oxford, and Somerſet are taken, and then ſound and enter all againe.*

*Edw.* Lo here a period of tumultuous broyles,
Away with Oxford to Hames Caſtle ſtraight.
For Somerſet, off with his guilty head.
Away, I will not heare them ſpeake.
*Oxf.* For my part Ile not trouble thee with words. *Exit Oxf.*
*Som.* Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my death. *Exit Som.*
*Edw.* Now Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For ſtirring vp my ſubiects to rebellion?
*Prin.* Speake like a ſubiect proud ambitious Yorke;
Suppoſe that I am now my fathers mouth,
Reſigne thy chaire, and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelfeſame words to thee,

Which



Which Traitor thou wouldſt haue me anſwer to.
*Qu.* Oh that thy father had bene ſo reſolu'd.
*Glo.* That you might ſtill haue kept your peticote,
And nere haue ſtolne the breech from Lancaſter.
*Prin.* Let *Æſop* fable in a winters night,
His curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.
*Glo.* By heauen brat, ile plague you for that word.
*Qu.* I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.
*Glo.* For Gods ſake take away this captiue ſcold.
*Prin.* Nay take away this ſcolding Crooke-backe rather.
*Edw.* Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.
*Cla.* Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapart.
*Prin.* I know my duty, you are all vndutifull.
Laſciuious Edward, and thou periur'd George,
And thou miſhapen Dicke, I tell you all
I am your better, Traitors as you be.
*Edw.* Take that, thou likeneſſe of this railer here. *Stabs him.*
*Qu.* Oh kill me too.
*Glo.* Marry and ſhall.
*Ed.* Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue done too much alreadie.
*Glo.* Why ſhould ſhe liue to fill the world with words?
*Ed.* What doth ſhe ſwound?
Make meanes for her recouery.
*Glo.* Clarence, excuſe me to the King my brother,
I muſt to London on a ſerious matter,
Ere you come there, you ſhall heare more newes.
*Cla.* About what, prethee tell me?
*Glo.* The Tower man, the Tower: Ile roote them out.

*Exit Gloſter.*

*Qu.* Ah Ned, ſpeake to thy Mother boy:
Ah, thou canſt not ſpeake.
Traitors, Tyrants, bloody Homicides,
They that ſtab'd *Cæſar* ſhed no blood at all,
For he was a man; this, in reſpect a childe,
And men nere ſpend their fury on a childe.
What's worſe then Tyrant that I may not name?



You

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

You haue no children diuels, if you had,
The thought of them would then haue ſtopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a ſonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off,
As traitors you haue done this ſweet young Prince.
*Edw.* Away, and beare her hence.
*Queene.* Nay nere beare me hence, diſpatch
Me heere, heere ſheathe thy ſword,
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.
*Cla.* By heauen I would not do thee ſo much eaſe.
*Queene.* Good *Clarence* do, ſweet *Clarence* kill me too.
*Cla.* Didſt thou not heare me ſweare I would not do it?
*Queen.* I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe,
Twas ſinne before, but now tis charity.
Where's the diuels butcher, hard-fauoured *Richard*,
*Richard* where art thou? He is not here,
Murder is his almes-deed,
Petitioners for blood, hee'l nere put backe.
*Edw.* Away I ſay, and take her hence perforce.
*Qu.* So come to you and yours, as to this Prince. *Exit.*
*Edw.* Clarence, whether is Gloſter gone?
*Cla.* Marry my Lord to London, and as I gueſſe,
To make a bloody ſupper in the Tower.
*Edw.* He is ſudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, diſcharge the common ſoldiors with pay
and thanks, and now lets toward London,
To ſee our gentle Queene how ſhe doth fare,
For by this I hope ſhe hath a ſonne for vs. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Gloſter to King Henry in the Tower.*

*Glo.* Good day my Lord. What at your booke ſo hard?
*Hen.* I my good Lord. Lord I ſhould ſay rather,
Tis ſinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good Gloſter, and good Diuell, were all alike,
What ſcene of death hath *Roſius* now to acte?
*Glo.* Suſpition alwaies haunts a guilty minde.

*Hen.*



*Hen.* The bird once limde, doth feare the fatall buſh,
And I the hapleſſe maile to one poore bird,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kild.
*Glo.* Why, what a foole was that of *Creete*?
That taught his ſonne the office of a bird,
And yet for all that the poore Fowle was drownd.
*Hen.* I *Dedalus*, my poore ſonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minos* that denide our courſe,
Thy brother *Edward*, the ſunne that fearde his wings,
And thou the enuieſt gulfe that ſwallowed him.
Oh better can my breaſt abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragicke hiſtory.
*Glo.* Why doſt thou thinke I am an executioner?
*Hen.* A perſecutor I am ſure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
*Glo.* Thy ſonne I kild for his preſumption.
*Hen.* Hadſt thou bin kild when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou hadſt not liude to kill a ſonne of mine,
And thus I propheſie of thee.
That many a widow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water ſtanding eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curſe the time that euer thou wert borne.
The Owle ſhrikt at thy birth, an euill ſigne,
The night Crow cride, aboding luckleſſe tune,
Dogs howld, and hideous tempeſts ſhooke downe trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in diſmall diſcord ſung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth leſſe then a mothers hope,
To wit: an vndigeſt created lumpe,
Not like the fruite of ſuch a goodly tree,
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt borne,
To ſignifie thou cam'ſt to bite the world,
And if the reſt be true that I haue heard,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[4]) Octavo

Thou cam'ſt into the world *Stabs him*
*Glo.* Die prophet in thy ſpeech, ile heare no more,
For this amongſt the reſt was I ordain'd.
*Hen.* I, and for much more ſlaughter after this.
O God forgiue my ſinnes, and pardon thee. *He dyes.*
*Glo.* What? will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted.
See how my ſword weepes for the poore Kings death.
Now may ſuch purple teares alwayes be ſhed,
For ſuch as ſeeke the downfall of our houſe. *Stab him agen.*
Downe, downe to hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither:
I, that haue neither pitty, loue, nor feare.
Indeede twas true that Henry told me of,
For I haue often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legges forward.
And had I not reaſon thinke you to make haſt,
And ſeeke their ruines that vſurp'd our rights?
The women weeping, and the Midwife crying,
O Ieſus bleſſe vs, he is borne with teeth:
And ſo I was indeede. Which plainly ſignified,
That I ſhould ſnarle and bite, and play the Dogge.
Then, ſince heauen hath made my body ſo,
Let hell make crook'd my minde to anſwer it.
I had no Father, I am like no Father;
I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers;
And this word *Loue*, which gray-beards terme Diuine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my ſelfe alone.
*Clarence* beware, thou keptſt me from the light,
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad ſuch Propheſies,
Vnder pretence of outward ſeeming ill,
As Edward ſhall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his ſonne are gone,
And *Clarence* thou art next muſt follow them,
So by one and one diſpatching all the reſt,

Coun-



Counting my ſelfe but bad, till I be beſt.
Ile drag thy body in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy day of doome. *Exit.*

*Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurſe with the young Prince, and Clarence, Gloſter, Haſtings, and others.*

*Edw.* Once more we ſit in Englands throne,
Repurchaſt with the blood of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to *Autumnes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerſet, three-fold renownd
For hardy and vndoubted Champions.
Two Cliffords, as the father and the ſonne,
And two Northumberlands, two brauer men
Nere ſpurd their Courſers at the trumpets ſound.
With them the two rough Beares, *Warwicke* and *Mortague*,
That in their chaines fettered the Kingly Lion,
And made the Forreſt tremble when they roard,
Thus haue we ſwept ſuſpition from our ſeat,
And made our footſtoole of ſecurity.
Come hither *Beſſe*, and let me kiſſe my boy,
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles and my ſelfe,
Haue in our armours watcht the winters night,
Marcht all afoot, in ſummers ſcalding heate,
That thou mightſt repoſſeſſe the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou ſhalt reape the gaine.
*Glo.* Ile blaſt his harueſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordaind ſo thicke to heaue,
And heaue it ſhall ſome weight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and thou ſhalt execute.
*Edw.* Brothers of Clarence and of Gloſter,
Pray loue my louely Queene,
And kiſſe your Princely Nephew, both.
*Cla.* The duty that I owe vnto your Maieſty,
I ſeale vpon the roſiate lips of this ſweete Babe.

*Queene.*

*Queene.* Thankes noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thankes.
*Glo.* And that I loue the fruite from whence thou ſprangſt,
Witneſſe the louing kiſſe I giue the childe.
To ſay the truth, ſo *Iudas* kiſt his maſter,
And ſo he cride all haile, and meant all harme.
*Edw.* Now am I ſeated as my ſoule delights,
*Cla.* What will your grace haue done with *Margaret?*
*Reynard* her father, to the King of France
Hath pawnd the *Cicels* and *Ieruſalem*,
And hither haue they ſent it for a ranſome.
*Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence to France,
And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time,
With ſtately triumphs and mirthfull comicke ſhewes,
Such as befits the pleaſures of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell to ſowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our laſting ioy.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*FINIS.*

1606

The portraict of RICHARD the 3. King of England, and Fraunce, Lord of Ireland. He was slaine at Bosworth feild, the 22th of August 1486. and homelye buried at the Graye friers Church in Leicester, when he had vsurped 2 yeares 2 monthes and one day

Are to be sold by Compton Holland ouer against the Exchange.

This impression was taken from the seal of Richard the Third, which was dug up some years since at Bosworth Field, and fell into the hands of the late Dr Lort. Edd.

# THE TRAGEDIE of King Richard the third.

*Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence*: the pittifull murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death.

*As it hath beene lately Acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants.*

Newly augmented,

By *William Shake-speare.*

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Mathew Lawe, dwelling in Pauls Church-yard, at the Signe of the Foxe, neare S. Austins gate, 1 6 1 2.

[The above date is undoubtedly 1612]

The title page of the original edition of this play printed in 1597, corresponds with that at the other side, to the word death; after which follows—

"As it hath been lately acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. | At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597."

The words "newly augmented" first appeared in the title page of the edition printed in 1602; which was I believe the copy principally followed in printing the folio.

This copy has been collated with the edition of 1598, and the various readings are in the margin.

From this collation it appears that the errors of omission in this copy (to say nothing of the other numerous faults) are no less than twenty six: a striking proof of the value of first editions, and of what I have so often stated in my edition, that omission of words (or sometimes of lines) is one of the most common errors of the press. E. M.

Since the above collation was made, I have met with the edition of 1597, and collated it. The variations between the copy of 1597 and that of 1598 are set down, and are distinguished by being written in imitation of print.

☞ Since I wrote the above I have got a copy of the 3d edit. See it in Vol. VI.

*Enter Richard Duke of Glocester, solus.*

NOw is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious sommer by this sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruſed armes hung vp for monuments,
Our ſterne alarums changd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleaſures.
Grim-viſagde warre, hath ſmoothde his wrinkled front,
And now in ſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds,
To fright the ſoules of feareſull aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a loue.
But I that am not ſhapte for ſportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glaſſe,
I that am rudely ſtampt, and want loues maieſtie
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deformd, vnfiniſht, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as *I* halt by them:
*Why I* in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the Sunne,
And deſcant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore ſince *I* cannot proue a louer
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken daies,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe daies
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,



Line 1. our discontent 1598. 8. measures.
14. shapd 21. scarce half.
Line 9. wrinkled. 1597.

By drunken prophecies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if king Edward be as true and iust
As I am subtile, false and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewd vp,
About a prophesie which saies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherer shall bee.
Dire thoughts, downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with*
Here Clarence comes, *a guard of men,*
Brother, good dayes, what means this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?
*Cla.* His maiestie tendering my persons safetie hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower. (pointed
*Glo.* Vpon what cause?
*Cla.* Because my name is George.
*Glo.* Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the Tower,
But what is the matter Clarence may *I* know?
*Cla.* Yea Richard when I know, for *I* protest
As yet *I* do not, but as *I* can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he,
These as *I* learne, and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now
*Glo.* Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis shee
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony wooduile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

Line 8. murderers. 21 But what's.
29 It followes.
Line 35. That tempers him—



*Cla.* By heauen *I* thinke there is no man securde
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistresse Shoare:
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliuerie?
*Glo.* Humble complaining to her deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie,
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuery,
The iealous orewome widow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie gossips in this monarchy.
*Bro.* I beseech your graces both to pardon me?
His maiestie hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.
*Glo.* Euen so & please your worship Brokenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the king
Is wise and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not iealous,
We say that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How say you sir, can you deny all this?
*Bro.* With this (my Lord) my selfe haue naught to do.
*Glo.* Naught to do with Mistresse Shore I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone.
*Bro.* What one my Lord?
*Glo.* Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?
*Bro.* I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and with all for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare-
*Cla.* We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.
*Glo.* We are the Queenes Abiects and must obey,
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King;
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow sister,

 I will!

Line 27 nought.
31 & 32 omitted in edit. 1597.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
*Cla.* I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.
*Glo.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
*Cla.* I must preforce, farewell. *Exit. Cla.*
*Glo.* Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Hastings?
*Enter Lord Hastings.*
*Hast.* Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
*Glo.* As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?
*Hast.* With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thankes,
That were the cause of my imprisonment,
*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
*Hast.* More pittie that the Eagle should be mewed,
While *Kites* and Buzars prey at libertie.
*Glo.* What newes abroad?
*Hast.* No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitians feare him mightily.
*Glo* Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euil diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his royall person,
'Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon,
What, is he in his bed?
*Hast.* He is.
*Glo.* Goe you before, and I will follow you, *Exit. Hast.*
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen,
Ile into vrge his hatred more to Clarence,

Line 17. the open 26. bussards



With lyes well steeld with weightie arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to bussell in:
For then Ile marry Warwicks youngest daughter.
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*
*Enter Lady Anne, with the hearse of Harry the 6.*
*Lady Anne.* Set downe, set downe your honourable Lord,
If honour may be shrowded in a hearse
Whilest I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaster.
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloodles remnant of that royall blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred sonne,
Stabd by the selfesame hands that made these holes:
Loe, in those windowes that let foorth thy life,
I powre the helpeletse blame of my poore eyes.
Curst be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curst be the heart that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.

Line 17 Sit down, sit—. 30 these fatal
Set down, set—— honourable 1
29 balme

If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miſerable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertſey with your holy load
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And ſtill as you are a wearie of the waight,
Reſt you whiles I lament King Henries coarſe.

*Enter Gloſter.*

*Glo.* Stay you that beare the coarſe, and ſet it downe,
*La.* What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?
*Glo.* Villaine, ſet downe the coarſe, or by Saint Paul,
Ile make a coarſe of him that diſobeyes.
*Gen.* My Lord ſtand backe and let the coffin paſſe.
*Glo.* Vnmanerd dog, ſtand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by Saint Paul Ile ſtrike thee to my foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
*La.* What do you tremble, are you all afraide?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.
Auant thou dreadfull miniſter of hell,
Thou hadſt but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His ſoule thou canſt not haue, therefore be gone.
*Glo.* Sweet Saint for charitie, be not ſo curſt.
*La.* Foule diuel, for Gods ſake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happie earth thy hell:
Fild it with curſing cries, and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen ſee, ſee dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deludge moſt vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood madſt, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drinkſt, reuenges his death:
Either heauen with lightning ſtricke the murtherer dead,

Line 6. are wearie
Antipenult. madest
Penult. revenge



Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
*As* thou doeſt ſwallowe vp this good kings blood,
*Which* his. Hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.
*Glo.* Ladie, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, bleſſings for curſes,
*La. Villanne*, thou knowſt no law of God nor man:
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pittie.
*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.
*La.* Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.
*Glo.* More wonderfull when Angels are ſo angry,
Vouchſafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance but to acquite my ſelfe.
*La. Vouchſafe* defuſed infection of a man,
For theſe knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance to curſe thy curſed ſelfe.
*Glo.* Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leiſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
*La.* Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canſt make
No excuſe currant, but to hang thy ſelfe.
*Glo.* By ſuch diſpare *I* ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
*La. And* by diſparing ſhouldſt thou ſtand excuſde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy ſelfe,
Which didſt vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
*Glo.* Say that I ſlew them not.
*La.* Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diueliſh ſlaueby thee.
*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.
*La.* Why then he is aliue.
*Glo.* Nay, he is dead and ſlaine by Edwards hand.
*La.* In thy foule throat thou lyeſt. Queene Margret ſaw
Thy bloodly faulchion ſmoking in his blood,
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that thy brother beat aſide the poynt.
*Glo.* I was prouoked by her ſlanderous tongue
*Which* laid their guilt vpon my guiltleſſe ſhoulders.
*La.* Thou waſt prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheryes.
Didſt thou not kill this king? *Glo.* I grant yee.



Line 33 did. 34 brothers. 39 grant yea.
Line 6 knowest- 9 broth. 21 despaire 22 despiring. 33 didst.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

*La.* Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maieſt be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
*Glo.* The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.
*La.* He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
*Glo.* Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
*La.* And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
*Glo.* Yes one place elſe, if ye will heare me name it.
*La.* Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
*La.* Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
*Glo.* So will it Madame, till *I* lie with you.
*La.* *I* hope ſo.
*Glo.* *I* know ſo, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
*La.* Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
*Glo.* Your beautie was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beautie which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So *I* might reſt that houre in your ſweet boſome.
*La.* If I thought that, *I* tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beautie from my cheekes.
*Glo.* Theſe eies could neuer endure ſweet beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So *I* by that, it is my day, my life.
*La.* Black night ouerſhade thy day, and death thy life.
*Glo.* Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
*La.* I would *I* were to be reuengde on thee.
*Glo.* *It* is a quarrel, moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuengde on him that loueth you.
*La.* *It* is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuengd on him that ſlew my husband.
*Glo.* He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

*La.* His



*La.* His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
*Glo.* Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.
*La.* Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
*La.* Why what was hee?
*Glo.* The ſelfe ſame name, but one of better nature.
*La.* Where is hee?
*Glo.* Heere. *She ſpitteth at him.*
Why doeſt thou ſpit at mee?
*La.* Would it were mortall poyſon for thy ſake.
*Glo* Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweete a place.
*La.* Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler toade,
Out of my ſight, thou doeſt infect my eyes.
*Glo.* Thine eyes ſweet Lady haue infected mine.
*La.* Would they were Baſiliskes to ſtrike thee dead.
*Glo.* I would they were, that I might dye at once,
For now thy kill mee with a liuing death:
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt teares,
Shamed their aſpect with ſtore of childiſh drops,
I neuer ſued to friend nor enemie,
My tougue could neuer learne ſweete ſoothing words.
But now thy beautie is propoſde my fee:
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake,
Teach not thy lips ſuch ſcorne, for they were made
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe here I lend thee this ſharpe pointed ſword,
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true boſome,
And let the ſoule forth that adoreth thee:
I laie it naked to the deadly ſtroke:
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, do not pauſe, twas *I* that kild your husband,
But twas thy beautie that prouoked mee:
Nay now diſpatch, twas I that kild king Henry,
But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me on: *Here ſhe letsfall*
Take vp the ſword againe, or take vp me. *the ſword.*
*La.* Ariſe diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
*Glo.* Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will doe it.
*La.* I haue alreadie.

 *Glo.*

Line 24. one hour. 29 sonne.
Line 9 if you—. 15 this keen—.

Line 2 Go to. 4 Why that—.
Line 16 they kill—.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

*Glo.* Tuſh, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe,and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou ſhalt be acceſſarie.
*La.* I would *I* knew thy heart.
*Glo.* Tis figured in my tongue.
*La.* I feare me both are falſe.
*Glo.* Then neuer man was true.
*La.* Well, well, put vp your ſword.
*Glo.* Say then my peace is made.
*La.* That ſhall you know hereafter.
*Glo.* But I ſhall liue in hope.
*La.* All men *I* hope liue ſo.
*Glo.* Vouchſafe to weare this ring.
*La.* To take is not to giue,
*Glo.* Look how this ring incompaſſeth thy finger,
Euen ſo thy breaſt incloſeth me poore heart.
Were both of them,for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore ſuppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doeſt confirme his happineſſe for euer:
*La.* What is it?
*Glo.* That it would pleaſe thee leaue theſe ſad deſignes
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,
And preſently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after *I* haue ſolemnely enterred
At Chertſie Monaſterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie ſee you:
For diuers vnknowne reaſons,I beſeech you
Graunt me this boone,
*La.* With all my heart,& much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent:
Treſſill and Bartly,goe along with me.
*Glo.* Bid me farewell.
*La.* Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you
Imagine I haue ſaid farewell alreadie. *Exit.*

*Glo,*

Line 1 thy rage. 9 was man 18 my poore
19 Weare — 35 Barkley.
Line 5 shalt thou — 18 shall I — 20 poore devoted
suppliant —



*Glo.* Sirs,take vp the corſe.
*Ser.* Towards Chertſie noble Lord?
*Glo.* No: to White Fryers: there attend my comming.
Was euer woman in this humor woed? *Exeunt. Manet Glo.*
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her,but I will not keepe her long.
What I that kild her husband and her father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt heate:
With curſes in her mouth,teares in her eyes.
The bleeding witneſſe of her hatred by:
Hauing God,her conſcience,and theſe barres againſt me,
And I nothing to backe my ſuite withall
But the plaine Diuell and diſſembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing.Hah?
Hath ſhe forgot alreadie that braue Prince
Edward,her Lord,whom I ſome three months ſince
Stabd in my angry mood at Tewxbury?
A ſweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigalitie of nature:
Yong,valiant,wiſe,and no doubt right royall,
The ſpacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will ſhe yet debaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this ſweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a woefull bed?
On me,whoſe all not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt,and am vnſhapen thus?
My dukedome to be a beggerly denier,
I do miſtake my perſon all this while.
Vpon my life ſhe finds,although I cannot
My ſelfe,to be a marualous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a Looking-glaſſe,
And entertaine ſome ſcore or two of tailors
To ſtudie faſhions to adore my bodie,
Since *I* am crept in fauour with my ſelfe,
I will maintaine it with a little coſt.
But firſt Ile turne you fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire ſunne,till I haue bought a glaſſe,
That I may ſee my ſhadow as I paſſe. *Exit.*



*Enter.*

Line 7 his father. 27 to a — 33 adorne
35 with some little —
Line 12 suit at all —

*Enter Queene,* Lord *Riuers and Gray.*

*Ri.* Haue patience Madame,thers no doubt his maiestie,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.
*Gray.* In that you brooke it ill,it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words.
*Qu.* If he were dead,what would betide of me?
*Ri.* No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
*Qu.* The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
*Gray.* The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
*Qu.* Oh he is yong,and his minoritie
Is put vnto the trust of Rich.Gloecster,
A man that loues not me,nor none of you.
*Ri.* Is it concluded he shall be Protector?
*Qu.* It is determined,not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the king miscarrie. *Enter Buck. Darby.*
*Gr.* Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.
*Buc.* Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
*Dar.* God make your maiestie ioyfull as you haue bene.
*Qu.* The Countesse Richmond good my Lord of Darby
To your good praiers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby,notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me,be you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.
*Dar.* I beseech you either not beleeue
The enuious slaunders of her accusers,
Or if she be accusde in true report,
Beare with her weakenesse,which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse,and no grounded malice.
*Ri.* Saw you the king to day my Lord of Darbie?
*Dar.* But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Came from visiting his maiestie.
*Qu.* What likelihood of his amendment Lords?
*Buc.* Madame,good hope,his grace speakes chearfully.
*Qu.* God graunt him health,did you confer with him?
*Buc.* Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloecster and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And

Line 18 Here come 25 arrogance 26 I do
27 her false accusers.
Line 6 ~~with grace with merry~~
grace quicke—. 34 With likelihood—?



And sent to warne them to his royall presence.
*Qu.* Would all were well,but that will neuer be.
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Gloecster.*
*Glo.* They doe me wrong,and I will not indure it.
Who are they that complaines vnto the king?
That I forsooth am sterne and loue them not:
By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with such dissentious rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces,smooth,deceiue,and cog,
Ducke with French nods,and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus in simple truth must be abusde
By silken slie insinuating Iackes?
*Ri.* To whom in all this presence speakes your grace?
*Glo.* To thee,that hast nor honestie nor grace.
When haue I iniured thee,when done thee wrong,
Or thee,or thee,or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all.His royall person
(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
*Qu.* Brother of Gloecster,you mistake the matter:
The king of his owne royall disposition,
And not prouokt by any suter else,
Aiming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kinred,brother,and my selfe:
Makes him to send,that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will,and to remoue it.
*Glo.* I cannot tell,the world is growne so bad,
That Wrens may prey where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euery Iacke became a gentleman
There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.
*Qu.* Come,come,we know your meaning brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God grant we neuer may haue need of you.
*Glo.* Meane time,God grant that we haue need of you,

Our

Line 8 dissentions 14 thus his simple
33 make prey.
make pray. 37 my 2d—. 39 grants—

Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgraced,and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt,whilſt many faire promotions
Are daily giuen to enoble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two daies ſince were worth a noble.
*Qu.* By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyed,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of Clarence,but haue beene
An earneſt aduocat to pleade for him.
My Lord,you do me ſhamfull iniurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
*Glo.* You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
*Reu.* She may my Lord.
*Glo.* She may,L.Riuers,why who knowes not ſo?
She may doe more ſir then denying that:
She may help you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What my ſhe not? ſhe may,yea marrie may ſhe.
*Reu.* What marry may ſhe?
*Glo.* What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batcheler,a handſome ſtripling too.
I wis your Grandam had worſer match.
*Q.* My L. of Gloceſter,I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings,and your bitter ſcoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſtie,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey ſeruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted,ſcorned,and baited at *Enter Qu.*
Smal ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Maxgret.*
*Q.Mar.* And leſned be that ſmall,God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour,ſtate,and ſeate is due to me.
*Glo.* What? threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and ſpare not,looke what I ſayd,
I will auouch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake,my paines are quite forgot.

*Q.M.*

Line 25 a worser. 36 telling or the telling of the—
37 I have sayd



*Qu. Mar.* Out diuel, *I* remember them too well,
Thou ſleweſt my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore ſonne at *T*euxburie.
*Glo.* Ere you were queene,yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horſe in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaires,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
*T*o royalize his blood I ſpilt mine owne.
*Qu. Mar.* Yea, and much better blood,then his or thine.
*Glo.* In all which time,you and your husband Gray,
*W*ere factious for the houſe of Lancaſter:
And Riuers,ſo were you. Was not your husband
*I*n Margarets battale at Saint Albons ſlaine:
Let me put in your minde, if yours forget
*W*hat,you haue bene ere now,and what you are:
*W*ithall,what *I* haue bene,and what I am.
*Qu. Mar.* A murtherous villaine,and ſo ſtill thou art.
*Glo.* Poore Clarence did forſake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which *I*eſu pardon.)
*Qu. Mar.* *W*hich God reuenge.
*Glo.* To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
*I* would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards ſoft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this world.
*Qu. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for ſhame,and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodemon,there thy kingdome is.
*Ri.* My Lord of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie daies,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
*W*e followed then our Lord,our lawfull King,
So ſhould we you,if you ſhould be our king.
*Glo.* If *I* ſhould be? *I* had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
*Qu. Mar.* *A*s little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enioy,were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof,
*Qu. Mar.* A litle ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe, and altogether ioyleſſe.



I can

Line 14 if your minds—.

I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you deposde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.
*Glo.* Foule wrinkled witch, what makst thou in my sight?
*Qu. M.* But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.
*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout,
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
*Qu.* So iust is God to right the innocent.
*Hast.* O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.
*Ri.* Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.
*Dorset.* No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
*Buc.* Northumberland then present, wept to see it.
*Q. M.* What? were you snarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heauē,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes losse, my wofull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your king?
As our by murder, to make him a king.



Line 4 lookes 14 are mine 19 the
foul life Blood 21 are all fallen.
Line 31 you all your hatred now — ? 39 As ours —



Edward thy sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of *W*ales,
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violence,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glorie, like my wretched selfe:
Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
*A*nd see another, as *I* see thee now,
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art stald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Riuers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so was thou Lo. Hastings, when my sonne
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by some vnlookt accident cut off.
*Glo.* Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.
*Qu. M.* And leaue out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt hear me,
If heauen haue any greeuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
*A*nd then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
*T*he worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traytors while thou liuest,
And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
No sleepe close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilest some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou elui*s*h markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie
The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
*T*hou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.
*Glo.* Margaret.
*Qu. M.* Richard. *Glo.* Ha.
*Qu. Ma.* I call thee not.
*Glo.* *T*hen I cry thee mercie: for I had thought



Line 13 so wast —
Line 8 in thy rights — . 13 so wast — . 18 cut the —

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
*Qu. Mar.* Why ſo I did, but look't for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
*Glo.* 'Tis done by me and ends in Margaret, (ſelfe,
*Qu.* Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your
*Qu. M.* Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſugar on that botled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade,
*Haſt.* Falſe boading woman, end thy frantike curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
*Qu. M.* Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
*Ri.* Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
*Qu. M.* To ſerue me well, you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
O ſeruе me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
*Dorſ.* Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
*Qu. M.* Peace maiſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh themſelues to peeces.
*Glo.* Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
*Dorſ.* It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
*Glo.* Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
*Qu. M.* And turnes the ſunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſunne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our airies neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with bloud, loſt be it ſo.
*Buck.* Haue done for ſhame if not for charitie.
*Qu. M.* Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,

Vncha-



Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.
*Buck.* Haue done.
*Q. Mary* O princely Buckingham, I will kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our bloud,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
*Buck.* Nor no one here, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the ayre.
*Q.* M. Ile not beleeue but they aſcend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their markes on him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.
*Glo.* What doth ſhe ſay my Lord of Buckingham?
*Buck.* Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
*Q. Mar.* What doeſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle coun-
And ſoothe the diuell that I warne thee from? (ſell,
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſp'it thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay poore Margaret was a propheteſſe:
Liue each of you the ſubiects of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
*Haſt.* My haire doth ſtand on end to heare her curſes.
*Riu.* And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhees at libertie.
*Glo.* I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
*Qu.* I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
*Glo.* But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hot to do ſome body good,
That is too colde in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,

C 3 He

He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.
*Riu.* A vertuous and a Chriſtianlike concluſion.
To pray for them that haue done ſcathe to vs.
*Glo.* So do I euer being well aduiſde,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
*Catſ.* Madame his maieſtie doth call for you.
And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.
*Qu.* Catsby, we come, Lords will you go with vs.
*Ri.* Madame, we will attend your Grace. *Exeunt ma. Clo.*
*Glo.* I do thee wrong, and firſt began to braule,
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed haue laid in darkeneſſe:
I do beweepe to many ſimple guls:
Namely to Haſtings, Darby, Buckingham,
And ſay it is the Queene, and her allies
That ſtirre the K. againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall whet me
To be reuengd on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray.
But then ſigh, and with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them that God bids vs to do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked villanie
With old od ends, ſtolne out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the Diuell.
But ſoft here comes my executioners. *Enter Executioners.*
How now, my hardy ſtout reſolued mates,
Are ye now going to diſpatch this deed?
*Exe.* We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
*Glo.* It was well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me.
When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place:
But ſirs, be ſudden in the execution:
Withall, obdurate: do not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pittie if you mark him,
*Exe.* Tuſh, feare not, my Lord we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured:
We come to vſe our hands and not our tongues.

*Glo.*

Line 8 lords. 11 the wrong. 12 miſchiefes.
21 Sigh. 24 odde ends. 25 you 28 here
Line 8 for your grace — noble lo: 26 come.



*Glo.* Your eies drop milſtones, when fooles eies drop teares.
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.*

*Bro.* Why lookes your Grace ſo heauily to day?
*Cla.* Oh, I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly dreames,
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of diſmall terror was the time.
*Bro.* What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.
*Cla.* Me thought I was imbarkt for Burgundie,
And in my company my brother Gloceſter,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thouſand fearefull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaſter,
That had befallen vs: as we paſt along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloſter ſtumbled, and in ſtumbling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer-boord
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyſe of waters in mine eares,
What vgly ſights of death within mine eyes:
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wracks,
Ten thouſand men that fiſhes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great Anchors, heapes of pearle,
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnvalued iewels,
Some lay in dead mens ſculs, and in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in ſcorne of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wade the ſlimie bottom of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay ſcattered by.
*Bro.* Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe?
*Cla.* Me thought I had: for ſtil the enuious flood
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the emptie vaſt and wandring ayre,

But

Line 33 wood. 39 the emptie, vast, &c
Line 18 pict 24 my eares 25 my eyes. Ult. To seek
the empty vast, —.

But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
*Brok.* Awakt you not with this ſore agonie?
*Clar.* O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The firſt that there did greete my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law, renowmed Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what ſcourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſht: then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he ſqueakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
That ſtabd me in the field by Teuxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noiſe,
I trembling, wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
*Bro.* No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
*Cla.* O Broken burie, I haue done thoſe things,
Which now beare euidence againſt my ſoule,
For Edwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauie, and I faine would ſleepe.
*Brok.* I will (my Lord) God giue your Grace good reſt,
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue b tteir titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and lowe names,

There's

Line ult. their titles



There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
*The murtherers enter.*
In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
*Exe.* I would ſpeake wite Clarence, and I came hither on my (legs.
*Bro.* Yea, are ye ſo brieſe?
2. *Exe.* O ſir, it is better be brieſe then tedious,
Shew him our commiſſion talke no more. *He readeth it.*
*Bro.* I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reaſon what is meant thereby
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there ſits the Duke a ſleepe:
Ile to his Maieſtie and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue reſignd my place to you,
*Exe.* Do ſo, it is a poynt of Wiſedome.
2. What ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes?
1. No, then he will ſay twas done cowardly
When he wakes.
2. When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgement day.
1. Why then he will ſay we ſtabd him ſleeping.
2. The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred
A kinde of remorſe in me.
1. What, art thou a fraid?
2. Not to kil him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1. Backe to the Duke of Gloſter, tell him ſo.
2. I pray thee ſtay a while, I hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tel. xx.
1. How doſt thou feele thy ſelfe now? (me.
2 Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are yet within
1. Remember our reward when the deed is done.
2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1. Where is thy conſcience now?
2. In the Duke of Gloſters purſe.
1, So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our reward,
Thy conſcience flies out.
2. Let it goe, ther's fewe or none will enteraine it.
1. How if it come to thee againe?



Line 5 you so. 16 shall I 27 Glouester
30 dost. 35 Glouesters
Line 6 better to be — 10 hereby 14 my charge to you.
16 Shall I stab —

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

2. Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steale,
But it accuseth him, he cannot steale but it checks him:
He cannot lye with his neighbours wife but it detects
Him, it is a blushing shamfast spirit that mutinies
In a mans bosome: it fils one full of obstacles,
*It* made me once restore a piece of gold that *I* found.
*It* beggers any man that keepes it: it is turnd out of all
Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euery
Man that meanes to liue well, endeuours to trust
To himselfe, and to liue without it.
1 Zounds, it is euen now at my elbow perswading me
Not to kill the Duke.
2 Take the deuil in thy minde, and beleeue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.
1 *Tut*, I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with mẽ,
I warrant thee.
2 Stood like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this geare?
1 Take him ouer the costard with the hilts of my sword,
And then we wil chop him in the Malmsey-but in the next
2 Oh, excellent deuice, make a soppe of him. (roome:
1 Harke, he stirs, shall I strike?
2 No, first lets reason with him. *Cla. awaketh.*
*Cla.* Where art thou Keeper, giue me a cup of wine.
1 You shall haue wine enough, my Lo. anon.
*Cla.* In Gods name, what art thou?
2 A man, as you are.
*Cla.* But not as I am, royall.
1 Nor you as we are, loyall.
*Cla.* Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.
2 My voyce is now the kings, my lookes mine owne.
*Cla.* How darkely and how deadly doost thou speake?
Tell me who are you? wherefore come you hither?
*An.* To, to, to.
*Cla.* To murther me? *Am. I.*
*Cla.* You scarsely haue the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it,
Wherein my friends haue *I* offended you?

1. Offend



1 Offended vs you haue not, but the *King*.
*Cla.* *I* shall be reconcild to him againe.
2 Neuer my Lo. therefore prepare to die.
*Cla.* Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? what is my offence?
*W*here are the euidence to accuse me?
What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning iudge, or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,
Before *I* be conuict by course of law?
To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull:
*I* charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Christs deare blood shed for our greeuous sins
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deede you vndertake is damnable.
1 What we will do, we do vpon command.
2 And he that hath commanded is the king.
*Cla.* Erronious vassaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath in his Tables of his Law commanded,
*T*hat thou shalt doe no murther, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.
2 And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing and for murder too?
Thou didst receiue the holy Sacrament
To fight in quarrell of the house of Lancaster,
1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade
Vnripst the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne.
2 Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.
1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,
*W*hen thou hast broke it in so deare degree?
*Cla.* Alas, for whose sake did *I* that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
*W*hy sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deepe as *I*.
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,



Line 3. cannot sweare. 7 a purse of.
24 Cla. awaketh not in 1598, nor in 1597.
Line 18 Spoke like— 20 thy sword-

Line 6 that do accuse 19 the tables

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?
*Cla.* My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage.
1. Thy brothers loue, the deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.
*Cla.* Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for need, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.
*Cla.* Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
*Am.* I, so we will.
*Cla.* Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And charged vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided freindship,
Bid Gloucester thinke of this and he will weepe.
*Am.* I, milstones, as he lessond vs to weepe.
*Cla.* O, do not slander him for he is kinde,
1. Right, as snow in haruest, thou deceiust thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
*Cla.* It cannot be: for when I parted with him,
He hudg me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.
1. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
*Cla.* Hast thou that holy feelling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God for murdering me?
Ah sirs consider he that set you on
To do this deede, will hate you for this deede,



Line 9. my brother. Antepenult. by murdering.

Line 1 nor lawfels— 4 Springing— 11 for meed—
27 he hath sent —— to slaughter—



2 What shall we do?
*Cla.* Relent and saue your soules.
1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.
*Cla.* Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish
My friend, I spie some pittie in thy lookes:
Oh If thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and entreate for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?
1 I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.
2 A bloodie deede, and desperately performd,
How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,
Of this most grieuous guiltie murder done.
1 Why doest thou not helpe me?
By heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2 I would he knew that I had saued his brother,
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1 So do not I, goe coward as thou art:
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c.*

*King.* So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,
You peeres continue this united league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Hastings, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
*Riu.* By heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue,
*Hast.* So thriue I as I sweare the like.
*King.* Take heed you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.



Line 29 from heaven. 35 I truely swear.
Line 4 sauage, diuelish. 29 to heaven

*Hast.* So prosper *I*, as *I* sweare perfect loue.
*Riu.* And *I*, as *I* loue Hastings with my heart.
*Kin.* Madam, your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue beene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfainedly:
*Qu.* Here Hastings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
*Dor.* Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
*Has.* And so sweare I my Lord.
*Kin.* Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
*Buc.* Whensoeuer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most needs to imploy a friend.
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
*Kin.* A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Buc.* And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
*Glo.* Good morrow to my soueraigne king and queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
*Kin.* Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incenst Peeres.
*Glo.* A blessed labour my most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold



Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
*I* hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
First Madame, I intreat peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
Of you my noble cousen Buckingham,
*If* euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs.
Of you my Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desert haue frowned on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, in deed of all:
I do not know that English man aliue,
With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
*I* thanke my God for my humilitie.
*Qu.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My soueraigne liege I do beseech your Maiestie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
*Glo.* Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,
To be thus scorn'de in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You do him iniurie to scorne his coarse.
*Ri.* Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?
*Qu.* All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
*Buc.* Looke I so pale Lord Dorset as the rest?
*Dor.* I my good Lord, & no one in this presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.
*Kin.* Is Clarence dead? the order was reuerst.
*Glo.* But he (poore soule) by your first order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to see him buried:
God grant that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from suspition.

*Enter Darbie.*

*Dar.*

Line 6 Lo: Hastings 27 Gloucester 37 my most
Line 10 This eater—

Line 4 to this. 7 true peace
Line 4 to his— 11 Of you, Lo. Riuers— 33 a wingled

*Dar.* A boone (my ſoueraigne) for my ſeruice done,
*Kin.* I pray thee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
*Dar.* I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt.
*Kin.* Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demaundſt?
*Dar.* The forfeit (ſoueraigne) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman.
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.
*Kin.* Haue *I* a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue;
My brother ſlew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhment was cruell death.
*W*ho ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mightie warwicke, and did fight for me?
*W*ho told me in the field by Teuxburie,
*W*hen Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me,
And ſaid, deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lappe me,
Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your waighting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt graunt it you
But for my brother, not a maſt would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him, poore ſoule: The proudeſt of you all
Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come Haſtings, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore Clarence

*Glo.*



*Glo.* This is the fruite of rawnes: markt you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Look*t* pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Dutches of Yorke with Clarence children.*

*Boy.* Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?
*Dut.* No boy. (breaſt?
*Boy.* Why do you wring your hands and beat your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy ſonne?
*Girle.* Why do you looke on vs and ſhake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, caſtawayes,
If that our noble father be aliue?
*Dut.* My prettie Coſens, you miſtake me much,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King:
As loth to looſe him, not your fathers death:
It were loſt labour to weepe for one that's loſt.
*Boy.* Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this.
God will reuenge it, whom *I* will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.
*Dut.* Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well;
Incapable and ſhallow innocents,
You cannot geſſe who cauſde your fathers death.
*Boy.* Granam, we can: for my good *V*ncle Gloceſter
Told me, the *K*ing prouoked by the Queene,
Deuiſ'd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when he told me ſo he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and *k*indly *k*iſt my cheeke,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.
*Dut.* Oh that deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my ſonne, yea and therein my ſhame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
*Boy.* Think*e* you my *V*ncle did diſſemble, Granam?
*Dut.* I Boy.
*Boy.* I cannot thinke it, harke, what noiſe is this?



Line 2. of rashness — 31 25 in my

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

*Enter the Queene.*

*Qu.* Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemie.
*Dut.* What meanes this scene of rude impatience?
*Qu.* To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.
*Dut.* Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children fr̃o mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moitie of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?
*Boy.* Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?
*Girl.* Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.
*Qu.* Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eies,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward.

*Ambo.*

Line 3 against my soule. Ult. eyre Lo:
Line 1 Oh who— Ult. eire Lo:



*Ambo.* Oh for our father, for our deare Lo. Clarence.
*Dut.* Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence
*Qu.* What staie had I but Edward, and he is gone:
*Am.* What staie had we but Clarence, and he is gone?
*Dut.* What staies had I but they, and they are gone?
*Qu.* Was neuer widow, had so deare a losse.
*Am.* Was euer Orphanes had a dearer losse?
*Dut.* Was euer mother had a dearer losse,
Alas, I am the mother of these moanes,
Their woes are parceld mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and so do *I*:
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so do I:
I for an Edward weepe, and so do they,
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest.
Powre all your teares, *I* am your sorrowes nurse,
And *I* will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glostet,*
*Glo.* Madam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause *with others.*
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not see your grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.
*Dut.* God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy minde,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie.
*Glo.* Amen, and make me die a good old man.
Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing:
I maruell why her grace did leaue it out?
*Buck.* You cloudy princes, and hart sorrowing peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our haruest for this King,
We are to reape the harueft of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Must greatly be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.

 *Glo.*

Line 3. stay. 4 stay
Line 7 Was never— 8 & 14 weep, so doe not they.
27 of 2 mothers— 32 of this — 36 must gently—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

*Glo.* Then be it so: and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow,
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse.
*Ans.* With all our hearts *Exeunt. manet Glo. Buck.*
*Buck.* My Lord, who euer iourneyes to the Prince)
For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde:
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the storie we lately talkt off,
To part the Queenes proude kindred from the King.
*Glo.* My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:
I like a childe will go by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde. *Exit.*

*Enter two Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 I that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troublesome world. *Enter another Cit.*
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.
Doth this newes hold of good Kings Edwards death?
1 It doth. 3. Then maisters looke to see a troublous world
1 No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.
3 Wo to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2 In him there is a hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeeres himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1 So stood the state when Harry the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths olde.
3 Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enricht
With politike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vncles to protect his Grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:



Line 32 at xi.
Line 7 two stay behind 9 late— 21 a troublous—



For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Which touch vs all too neare if God preuent not.
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the Queenes kindred hautie and proude,
And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
2 Come, come, we feare the woorst, all shall be well.
3 When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes.
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes make men expect a dearth:
All may be well: but if God sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.
1 Truely the soules of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauily and full of feare.
3 Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see,
The waters swell before a boy strous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?
2 We are sent for to the Iustice.
3 And so was I, Ile beare you companie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Qu. yong Yorke.*

*Car.* Lastnight I heard they lay at Northhampton,
At Stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day they will be here.
*Dut.* I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.
*Qu.* But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.
*Yor.* I mother, but I would not haue it so.
*Dut.* Why my yong Cousin it is good to grow.
*Yor.* Granam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vncle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vncle Clo.
Small hearbs haue grace, great weeds grow apace:
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make haste.



+ Last night, I hear, — 4to 1598. & 1597.
Line 14 of bread.
Line 2. Will touch — 34 Grand 2m, —

*Dut.* Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
*Car.* Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
*Dut.* I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
*Yor.* Now by my troth if I had beene remembred
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
*Dut.* How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
*Yor.* Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres hold:
Twas full two yeers ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a prettie iest.
*Dut.* I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
*Yor.* Granam, his Nurse.
*Dut.* Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
*Yor.* If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
*Qu.* A perilous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
*Car.* Good Madame be not angry with the child.
*Qu.* Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*
*Car.* Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
*Dor.* Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
*Qu.* How fares the Prince?
*Dor.* Well, Madame, and in health.
*Dut.* What is the newes then?
*Dor.* Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
*Dut.* Who hath committed them?
*Dor.* The mightie Dukes, Gloceſter and Buckingham.
*Car.* For what offence?
*Dor.* The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed.
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
*Qu* Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie begins to iet,

Vnch



Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre.
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
*Dut.* Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seated, and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblown, themselues the conquerours,
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
*Q.* Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuarie.
*Dut.* Ile go along with you.
*Qu.* You haue no cause.
*Car.* My Gracious Ladie, go.
And thither beare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace,
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come, Ile conduct you to the sanctuarie. *Exeunt.*
*The Trumpets sound. Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.* (ber.
*Buc.* Welcome sweete Prince to London to your cham-
*Glo.* Welcome deare Cosen my thoughts soueraigne.
The wearie way hath made you melancholie.
*Prin.* No Vncle, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
*Glo.* Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart,
Those Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their sugred words,
But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts:

God

Line 5 a true rule, — 12 say, my — 13 olde.
15 a biting jest. 28 thy news —

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.
*Prin.* God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.
*Glo.* My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

*Enter Lord Maior.*

*Lo.M.* God blesse your Grace, with health and happy daies.
*Prin.* I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L.Ha.*
*Buck.* And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord.
*Prin.* Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?
*Hast.* On what occasion God he knowes not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
*Buc.* Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene they send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his princely brother presently?
If she denie, Lord Hastings go with them,
And from her icalous armes plucke him perforce.
*Car.* My L. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.
*Buck.* You are too senceleſſe obstinate my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grosenesse of this age,
You breake not Sanctuarie in seazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

Line 20 Queene to send. 22 with him
30. so deepe a sinne
Line 16 faine have come— 27 God in heaven forbid—



Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.
*Car.* My Lord, you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on Lord Hastings, will you go with me?
*Hast.* I go my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Hast.*
*Pri.* Good Lords make all the speedie haste you may.
Say Vncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we soiourne till our Coronation?
*Glo.* Where it thinkst best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsel you some day or two,
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please & shalbe thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
*Pri.* I do not like the Tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæser build that place my Lord?
*Buck.* He did, my gracious L. begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.
*Prin.* Is it vpon record, or els reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?
*Buck.* Vpon record my gracious Lord.
*Prin.* But say my Lord it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retaild to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
*Glo.* So wise, so yong, they say do neuer liue long:
*Prin.* What say you Vncle?
*Glo.* I say, without Characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice, iniquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
*Prin.* That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
I le tell you what my Cousen Buckingham.
*Buck.* What my gratious Lord?
*Prin.* And if I liue vntill I be a man,

 Ile

Line 4 giues.
Line 11 it seems— 26 generall all-ending—
35 of this—

Ile win our auncient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a king.
*Glo.* Short ſommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.
*Enter yong Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.*
*Buc.* Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.
*Prin.* Rich. of Yorke, how fares our noble brother?
*Yor.* Well my deare Lord: ſo muſt I call you now.
*Prin.* I brother to our griefe as it is yours:
Too late he dide that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſtie.
*Glo.* How fares our couſen noble L. of Yorke?
*Yor.* I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.
*Glo.* He hath my Lord.
*Yor.* And therefore is he idle?
*Glo.* Oh my faire couſen, I muſt not ſay ſo.
*Yor.* Then he is more beholding to you then I.
*Glo.* He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
*Yor.* I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
*Glo.* My dagger little couſen, with all my heart.
*Prin.* A begger brother?
*Yor.* Of my kind vncle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.
*Glo.* A greater gift then that, Ile giue my coſen.
*Yor.* A greater gift? O thats the ſword too it.
*Glo.* I gentle coſen, were it light enough.
*Yor.* O than I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
*Glo.* It is too weightie for your grace to weare.
*Yor.* I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
*Glo.* What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?
*Yor.* I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
*Glo.* How? *Yor.* Litle.
*Prin.* My Lo: of Yorke will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
*Yor.* You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,



Line 6 our loving) . 7 my dread lord
Line 31 too heavy—



Becauſe that I am litle like an Ape.
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me on your ſhoulders.
*Buc.* With what a ſharpe prouided wit he reaſons,
To mittigate the ſcorne he giue his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himſelfe:
So cunning and ſo youg is wonderfull.
*Glo.* My Lo: wilt pleaſe you paſſe along?
My ſelfe and my good couſen Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
*Yor.* What will you goe vnto the tower my Lord?
*Prin.* My Lord Protector will haue it ſo.
*Yor.* I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the Tower.
*Glo.* Why, what ſhould you feare?
*Yor.* Mary my vncle Clarence angry ghoſt:
My Granam tolde me he was murdred there.
*Prin.* I feare no vncles dead.
*Glo.* Nor none that liue, I hope.
*Prin.* And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my L. with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
*Exeunt Prin. Yor. Haſt. Dorſmanet. Bich. Buc.*
*Buc.* Thinke you my Lo: this litle prating Yorke,
Was not incenſed by his ſubtile mother,
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opprobriouſly?
*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
*Buc.* Well let them reſt: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art ſworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkeſt thou, is it not an eaſie matter
To make William L. Haſtings of our minde,
For the inſtalment of this noble Duke,
In the ſeate royall of this famous Ile?
*Cateſ.* He for his fathers ſake ſo loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought againſt him.
*Buc.* What thinkeſt thou then of Stanley, what will he?



Line 4 gives.
Line 12 Protector needs will—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

*Cat.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
*Buck.* Well, then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord Hastings how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold diuided counsels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.
*Glo.* Commend me to Lord Willam, tell him Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Mistresse Shore, one gentle kisse the more.
*Buck.* Good Catesby effect this businesse soundly.
*Cat.* My good Lords both: with all the heed I may.
*Glo.* Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?
*Cat.* You shall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
*Glo.* At Crosby place, there shall you find vs both.
*Buck.* Now my Lord, what shall we do, if we perceiue
William Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our complots?
*Glo.* Chop off his head man, some what we will do,
And looke when I am King claime thou of me
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother stood possest.
*Buc,* Ile claime that promise at your Graces hands.
*Glo.* And looke to haue it yeelded with willingnesse.
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme. *Exeunt.*
*Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.*
*Mess.* What ho my Lord.
*Hast.* Who knocks at the doore?
*Mes.* A messenger from the L. Stanley. *Enter L. Hast.*
*Hast.* Whats a clocke?
*Mes.* Vpon the stroke of foure.
*Hast.* Cannot thy maister sleepe the tedious nights?
*Mes.* So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

First.



First he commends him to your noble Lordship.
*Hast.* And then. *Mes.* And then he sends you word,
He dreamt to night the Beare had caste his helme:
Besides he sayes, there are two councels held,
And that may be determind at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other,
Therefore he sends to know your Lorshids pleasure
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.
*Hast.* Good fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord:
Bid him not feare the separated councels:
His Honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my seruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,
To trust the mockerie of vnquiet slumbers.
To flye the Boare before the Boare pursue vs,
Were to incense the Boare to follow vs,
And make pursuite where he did meane no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Boare will vse vs kindly.
*Mes.* My gracious Lord, Ile tell him what you say. *Exn.*
*Enter Catesby to L. Hastings.*
*Cat.* Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.
*Hast.* Good morrow Catesby: you are early stirring,
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering state?
*Cat.* It is a reeling world indeed my Lord,
And *I* beleeue twill neuer stand vpright
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.
*Hast.* Who? weare the Garland? do est thou meane the (Crowne?
*Cat.* I my good Lord.
*Hast.* Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoulders
Ere I will see the Crowne so foule misplaste:
But canst thou gesse that he doth ayme at it?
*Cat.* Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward

 Vpon

Line 4 Sound thou Lord— 26 Herford
Line 16 Give Mistresse Shore— 29 with all wi—
38 these tedious—

Line 3 raste 34 How? weare—
Line 11. Go, fellow,— 17 instance. 20 pursues—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

And indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day orecast,
This sudden scab of rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I proue a needlesse coward,
But come my L. shall we to the Tower?
*Ha.* I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?
This day those men you talke of, are beheaded.
*Sta.* They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accusde them weare their hat:
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit L. Standley, & Cat.*
*Ha.* Go you before, Ile follow presently.

*Enter Hastings a Pursuant.*

*Hast.* Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?
*Pur.* The better that it please your good Lordship to ask.
*Hast.* I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee last where now we meete
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then euer I was.
*Pur.* God hold it to your Honours good content.
*Hast.* Gramercy Hastings, hold spend thou that.

*He giues him his purse.*

*Pur.* God saue your Lordship. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Priest.*
*Hast.* What sir *Iohn*, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. *He whisperrs*

*Enter Buckingham.* (*in his eare.*

*Buc.* How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the Priest. (priest?
Your Honour hath no shriuing worke in hand.
*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talke of, came into my minde:
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?
*Buc.* I do, but long I shall not stay,
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.
*Hast.* Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.
*Buc.* And supper too, although thou knowst it not:

Come



And therevpon he sends you this good newes:
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene must die at Pomfret.
*Hast.* Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on Richards side,
To barre my masters heires in true discent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
*Cat.* God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.
*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my Masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell the Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
*Hast.* Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on it.
*Cat.* Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous, and so fals it out
With Riuers, *Vaughan*, Gray: and so twill doo
With some men els, who thinke themselues as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
*Cat.* The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
*Hast.* I know they do, and I haue well deserued it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?
Feare you the *Boare* and goe so vnprouided?
*Stan.* My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may iest on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like these seuerall councels I.
*Hast.* My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do protest,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,
I would be so tryumphant as I am?
*Sta.* The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,

And

Line 26. deserued it.

Line 1. And they indeed 7 you talkt of.
Line 9 hats. 14 your Lo. to ask. 27 exercise.

Come shall we goe along?

*Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.*

*Rat.* Come bring forth the prisoners.

*Riu.* Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for dutie, and for loyaltie.

*Gray.* God keepe the prince from all the pack of you:
A knot you are of damned blood suckers.

*Riu.* O Pomfret, Pomfret. Oh thou bloudie prison,
Fatall and ominious to noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie closure of thy walles
Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.

*Gray.* Now Margarets curse is falne vpon our heads,
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

*Ri.* Then curst she Hastings, then curst she Buckingham,
Then curst she Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

*Riu.* Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lords to counsell.*

*Hast.* My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.
In Gods name say, when is this royall day?

*Buc.* Are all things fitting for that royall time?

*Dar.* It is, and let but nomination.

*Bish.* To morrow then, I guesse a happie time.

*Buc.* Who knowes the Lord Protectors minde herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.

*Bi* Why you my Lo: me thinks you should soonest know

*Buc.* Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord



Lord Hastings, you and he are neare in loue.

*Hast.* I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the coronation
I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleasure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe ile giue my voice,
Which I presume he will take in gentle part.

*Bish.* Now in good time here comes the Duke him selfe.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glo.* My noble Lord and cousens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a sleeper, but now I hope
My absence doth neglect no great desygnes,
Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.

*Buc.* Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the king.

*Glo.* Then my L. Hastings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

*Hast.* I thanke your grace.

*Glo.* My Lord of Elie.

*Bish.* My Lord.

*Glo.* When I was last in Holborne,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.

*Bish.* I goe my Lord.

*Glo.* Cousen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse,
And findes the testy gentleman so hote,
As he will loose his head ere giue consent,
His masters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,
Shall loose the royaltie of Englands throane.

*Buc.* Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

*Dar.* We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:
For I my selfe am not so well prouided,
As else I would be were the day prolonged.

*Enter the Bishop of Elie.* (berries.

*Bi.* Where is my L. Protector, I haue sent for these straw-

G *Hast.*

Line 11 ominous— 21 your linea—
32 and wants but— 33 Riu. To-morrow—

Line 30 care giue
Line 6. my noble Lo:— 12 but I hope—
35 too sodaine.

*Hast.* His Grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit,
*I* thinke there is neuer a man in Christendome,
That can lesser hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
*Dar.* What of his heart preceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?
*Hast.* Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewen it in his face.
*Dar.* I Pray God he be not, *I* say.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glo.* *I* pray you all, what do they deserue
That do conspire my death with diuelish plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my bodie with their hellish charmes?
*Hast.* The tender loue *I* beare your Grace my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be:
*I* say my Lord they haue deserued death.
*Glo.* Then be your eyes the witnesse of this ill,
See how *I* am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
And this is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
*Hast.* If they haue done this thing my gratious Lord.
*Glo.* If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talkst thou me of ifs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
*I* will not dine to day *I* sweare,
Vntill *I* see the same, some see it done:
The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
*Ha.* Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Ca. with Hast.*
For *I* too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But *I* disdaind it, and did scorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he lookt vpon the Tower,



Line 10 in his lookes. 26 witchcraft—



As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcherd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curse
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched head.
*Cat.* Dispatch my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
*Hast.* O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a mast,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They smile at me, that shortly shall be dead. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke of Gloster and Buckingham in armour.*

*Glo.* Come cosen, canst thou quake & change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and stop againe,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror.
*Buc.* Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side:
Intending deepe suspition, gastly lookes
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior.*
*Glo.* Here comes the Maior.
*Buc.* Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord Maior.
*Glo.* Looke to the drawbridge there.
*Buc.* The reason we haue sent for you.
*Glo.* Catesby ouerlooke the walles.
*Buc.* Harke, I heare a drumme.
*Glo.* Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
*Buc.* God and our innocencie defend vs.
*Glo.* O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby.

 *Enter*

Line Penult. innocence—[After us—Enter Catesby &c]

*Enter Catesby with Hastings head.*

*Cat.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vnsuspected Hastings.
*Glo.* So deare *I* lou'd the man, that *I* must weepe:
*I* tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:
I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
*I* meane his conuersation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainder of suspect. (traitor
*Buck.* Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleeue, wert not by great preseruation
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Glocester.
*Mayor.* What, had he so?
*Glo.* What thinke ye we are Turks or Infidels,
Or that we would against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safetie
Inforst vs to this execution?
*Ma.* Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good L. both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore.
*Glo.* Yet had not we determined he should die,
*V*ntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing haste of these our friends
Some what against our meaning haue peruented,
Because my Lord, wee would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you minght well haue signified the same

Vnto

Line 22 the forme
Line 8. Made him — ~~[illegible]~~ 21 think you —



Vnto the Cittizens, who happily may
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.
*Ma.* My good L. your Graces word shall serue,
As well as I had seene or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this cause.
*Glo.* And to that end we wisht your Lordship
To auoid the carping sensures of the world. (here,
*Buc.* But since you came too late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.
*Glo.* After, after, Cousen Buckingham. *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards Guild-hall hies him in all post,
There at your meetst aduantage of the time,
Inferre the basterdy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And bestiall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll listed to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre come neere my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnsatiate Edward, noble Yorke,
My Princely father then had warres in France,
And by iust computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know my Lord, my brother liues.
*Buc.* Feare not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade
Were for my selfe.
*Glo.* If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied

G 3 With

Line 10 you come. 34 my mother —.
Line 3 But my —

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.
*Buc.* About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild hall affordeth and so my Lord farwell.
*Glo.* Now will I in to take some priuie order (*Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

*Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.*

This is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is engrost'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Paules:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a dooing,
And yet within these fiue houres liued Lord Hastings,
Vntainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who so blind but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

*Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.*

*Glo.* How now my Lord what say the Citizens?
*Buc.* Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizenes are mumme, and speake not a word.
*Glo.* Toucht you the Bastardy of Edwards children?
*Buc.* I did: with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and nobleneſse of minde:
Layd open all your victories in Scotland:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntouch't, or slightly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

I bad



I bad them that loues their Countries good,
Cry, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.
*Glo.* And did they so?
*Buc.* No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them: (lence?
And askt the Mayor what meant this wilfull si-
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King Richard:
Thankes louing Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedome and your loues to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.
*Glo.* What tongueleſſe blocks were they, would they not
*Buc.* No by my troth my Lord. (speake?
*Glo.* Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come?
*Buc.* The Maior is heere: and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie suite:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request:
Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.
*Glo.* Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happy issue.
*Buc.* You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Ex.*
Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby, what sayes he?
*Cat.* My Lord he doth entreat your Grace
To visit him to morrow, or next day:

He:

Line 34 in your forme. Alt. mine oratorie
Line Ult. mine oratorie grew to an end,

Line 5 breathing stones 19 wisdomes-loue.
24 heere at hand. 36 spoke withall.
Line 1 I bid them that did loue— ~~breathing~~
29. easily—

He is within with two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
*Buc.* Returne good Catesby to thy Lord again,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome cōference with his grace.
*Cat.* Ile tell him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*
*Buc.* A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraigntie thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
*Mai.* Marry God forbid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
*Enter Catesby.*
*Buc.* I feare he will, how now Catesby,
What ſayes your Lord?
*Cat.* My Lord he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troupes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
*Buc.* Sory I am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfeſt loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence,
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.
*Enter Rich. and two Biſhops aloft.*
*Maior.* See where he ſtands betweene two Clergimen.
*Buc.* Two props of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince:
To ſtay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous

Line 1. two right reverend — 34 thence,



Famous Plantagenet, moſt gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my requeſt,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Chriſtian zeale.
*Glo.* My Lord, there needs no ſuch apologie,
I rather do beſeech you pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Neglect the viſitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleaſure?
*Buc.* Euen that I hope which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.
*Glo.* I do ſuſpect, I haue done ſome offence,
That ſeeme diſgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
*Buc.* You haue my Lord: would it pleaſe your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
*Glo.* Elſe wherfore breath I in a Chriſtian land?
*Buc.* Then know it is your fault that you reſigne
The ſupreame Seate, the Throne maieſticall,
The Sceptred office of your Aunceſtors,
The lineall glory of your royall Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht ſtocke:
Whileſt in the mildeneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to your Countryes good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with ſcars of infamie,
And almoſt ſhouldred in this ſwallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulneſſe and darke obliuion:
Which to recure we heartily ſolicite
Your Gracious ſelfe to take on you the ſoueraigntie thereof,
Not as Protector, Stweward, Subſtitute,
Nor lowly Factor for an others gaine?
But as ſucceſſiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this conſorted with the Citizens,
Your worſhipfull and very louing freinds,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt ſute come I to moue your Grace.

H Glo.

Line 21, to our — 25 her proper —
25 ſtars
Line 2 to our request — 13 seemes — ~~25 [illegible]~~
25 scars — 26 the swal — 31 Or lowly — 31 Your very w. 2.
l. f.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

*Glo.* I know not whither to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunnes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked theres no need for me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of maiestie,
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
*Buc.* My Lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brothers sonne,
So say we too, but not by Edwards wife:
For first he was contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues, a witnesse to that vow,
And afterward by substitute betrothed
To *Bona*, sister to the king of *France*,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made prise and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seduct the pitch and height of all his thoughts,



Line 1. whether is of me.
Line 8 my ripe revenew — 34 of a many —



To base declension and loathd bigamie,
*By* her in his vnlawfull bed he got,
This *Edward*, whom our maners terme the prince:
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue
I giue a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie?
If not to blesse vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of abusing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.
*Mai.* Do good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.
*Cat.* O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suite.
*Glo.* Alas, why would you heape those cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie:
I do beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
*Buc.* If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the childe your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our suite or no,
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds Ile intreat no more.
*Glo.* O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.
*Cat.* Call them again, my L. and accept their suite.
*Ano.* Do, good my Lord, least all the land do rew it.
*Glo.* Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them again, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soule,
Cosen of Buckingham, and you sage grauemen,



Line antepenult. intreates.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue pacience to endure the loade,
But if blacke scandale or foule fac't reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.
*May.* God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.
*Glo.* In saying so you shall but say the truth.
*Buc.* Then I salute you with this kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
*May.* Amen.
*Buc.* To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?
*Glo.* Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.
*Buc.* To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
*Glo.* Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Cousen, farewell gentle freinds. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Queene mother, Dutchesse of Yorke, Marques Dorset at one doore, Dutchesse of Gloucester at another doore.*

*Dut.* Who meets vs heere, my Neece Plantagenet?
*Qu.* Sister well met, whither away so fast?
*Dut. Glo.* No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
*Qu.* Kind sister thanks, weele enter all togither.

*Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.*

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
*Lieu.* Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly charged the contrary.
*Qu.* The King? why, who's that?
*Lieu.* I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.
*Qu.* The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me:

I am



I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will see them.
*Dut. Glo.* Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
*Lieu.* I do beseech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not do it.

*Enter Lord Standly.*

*Stan.* Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke, as mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must go with me to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.
*Qu.* O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else I sound
With this dead liking newes.
*Dor.* Madame, haue comfort, how fares your Grace?
*Qu.* O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominious to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, goe crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
*Stan.* Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay.
*Dut. Yor.* O ill dispersing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cocatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoyded eye is murtherous.
*Stan.* Come Madam, I in all haste was sent for.
*Duch.* And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the inclusiue verge
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,



Were

Line 4 or foules—
Line 2 beare her burthen— 13 liue Richard—

Line 9 ladies an hour hence is else sound
16 dead killing. 36 for not in 1598, nor 1597.
Line 2 Du. Yor. I am— 31 not tane—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me with deadly poyſon,
And die,ere men can ſay,God ſaue the Queene.
*Qu.* Alas poore ſoule,I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor,wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
*Dut.Glo.* No,when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries courſe,
When ſcarce the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angel husband,
And that dead ſaint,which then I weeping followed,
O,when I ſay,I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wiſh,be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo yong,ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt,let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife,if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe,euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace,my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept my eyes from ſteepe,
For neuer yet,one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden deaw of ſleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides,he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
*Qu.* Alas poore ſoule,I pittie thy complaints.
*Dut.Glo.* No more thē from my ſoule I mourne for yours.
*Qu.* Farewell,thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
*Dut.Glo.* A due poore ſoule,thou takſt thy leaue of it.
*Du Yor.* Go thou to Richmód,& good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard,and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie,good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie olde yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

*The*

Line 2 let me be 4 the glory
1510 madde
1 thy glory — 18 Lo eare — 21 ſubjecte
27 And will no doubt ſhortly — 36 odd yeares —

of Richard the third.

*The Trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.*

*King.* Stand all apart. Coſen of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcendeth his*
Thus high by thy aduice *throne.*
And thy aſſiſtance is King Richard ſeated:
But ſhall we weare theſe honours for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt,and we reioyce in them?
*Buc.* Still liue they,and for euer may they laſt.
*Kin.Ri.* O Buckingham,now I do play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Yong Edward liues: thinke now what I would ſay.
*Buc.* Say on my gratious ſoueraigne.
*King.* Why Buckingham,I ſay I would be King.
*Buc.* Why ſo you are my thrice renowmed liege.
*King.* Ha: am I King? tis ſo,but Edward liues.
*Buc.* True noble Prince.
*King.* O bitter conſequence,
That Edward ſtill ſhould liue true noble Prince.
Coſen,thou wert not wont to be ſo dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wiſh the baſtards dead,
And I would haue it ſuddenly performde.
What ſaiſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenly,be briefe.
*Buc.* Your Grace may do your pleaſure.
*King.* Tut,tut,thou art all yce,thy kindneſſe freezeth,
Say,haue I thy conſent that they ſhall die?
*Buc.* Giue me ſome breath,ſome lith,pauſe my Lord,
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake herein:
I will reſolue your Grace immediatly.
*Cat.* The King is angry,ſee,he bites the lip.
*King.* I will conuerſe with iron witted fooles,
And vnreſpectiue boyes,none are for me
That looke into me with conſiderate eyes:
Boy,high reaching Buckingham growes circumſpect.
*Boy.* Lord.
*King.* Knowſt thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would

Line 4 the throne 9 for for ever —
Line penult. My Lord.
Line 15 renowned — 9 and for ever —

Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
*Boy.* My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
*King.* What is his name?
*Boy.* His name my Lord, is Tirrell.
*King.* Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?
*Enter Darby.*
How now, what newes with you?
*Dar.* My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where
he abides.
*King.* Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
*King.* Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon.
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.
*Enter Tirrel.*
Is thy name Tirrell?
*Tir.* Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.
*King.* Art thou indeed?

*Tir*

Line 33 Sin will pluck—



*Tir.* Proue me my gracious saueraigne.
*King.* Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
*Tir.* I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
*King.* Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, *I* meane those bastards in the Tower.
*Tir.* Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone *Ile* rid you from the feare of them.
*King.* Thou singst sweete musicke. Come hither Tirrill.
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare. *He whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say it is done
And I will loue thee, and prefere thee too.
*Tir.* Tis done my gracious Lord.
*King.* Shall we heare from thee Tirrel, ere we sleepe?
*Enter Buckingham.*
*Tir.* Ye shall my Lord.
*Buc.* My Lord, *I* haue considered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did sound me in.
*King.* Well, let that Passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.
*Buc. I* heare that newes my Lord.
*King. Stanly* he is your wiues sonne: *Wel* looke too it.
*Buc.* My Lord, *I* claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which you promised *I* should possesse.
*King. Stanly* looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
*Buc.* What sayes your highnesse to my iust demaund?
*King.* As I remember, *Henry* the sixt
Did propheste that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuish boy,
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My Lord.
*King.* How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, *I* being by, that *I* should kill him.
*Buck.* My Lord, your promise for the Earldome.
*King.* Richmond, when last *I* was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

 And

Line 12. is it. 22 wives sonnes.
Line 3. two enemies.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I ſtarted,
Becauſe a Bard of Ireland told me once
I ſhould not liue long after I ſaw Richmond.
*Buc.* My Lord.
*King.* I, whats a clocke?
*Buc.* I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promiſde me.
*King.* Well, but whats a clocke?
*Buc.* Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
*King.* Well, let it ſtrike.
*Buc.* Why let it ſtrike?
*King.* Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
*Buc.* Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
*K.* Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
*Buc.* Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings, and begone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*
*Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.*
*Tir.* The tyr annous and bloudie deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forreſt whom I did ſubborne
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villains, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and kind compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie thoſe tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forreſt girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forreſt almoſt changd my minde,
But O the diuel! there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt Dighton thus told on we ſmothered.

The

Line 26 ruthleſs. 33 like not in ed. 1598. penult. their.
Line 31 on another. 33 lips were four—
Penult. there—



The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framde,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring this tydings to the bloudy king.
*Enter king Richard.*
And here he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne liege.
*King.* Kind Tirrell, am I happie in thy newes?
*Tir.* If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.
*King.* But didſt thou ſee them dead?
*Tir.* I did my Lord.
*King* And buried gentle Tirrell?
*Tir.* The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.
*King.* Come to me Tirrell ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit. Tirrell.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of Clarence haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of Edward ſleepe in Abrahams boſome,
And Anne my wife bath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
*Cat.* My Lord.
*King.* Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt in ſo bluntly?
*Cat.* Bad newes my Lord, Ely is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
*King.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied army:
Come, I haue heard that fearfull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-pac't beggery,



Then

Line 2. ——— ——— framde.
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not ſee
Line 8. give.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ioue, Mercurie and Herald for a king.
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Queene Margaret ſola.*

*Q. Mar.* So now proſperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe too,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wtetched Margaret, who comes here.

*Enter the Queene, and the Dutcheſſe of Yorke.*

*Qu.* Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing ſweets,
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
*Qu. Mar.* Houer about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.
*Qu.* Wilt thou O God, flie from ſuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?
*Qu. Mar.* When holy *Mary*, dide, and my ſweet ſonne.
*Dutch.* Blind ſight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghoſt,
Woes ſceane, worlds ſhame, graues due by life vſurpt,
Reſt they vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocents blood.
*Qu.* O that thou wouldſt as well affoord a graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholy ſeate,
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here:
O who hath any cauſe to mourne but I?

*Dut.*

Line 1. wing. 2 Ioue's. 26 Harry
29 thy.



*Dut.* So many miſeries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute & dumbe,
Edward Plantagenent, why art thou dead?
*Q. Mar.* If auncient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of ſignorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If ſorrow can admit ſocietie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadſt an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadſt a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
*Dut.* I had a Richard too, and thou didſt kill him:
I had a Rutland too, and thou holpſt to kill him.
*Q. Mar.* Thou hadſt a Clarence too, till Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let looſe, to chaſe vs to our graues,
O vpright, iuſt, and true diſpoſing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre
Praies on the iſſue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.
*Dut.* O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witneſſe with me, I haue wept for thee.
*Q. Mar.* Bear with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it:
Thy Edward, he is dead, that ſtabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſſe:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Haſtings, Riuers, Vaugham, Gray,
Vntimely ſmothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,

 Onely

Line 14 hop'st
Line 14 too, thou— 15 too, and Richard—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Ensues his pitteous, and vnpitied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the dog is dead.
*Qu.* O thou didst prophecie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That bottell'd spider, that foule hunch-backt toade.
*Q. Mar.* I cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother only, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a gatish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in iest, only to fill the scene:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?
Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care:
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none:
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?

Now

Line 22 Where are. 34 pray to.
Line 35 wert.
Liner. at hand, at hands— 10 bunch-backt—
30 sued to,—



Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I slip my weary necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, will make me smile in France.
*Qu.* O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
*Q. Mar.* Forbeare to sleep the night, and fast the day,
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.
*Qu.* My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
*Q. Me.* Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.
*Dut.* Why should calamitie be full of words? *Exit. Mar.*
*Qu.* Windie attornies to your client woes,
Aierie succeeders of intestate ioyes,
Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart
Helpe not at all, yet do they ease the heart.
*Dut.* If so, then be not toong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smothred:
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

*Enter King Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.*

*King.* Who intercepts my expedition?
*Dut.* A she, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.
*Qu.* Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?

*Dut.*

Line 8. nights — days. 24 two sweete sonnes.

*Dut.* Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarẽce?
And little Ned Plantaget, his ſonne?
*Qu.* Where is kind Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
*King.* A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I ſay. *The trumpets*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire, *ſounds.*
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
*Dut.* Art thou my ſonne?
*King.* I, I thanke God, my father and your ſelfe.
*Dut.* Then patiently heare my impatience.
*King.* Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
*Dut.* I will be milde and gentle in my ſpeech.
*King.* And briefe good mother, for I am in haſte.
*Dut.* Art thou ſo haſtie I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
*King.* And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
*Dut.* No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A grieuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoole-daies frightfull, deſperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmd, proud, ſubtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
*K.* Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefaſt once forth of my companie:
If it be ſo gratious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
*Dut.* O heare me ſpeake, for I ſhall neuer ſee thee more.
*King.* Come, come, you are too bitter.
*Dut.* Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,

Which

Line 24 ——— furious:
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold and venturous.
Thy age &c
30 So disgracious.



Whtch in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wear'ſt,
My praiers on the aduerſe partie fight,
And there the litle ſoules of Edwards children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, bloudy will by thy end,
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
*Qu.* Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to all.
*King.* Stay Madam, I muſt ſpeake a word with you.
*Qu.* I haue no more ſonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
They ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
*King.* You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
*Qu.* And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her liue?
And Ile corrupt her manners, ſtaine her beautie,
Slander my ſelfe, as falſe to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So ſhe may liue vn feard from bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſſe ſhe was not Edwards daughter.
*King.* Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royall blood.
*Q.* To ſaue her life, Ile ſay ſhe is not ſo.
*King.* Her life is only ſafeſt in her birth.
*Qu.* And only in that ſafetie died her brothers.
*King.* Lo at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.
*Qu.* No to their liues bad friends were contrary.
*King.* All vnauoyded is the doome of deſteny.
*Qu.* True, when auoyded grace makes deſteny,
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
*Ki.* Madam, ſo thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hoſtile armes,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.
*Qu.* What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be diſcouerd that can do me good.
*King.* The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.

K *Qu.*

*Qu.* Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
*King.* No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
*Qu.* Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
*King.* Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of these wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee,
*Qu.* Be briefe, lest that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.
*K.* Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.
*Qu.* My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.
*King.* What do you thinke?
*Qu.* That thou doest loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.
*King.* Be not so hasthe to confound my meaning.
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
*Qu.* Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her king?
*King.* Euen he that makes her Queene, how should else?
*Qu.* What thou?
*King.* I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?
*Qu.* How canst thou woo her?
*King.* That I would learne of you,
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.
*Qu.* And wilt thou learne of me?
*King.* Madam with all my heart.
*Qu.* Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steept in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vncle Clarence,

Line 24 who should else? 35 sometimes
Line 18. thou love her — 24 who should be else?



Her vncle Riuers, yea, and for her sake
Mad'st quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
*King.* Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
*Qu.* There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not, be Richard that hath done all this.
*King.* Inferre faire Englands peace by this alliance.
*Qu.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.
*King.* Say that the king which may command intreats.
*Qu.* That at her hands which the kings king forbid.
*King.* Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene.
*Qu.* To waile the title as her mother doth.
*King.* Say I will loue her euerlastingly.
*Qu.* But how long shall that title euer last?
*King.* Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
*Qu.* But how long fairely shall that title last?
*King.* So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
*Qu.* So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
*King.* Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.
*Qu.* But she your subiect loaths such soueraingtie,
*King.* Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
*Qu.* An honest tale speeds best being plainely told.
*King.* Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.
*Qu.* Plaine and not honest is too harsh a stile.
*King* Madame, your reasons are too shallow & too quick.
*Qu.* O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart strings breake.
*King* Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne.
*Qu.* Prophand, dishonord, and the third vsurped.
*King.* I sweare by nothing.
*Qu* By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George prophand, hath lost his holy honour:
The Garter blemisht, pawnd his knightly vertue:
The Crowne vsurpt, disgrac't his kingly dignitie,
If something thou wilt sweare to be beleeued,
Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrongd.
*King.* Now, by the world.



Line 17. shall her sweete life last?
Line 29 sting Harpe on—.
Line 11. forbids. [past.
29 King. Harpe not one that string, Madam, that is
Queen Harpe on it still shall I &c

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

*Qu.* Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
*King.* My fathers death.
*Qu.* Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonord.
*King.* Then by my ſelfe.
*Qu.* Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt.
*King.* Why, then by God.
*Qu.* Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow,
Had graſt the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a praye for wormes.
*King.* By the time to come.
*Qu.* That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time for time, by thee paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtred,
Vngouernd youth, to wayle it with their age.
The parents liue whoſe children thou haſt butcherd,
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſuſed, eare vſed, by time miſuſed orepaſt.
*King.* As I entend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe my ſelfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her conſiſts my happineſſe and thine,
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Sad deſolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:

There

Line 3 Thy life
Line 12 mettal. 15 a comma at now. 22 in their.
33. Immaculatd. 34 I tender
Line 20 by the ~~proto~~ paſt— 33 immaculate
Ult. but this.



Therefore good mother (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deſerts, but what I will deſerue:
Vrge the neceſſitie and ſtate of times,
And be not peeuiſh fond in great deſignes.
*Qu.* Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
*King.* I, if the diuell tempt thee to do good.
*Qu.* Shall I forget my ſelfe to be my ſelfe?
*King.* I, if your ſelfes remembrance wrong your ſelfe.
*Qu.* But thou didſt kill my children.
*Kin.* But in your daughters wombe, Ile burie them,
Where in that neſt of ſpicerie there ſhall breed,
Selfes of themſelues to your recomfiture.
*Qu.* Shall *I* go win my daughter to thy will?
*King.* And be a happy mother by the deed.
*Qu.* I go, write to me very ſhortly.
*King.* Beare her my true loues kiſſe: farewell. *Exit Qu.*
Relenting foole, and ſhallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
*Rat.* My gracious ſoueraigne, on the *W*eſterne coaſt,
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie. To the ſhore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnreſolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the ayd,
Of Buckingham to welcome them a ſhore.
*King.* Some light-foote friend, poſt to the Duke of Norff.
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or Catesby, where is he?
*Cat.* Heere my Lord.
*Kin.* Flie to the Duke: poſt thou to Salisbury,
When thou comeſt there: dull vnmindfull villaine
Why ſtandſt thou ſtill, and goeſt not to the Duke?
*Cat.* Firſt mightie ſoueraigne, let me know your minde,
What from your grace I ſhall deliuer him.
*King.* O true, good Catesbie, bid him leuie ſtraight,
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meete me preſently at Salisburie.
*Rat.* What it is your highnes pleaſure I ſhal do at Salisbury
*Kin.* Why what wouldſt thou do there before I go?



Line 12 I buried. 34 deliver them.
13. they ſhall
Line Penult. What is it your—

*Rat.* Your Highneſſe told me I ſhould poſt before.
*King.* My minde is changd ſir, my minde is changd,
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*
*Dar.* None good my Lord, to pleaſe you with the hearing
Nor none ſo bad but it may well be told.
*King.* Holiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why dooſt thou runne ſo many mile about,
When thou mayſt tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?
*Dar.* Richmond is on the ſeas-
*King.* There let him ſinke, and be the ſeas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?
*Dar.* I know not mighty ſoueraigne but by gueſſe.
*King.* Well ſir, as you gueſſe, as you gueſſe.
*Da* Sturd vp by Dorſet, Buckingham and Elie.
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.
*King.* Is the Chayre emptie? is the ſword vnſwaid?
Is the king dead? the Empire vnpoſſeſt?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?
Then tell me what doth he vpon the ſea?
*Dar.* Vnleſſe for that my liege, I cannot gueſſe.
*King.* Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſſe, wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuoult, and flie to him I feare.
*Dar.* No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
*King.* Where is thy power then to beate him backe?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ſhippes.
*Dar.* No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
*King.* Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue, their ſoueraigne in the Weſt.
*Dar.* They haue not bin commanded mightie ſoueraigne
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends and meete your Grace,
Where and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
*King.* I, I, thou would'ſt be gone to ioine with Richmond,
I will not truſt you Sir.
[illegible]oſt mightie ſoueraigne,





You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be falſe.
*King.* Well, go muſter men: but heare you, leaue behinde
Your ſonne George Stanley, looke your faith be firme:
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
*Dar.* So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit Dar.*
*Enter a Meſſenger.*
*Meſ.* My Gracious ſoueraigne, now in Deuonſhire,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many mo confiderates, are in armes.
*Enter another Meſſenger.*
*Meſ.* My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their ayde, and ſtill their power increaſeth.
*Enter another Meſſenger.*
*Meſ.* My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.
*He ſtriketh him.*
*King.* Out on you owles, nothing but ſonges of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.
*Meſ.* Your Grace miſtakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by ſudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is diſperſt and ſcattered,
And he himſelfe fled no man knowes whither.
*King.* O I cry you mercie, I did miſtake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him:
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham?
*Meſ.* Such proclomatiō hath bin made my liege.
*Enter another Meſſenger.*
*Meſ.* Sir Thomas Louell and Lord Marques Dorſet,
Tis ſaid my Liege are vp in armes,
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittaine Nauie is diſperſt, Richmond in Dorſhire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the ſhore,
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or no:
Who anſwered him they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie: he miſtruſting them,
Hoiſt ſaile, and made away for Brittaine.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

*King.* March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beate downe these rebels here at home.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cat.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That's the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

*King.* Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

*Ente Darbie, Sir Christopher.*

*Dar.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

*Chri.* At Pembrooke, or at Herford-west in Wales.

*Dar.* What men of name resort to him?

*S. Chri.* Syr Walter Herbert, a renowmed souldier,
Syr Gilbet Talbot, sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembrooke, sir Iames Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

*Dar.* Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented.
He shall espowse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my minde,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Buckingham to execution.*

*Buc.* Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

*Rat.* No my Lord, therefore be patient.

*Buc.* Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,

Line 20 Harford west.
Line 29 unto thy lord—



If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:
This is Allsoules day fellowes, is it not?

*Rat.* It is my Lord.

*Buc.* Why then Allsoules day, is my bodies doomesday:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this Allsoules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined respit of my wrongs:
That high all seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prair on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doeth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points on their masters bosome:
Now Margarets curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

*Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.*

*Rich.* Fellowe in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruisd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And here receiue we from our Father Stanley,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your summer field, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your inbowld bosomes, this foule swine
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheare on, courageous friends,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace.



Line 14 That high. 17 swords of wicked.
18 their owne points. 32 fields.
Line 14 That high— 38. cheerelie—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

By this one bloudie trial of sharpe warre.
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.
*Rich.* All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.
*Enter K Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.*
*King.* Here pitch our tents, euen here in Bosworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why lookest thou so sad?
*Cat.* My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
*King.* Norffolke, come hither:
Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?
*Nor.* We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord,
*King.* Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?
*Nor.* Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
*King.* Why our battalion trebels that account,
Besides, the kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt.*
*Enter Richmond with the Lords.*
*Rich.* The weary Sunne hath made a golden seate,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir *William* Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest-
Where is Lord Stanly quarterd, doest thou know?
*Blunt.* Vnles I haue mistane his colours much,

Whirh

Line 29. Lords &c.
Line 20 their utmost number.



Which well I am assur'd I haue not done
His regiment lies halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the king.
*Rich.* If without perill it be possible,
Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this most needful scrowle.
*Blunt.* Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.
*Rich.* Farewell good Blunt,
Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrowes businesse,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.
*Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby*
*King.* What is a clocke?
*Cat.* It is six of the clocke, full supper time,
*King.* I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke & paper,
What, is my beuer easier then it was?
And all my armor laid into my tent.
*Cat.* It is my liege, and all things are in readinesse,
*King* Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie Centinell.
*Nor.* I goe my Lord.
*King.* Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke.
*Nor.* I warrant you my Lord.
*King.* Catesbie.
*Rat.* My Lord.
*King.* Send out a Pursuant at armes
To Stanelys regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun rising, least his sonne George fall
Into the blinde caue of eternall night,
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staues be sound and not too heauy Ratliffe.
*Rat.* My Lord.
*King.* Saw'st thou the melancholy L. Northumberland?
*Rat.* Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,
Much about Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe

 Went

Line 17 of clocke,

Went through the armie cheering vp the ſouldiers.
*King.* So *I* am ſatisfied; giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of ſpirit,
Nor cheare of minde that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, Is Inke and paper readie?
*Rat.* It is my Lord.
*King.* Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me *I* ſay. *Exit Ratliffe.*
*Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.*
*Dar.* Fortune and victorie ſit on thy helme.
*Rich.* All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
*Dar.* I by attorney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who prates continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that: the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as *I* may, that which I would *I* cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide *I* may not be too forward,
Leſt being ſeene, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundered friends ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed weell.
*Rich.* Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When *I* ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whoſe captaine *I* account my ſelfe,

Line 11. set— 14 our loving mother?



Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vſurping helmets of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Eere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill.
*Enter the ghoſt of prince Ed. ſonne to Henry the ſixt.*
*Ghoſt to K. Ri.* Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth,
At Teukesbury: diſpaire therefore and die.
*To Rich.* Be cheerefull Richmond, for the wronged ſoules
Of butchred Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries iſſue Richmond comforts thee.
*Enter the ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.*
*Gho. to K. Ri.* When I was mortall, my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me: diſpaire and die.
Harrie the ſixt bids thee diſpaire and die.
*To Rich.* Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophelied thou ſhouldeſt be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe, liue and flouriſh.
*Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.*
*Ghoſt.* Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
I that was waſht to death with fulſome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpaire and die.
*To Rich.* Thou offſpring of the houſe of Lancaſter,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flouriſh.
*Enter the Ghoſt of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.*
*Riu* Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret, diſpaire and die.
*Gray.* Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.
*Vaugh.* Thinke vpon Vaugham, and with guiltie feare
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and die.



Line 4 helmets 6 the victorie
33. battaile.
Line 11 Ghost to Ri. 19 of deadly holes.
26 set heavie in— 35 King. Let me sit heavie in—

All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

*Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.*

*Gho.* Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings, dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

*Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.*

*Gho. to K.R.* Dreame on thy cousins smoothred in the (Tower,
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace, and wake in ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.*

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.*

The first was *I* that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Ri.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

*K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.*

*K.Ri.* Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.

Line antepenult. startethup out—.
Line 1. in Richards— 2. Well conquer—
11. be lead—



O coward conscience, how doest thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stands on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Lest I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore? for any good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe?
O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that *I* murthred
Came all to my tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter Ratcliffe.*

*Rat.* My Lord.
*King.* Zounds, who is there?
*Rat.* Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis *I*: the early village cocke
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
*King.* O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?
*Rat.* No doubt my Lord.
*King.* O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
*Rat.* Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
*King.* By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night

Haue

Line 3— stand.
Line 18. Perjurie, perjurie in—. 23 will pity me. 27 Came to my tent.
21. Throng to the—.
Line 2. is now dead— 5 I and I.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

Haue ſtrooke more terror to the ſoule of Richard,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſouldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the eweſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lords to Richmond.*

*Lords.* Good morrow Richmond.
*Rich.* Crie mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard here.
*Lor.* How haue you ſlept my Lord?
*Rich.* The ſweeteſt ſleepe, and faireſt boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promiſe you my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
*Lor.* Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
*Rich.* Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue ſaid, louing countrymen, *(His Oration to*
The leiſure and inforcement of the time, *(his ſouldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, ſtand before our faces,
Richard except, thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudy tyrant, and a homicide.
One raiſde in bloud, and one in bloud eſtabliſhed:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughtered thoſe that were the meanes to helpe him:
A baſe ſoule ſtone, made precious by the ſoile
Of Englands chaire, where he is falſly ſet,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie:
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemie,
God will in iuſtice ward you as his ſouldiers:
If you do ſweare to put a tyrant downe,

You

Line 6. To see—.
Line ult. sweate.



You ſleepe in peace, the tyrant being ſlaine,
If you do fight againſt your countries foes,
Your countries fat, ſhall pay your paines the hire.
If you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the conquerors:
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corpes on the earths cold face:
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof,
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victorie.

*Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.*

*King.* What ſaid Northumberland as touching Richmond?
*Rat.* That he was neuer trained vp in armes.
*King.* He ſaid the truth, and what ſaid Surrey then.
*Rat.* He ſmiled and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.
*King.* He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is:
Tell the clocke there. *The clocke ſtriketh.*
Giue me a Kalendre, who ſaw the Sunne to day?
*Rat.* Not I my Lord.
*King.* Then he diſdaines to ſhine, for by the booke
He ſhould haue brau'd the Eaſt an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to ſome bodie Rat.
*Rat.* My Lord.
*King.* The Sunne will not be ſeene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,
I would theſe deawie teares were from the ground,
Not ſhine to day: why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? for the ſelfe-ſame heauen
That frownes on me lookes ſadly vpon him.

*Enter Norffolke.*

*Nor.* Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.
*King.* Come, buſtle, buſtle, capariſon my horſe,
Call vp Lord Stanly, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my ſouldiers to the pleaine,

M And

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39[5]) Octavo

And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
*I*ohn Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou Nor.
*Nor.* A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.
*Iockey of Norffolke be not so bold,*
*For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.*
*King.* A thing deuised by the enemie,
Goe Gentelemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration to his Armie.*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd:
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their oreclo'yed country vomits forth
To desperate aduentures & assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, & blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hang'd themselues

If we be conquered, let men conquere vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lye with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw, your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blóud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
What saies Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
*Mes.* My Lord, he doth denie to come.
*King.* Off with his sonne Georges head.
*Nor.* My Lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the battaile, let George Stanley die.
*King.* A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our auncient word of courage faire Saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helpes.
*Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesbie.*
*Cat.* Rescew my Lord of Norfolke, rescew, rescew
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard.*
*Kin.* A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.
*Cat.* Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horse.
*Kin.* Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast
And I will stand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.
*Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine, then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the crowne, with other Lords.*
*Ri.* God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloudie dog is dead.
*Dar.* Couragious Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee,

Lor[illegible]

Line 6 this foote. 10 to bootes.
18 is but a word
Line 2 drawen out all in— 21 to it 29 to you—

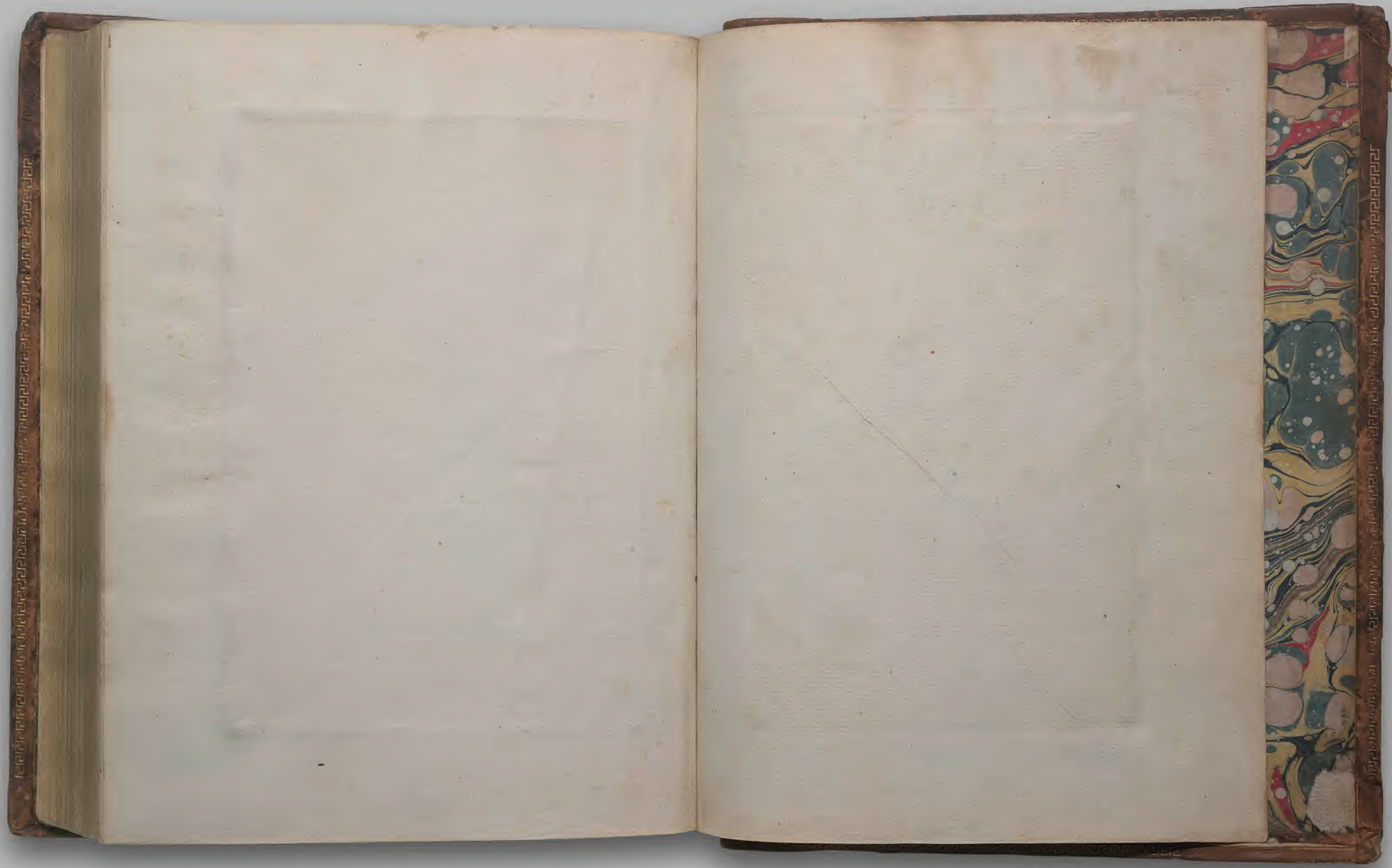
Line 4 and in record— 7 Fight, Gen—— bold yeomen.
20 our helmes.

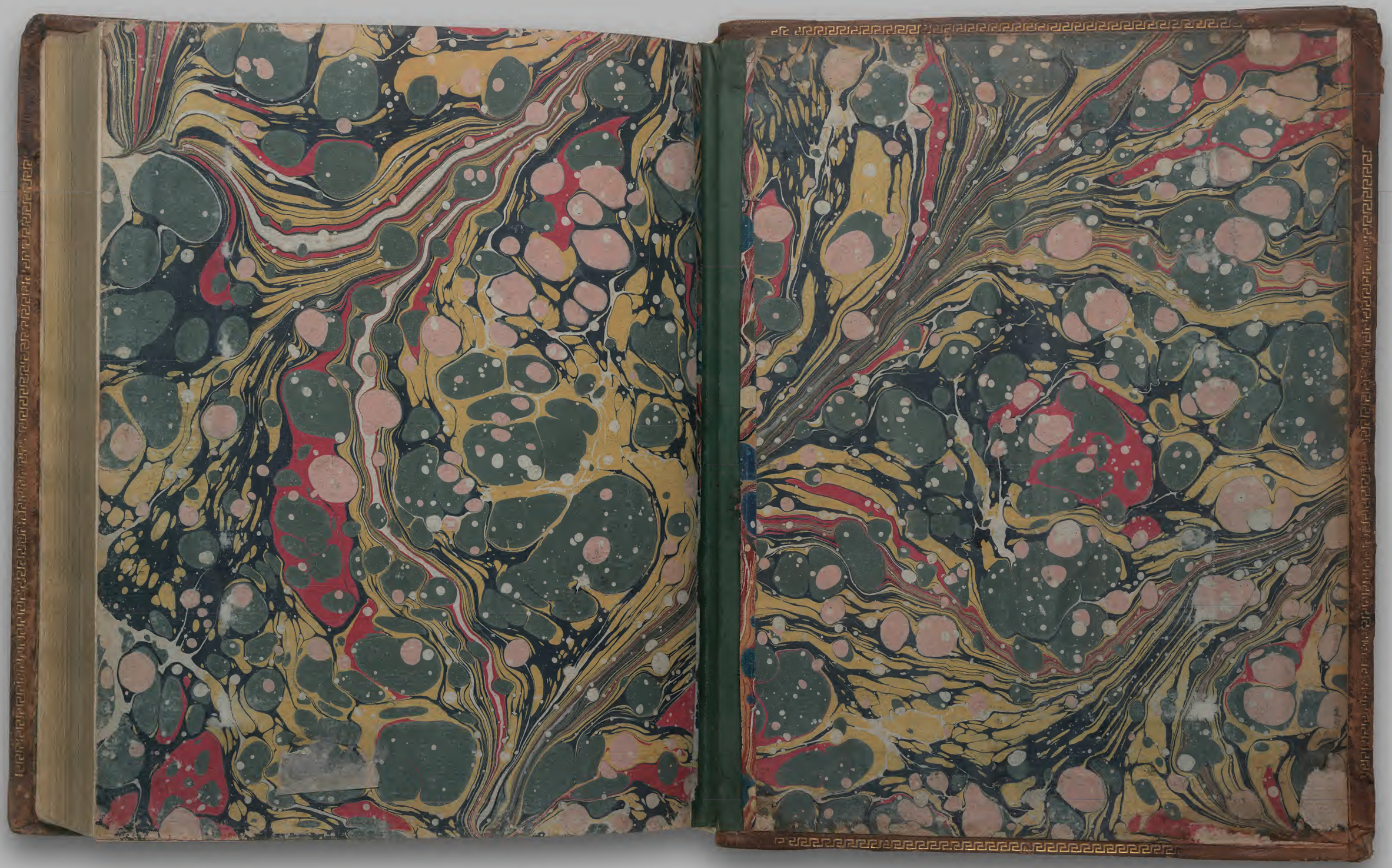
Loe here this long vſurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloodie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.
*Rich.* Great God of heauen ſay Amen to all.
But tell me, is young George Stanley liuing?
*Dar.* He is my Lord, and ſafe in Leſter Towne,
Whither if it pleaſe you, we may now withdraw vs.
*Rich.* What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?
*Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Water Lord ferris, ſir Robert Brokenbury, & ſir William Brandon.*
*Rich.* Enter their bodies, as become their births;
Proclaime a pardon to the ſouldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the white roſe and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,
What traitor heares me, and ſayes not Amen?
England hath long bene madde, and ſcard her ſelfe,
The brother blindly ſhed the brothers bloud,
The father raſhly ſlaughtered his owne ſonne,
The ſonne compeld, bene butcher to the ſire,
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaſter,
Diuided in their dire diuiſion.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royall houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let thy heires (God if they will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-faſte peace,
With ſmiling plentie, and faire proſperous dayes.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloudie daies againe,
And make poore England weepe in ſtreames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taſte this lands encreaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are ſtopt, peace liues againe,
That ſhe may long liue heare, God ſay Amen.

*FINIS.*

Line 4 Weare it, enjoy it, —
Line 29 thair heires.

Line 1. royaltie — ~~4 Weare it, enjoy it,~~
12 Inter — 29 thy will —





*Shakespeare Old Quartos, Malone volume I* THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.39) Octavo